

Enola Rucker

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Vol. 5

DAVID LIPSCOMB COLLEGE, NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER 3, 1924.

No. 1.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT SUCCESSFULLY LAUNCHED

FORMAL OPENING FEATURED BY BRILLIANT ADDRESSES

Exercises Held Wednesday, September 17, in Harding Hall.
Trustees Are Interested. Opening
Declared Propitious

Quite an enthusiastic audience of students, patrons, and friends of David Lipscomb College assembled in Harding Hall, Sept. 17, at 10 A. M., to witness the formal opening of the thirty-fourth year of the school. The opening was declared by many to be the most propitious in the history of the institution.

President Boles Presides

The opening exercises were presided over by H. Leo Boles, President of David Lipscomb College. In his introductory remarks he showed the development of Nashville Bible School and of the changing of its name to David Lipscomb College in honor of its deceased founder. The work, he stated has been of hush nature as to warrant the title of college applied to the institution. President Boles expressed words of welcome to new, as well as, old students and stated that the work of David Lipscomb College stands as a challenge to the world and its students stand as the best advertisement of an institution of this type.

Bro. Elam Speaks

President Boles presented to the audience that grand old hero of the Cross, E. A. Elam, President of the Board of Trustees and Dean of the teachers of Bible. Bro. Elam joined President Boles in words of welcome to the students and expressed his deep trust in the Word of God and his reliability upon every promise of God. Bro. Elam spoke for the Board of Trustees in realizing the grave responsibility resting upon each member. He mentioned the time when David Lipscomb said he would be pleased to see every room in the dormitory full of young men preparing to live life and further stated that could the revered founder behold earthly events his great wish would be gratified as every room is taken and others are knocking for admission. "This school," said the speaker, "is a Bible school with every advantage and privilege afforded by being a member of the Tennessee Association of Colleges. The Bible is to a education what oil is to machinery. But merely to know the Bible is not enough. It must be practiced."

Noted Alumnus Makes Inspiring Talk

S. H. Hall, who labors with the Russell Street Church of Christ, chose as a theme the finding of a man,—finding man as one who does justly. He expressed his deep interest in the welfare of the college and promised his prayers and the prayers of the flock he leads for the good work done at David Lipscomb College to continue. He praised the faculty and board of trustees very highly. Russell Street Church yearly sends several young men to David Lipscomb College, Mr. Hall promised and expressed hope for an increase in that number from year to year.

Trustees Interested in School

C. M. Pullias and J. Pettie Ezell, members of the board of trustees, made short addresses. Mr. Pullias stated that there is no real man or real woman without faith in God. That faith is produced by the teaching done at this place, hence the interest and care the trustees take in keeping the work to the standard and motives of the founders. Mr. Ezell stated that faith must be coupled with love and that love and harmony can and does exist among trustees and faculty members.

A. G. Freed, Vice-President of the College, in his pleasant way, spoke of the great problem a parent faces in educating a child. President Boles concluded the exercises with announcements and instructions for students in being classified.

Class work became adjusted soon after the classification. The exact number of students is not known, but it is somewhat over three hundred and has been pronounced the best student body in the history of the college. Students are here from sixteen states and Canada. The dormitories are full and students continue to come.

New students are thrilled with the surrounding hills, the quietude of the place are conducive to restfulness and good work on the part of the student body.

EDITOR'S NOTICE

All Alumni are asked to send name, address and present occupation to the editor-in-chief of the Babblor. It is planned to begin an Alumni column soon, and in order to do that the editor must get in touch with members of the former classes. No Alumni editor has been appointed; the regular staff is to be selected soon. For help in editing this edition appreciation is expressed toward the present or temporary staff.

Herman Taylor,
Editor-in-Chief.

"The House of" BEGIN WELL

Society Begins the Year's Work With
Twenty-five New Members

A joyous band of Kappa Nus entered the Lipscomb Hall, September 23, 1924, for their first program of the new term. As each quietly took her place one could not fail to notice that smile of contentment that is characteristic when old ties are renewed and old memories revived. As each old Kappa Nu glanced over the Lipscomb Hall before the opening of the program and beheld a crowded room she felt that before the society lay the best year's work yet known, for not only were there many old Kappa Nus, but the band of loyalty and friendship had been strengthened by twenty-five new members.

The house was called to order by the president, Miss Lillie Mae Brown. The program for the afternoon consisted of the following numbers:

Address by President—Lillie Mae Brown.

Vocal Duet—Hazel Dennison and Thelma McMan.

Reading—Mary O. Jones.

Life of Shakespeare—Carol Williams.

Piano Solo—Myrtle Baars.

Welcome to New Girls—Eleanor Frazier.

There seemed to be as never before the spirit of work—the desire to take up the society's tasks and give themselves wholly to carrying them through. All realize that society work helps to develop one's character. "Be yourself," bade Marcus Aurelius; "Give yourself," taught the Master. The Kappa Nu society embodies these three commandments. The Kappa Nus have faith in their sixty-four members and seem determined to strive by their works to gain the faith of all.

SAPPHONEANS RESUME WORK FULL OF PEP

Have Excellent Program. Sixteen
New Students Unite with
Sapphos

The Sapphonean Literary Society held its first meeting Tuesday afternoon, September 23, in the Calliopean Hall. The hall was well filled with both old and new members and the society was also honored by the presence of many visitors. After the house was called to order the following program was rendered:

Address to New Girls—Lois Cullum

Piano Solo—Elizabeth Cullum

History of S. L. S.—Elizabeth Owen

Duet—Freda Landers, Mildred Formby

Reading—Lillian Burton

Dialogue, "The Arrival of Two New Girls at D. L. C."

Lorena Barber, Frances Greenlee

After warm invitations to the new girls were given by Misses Robbie McCannless and Lois Cullum, six girls cast their lots with the Sapphonean Society. The old renowned pep of the Sapphos broke loose and the girls were welcomed as members amid cheers and yells. Others have since joined. The list follows: Elsie McAfee, Toline Russell, Nellie Potts, Nell Conlee, Maudie Morgan, Gwendolyn Moss, Georgia Kearney, Nellie Mae O'Neal, Alice Barber, Mary Minifee, Jewel Edmondson, Margaret Carter, Frances Phillips, Ruth Evans, Ruth Darrell and Inez Kinzie. Miss Ollie Cuff is with the society again.

The society welcomes new members, feels proud of its past records, victories and triumphs, and seems resolved to uphold the motto, "Thus we journey to the stars."

Despite the fact that the Sapphos are somewhat in the minority in numbers, they have already planned the organization of a splendid orchestra. They also plan to stand more prominently in the field of athletic than ever.

The Sapphoneans organized in 1914, drew up a constitution and by-laws, and have since been one of the "peppiest" bunches ever collected. They have shared honors both along literary lines and in athletics.

The Sapphos have expressed appreciation to the Kappa Nus for their clean sportsmanship and fair play. A friendly rivalry exists between the societies of young ladies.

FIRST SERMON IS ON "WISDOM"

E. A. Elam Explains the Two Kinds
of Wisdom in the Initial
Sermons

MUST REST A WHILE

Doctors Advise Rest Before Resuming
College Duties. Leaves
for Home

The student body of David Lipscomb College and the congregation which worships at the College church were very deeply impressed by the initial sermons of the school year, preached by E. A. Elam at the morning and evening services Sunday, September 21. The subject of both discourses centered about the one word, "Wisdom."

The speaker read from Proverbs 4: "Hear ye children the instruction of a father and attend to know understanding, for I give you good doctrine: forsake ye not my law. For I was my father's son, tender and only beloved in the sight of my mother. He taught me also, and said unto me, Let thy heart retain my words; keep my commandments and forget it not, neither decline from the words of my mouth. Forsake her not and she shall preserve thee; love her and she shall keep thee. Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting get understanding." Supplementing this he read from James 3: 17, 18 "But that wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without guile, without hypocrisy. And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace."

Beginning the sermon, Brother Elam spoke of the two kinds of wisdom which is from above. The wisdom of the world was described as being earthly, sensual, devilish, as compared to the purity, peacefulness and gentility of the wisdom from above. The origin of the wisdom was given as the events in the Garden of Eden. The statement was made that the wisdom from above could not be bought with money, but comes from God through prayer, work, and an earnest search for those great principles found in the Bible.

Addressing particularly the young people of the audience, the speaker informed them that the wisdom from above makes successful wives and mothers, and that an application of the principles contained in the Bible will make strong men of character and workers for the Lord. The speaker further said, "Those who seek the wisdom of this world do not bless humanity. 'Which shall we accept?' He stressed the importance of obedience to parents and respect for the weak and aged, which are manifestations of heavenly wisdom. In concluding the morning service, Brother Elam emphasized the fact that any person, whether farmer, teacher, doctor, preacher, blacksmith or lawyer—one in any vocation or profession—should follow wisdom.

In the evening service wisdom was defined and the differences between wisdom and knowledge shown. It was clearly illustrated and emphasized that wisdom is the ability to correctly apply knowledge. Examples were given of human and divine wisdom: human, the constitution of the United States; divine, the Church of Christ. Final lesson showed splendid characteristics of wisdom from above (Continued on Page 2)

DAVID LIPSCOMB COLLEGE HAS A STRONG FACULTY

Eight Members Hold Masters Degrees—Others Are Efficient
Teachers and Firm Christians. Short
Sketches Given

The students of David Lipscomb College feel indeed fortunate this year that they have for instructors a group of men who are unsurpassed anywhere. Eight teachers hold masters degrees from universities of high standing.

The utmost care was taken in selecting this year's faculty. In addition to standing high in the educational world, they are true and humble servants of God. Three new men have been added to the faculty: Professors J. Ridley Stroop, H. J. Priestley and W. M. Yowell. Their influence is already being felt for good. Many students regret that Professors Elam and Pittman cannot fill their places this fall. Their places can never be filled by others, so the student body through this paper wishes them God speed and a safe and speedy return to David Lipscomb College.

Short sketches of the teachers are given. All cannot be printed in this issue; others follow from time to time.

"FIND THE BEST— THEN GET IT"

Is the Thought of Sunday Sermon Delivered Here by W. M. Yowell

"SEEK GOODLY PEARL"

The Best to Be Determined and Purchased Even at the Cost of All

The student body listened attentively to an inspiring sermon preached Sunday by Wm. M. Yowell, teacher of sociology and philosophy. His text was taken from Matt. 13:45, 46: "Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is a merchant seeking goodly pearls: and having found one pearl of great price, he went and sold all that he had, and bought it."

There were two lessons emphasized in the sermon. The first was that the best is to be sought. The speaker began by saying: "There is before each and everyone something worth while. We are called upon to search and find that which is still better than what we have." He stated that parables were often used to explain the nature of the kingdom and that these parables always excluded certain things and included others. It was explained that the Children of Israel were enabled to continue for over a thousand years as a nation because they were confined by a wall which not only included certain things but excluded detrimental factors. Thus it is that the kingdom includes several definite things yet modern practices make it difficult to tell where the line of demarcation comes. Though some critics claim that one cannot define the kingdom of heaven, it was suggested that enough is told regarding that kingdom to enable one to become a subject of the kingdom.

The speaker further suggested that walls must be built but that one must be careful to make them strong enough that better things may be brought in. Coming directly to the issue, he asked the question "What is the best thing?" and proceeded to answer that question. "No matter how good what we have may be, we are called upon to get something better than there is in others." The best things in the eyes of men differ—to the libertine the best thing is appetite; to the miser the best thing is gold; to the scholar the best thing is knowledge; to the artist the best thing is beauty; to the musician the best thing is a song; to the saint the best thing is a soul. Each one, then, must decide what is the best thing. It was suggested that Jesus answers the question when he says "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." Since the kingdom cares for the soul, the soul becomes the greatest thing for the Christian to seek and in order to save souls the kingdom must be sought.

Concluding this first lesson, Mr. Yowell said: "Out before us is that goodly pearl—we are to seek it." The second lesson was that when that goodly pearl is found, it must be bought. The merchant exchanged all he had for the pearl of great price. It is not sufficient only to know the best but it must be secured even at the expense of all one has. This, stated the speaker, is the difficult problem. To pay this price three things must be considered: (1) What it is; (2) Has the purchaser the capacity to contain it?; (Continued on page 2)

COUNCIL ELECTED—LAWS AND REGULATIONS DRAFTED

Rules Friday Night, September 26. Council Immediate. Takes the Steering Wheel. Laws Well Framed

OLD "SPIRIT" REIGNS

Former Members Enthusiastic. New
Students Make Rush for
Membership

The Lipscomb Literary Society met in the first regular session of the new school year Monday, Sept. 22. All new students were invited to be present. Many of them were present.

This was one of the best meetings held in some time. As the old members again assembled in the Lipscomb Hall, which means so much to them, memories and thoughts of former years of work for the society seemed to hold them in their grasp. Their feelings were in some way transmitted to the other students who were visiting, and for the time being the Lipscomb spirit prevailed and all were simply Lipscombs.

The following program was given by the old Lipscombs:

Devotional Exercises—Merwin Gleeves.

Reading of Minutes—Walter Campbell.

Quartette—Arranged by Elmo Phillips.

Why I am a Lipscomb—Clyde Hale.

History of Lipscomb Society—James Greer.

Record of Lipscomb Society Athletics—Allen Wood.

Purpose of Lipscomb Society—C. J. Garner.

Quartette—Arranged by Phillips.

Every number was well given and showed that careful preparation is always a feature of Lipscomb programs. If such a thing were possible the program was more enthusiastically received than it was given. Homesickness was forgotten. Little things that are prone to worry new students were also forgotten. As (Continued on page 2)

CALLIOPS HOLD SUCCESSFUL MEETING

Halls Filled to Overflowing. Calliope
Spirit Manifested. Ten
Members Added

The Calliopean Literary Society held its first meeting of the school year last Monday evening, September 22, in their hall. A large number of old members were present to fill their places this year, while many new faces were seen to fill the vacancies of the ones gone on before. Such a large crowd filled the hall that it was necessary for many old members to give up their seats to the visitors. The society has taken in ten initiates since the beginning of the term.

The new members are to be congratulated upon taking the step they did. The society welcomes them most heartily and feels that each new member shall always hold it an honor to be a Calliopean. The meeting was formally opened by a short business session in which it was decided that a new Calliopean pennant be purchased to supplant the old battleflag. The program of the day was opened by an opening and welcoming address by Mr. J. Roy Vaughan, the president. He sounded the keynote of the Calliopean Society by impressing the motto, "Truth our guide, success our aim." Many of the splendid opportunities offered to the young men by the society were pointed out and the spirit of the Calliopeans was clearly manifested. He said, "True to the adage of the English, Once a Briton always a Briton. Once a Calliopean always a Calliopean." Mr. Alex Burford gave the brilliant history of the society and it was evident that it has been a wideawake organization since it was founded in 1904 by Mr. H. Leo Boles, now president of David Lipscomb College.

Mr. Henry Carter told a few facts about the forensic history and the future prospects of the society. He mentioned that of the ten debaters representing David Lipscomb College last year, the Calliopean Society furnished seven. As an experienced debater he pointed out the bright prospects for another successful year. Much enthusiasm was manifested when Mr. Conrad Copeland took the platform and stated his subject, "Shall we win the Babblor Cup." He reminded the society that they had never lost in this contest and should they be victorious this year the cup belongs to the Calliopeans permanently. The timely thought was (Continued on page 2)

Friday night, September 26, 1924, witnessed the inauguration of student government among the boys of David Lipscomb College. At a mass meeting the previous week the boys had decided to install the new form of government, as consent had been given by the faculty. The student body chose H. J. Priestley as chairman of the first Council at the suggestion of President Boles. Councilmen were then elected. The Council consists of nine members: J. Roy Vaughan, Herman Taylor, Philip Parham, John P. Lewis, Andrew Mason, Graves Williams, George Warren, Charles Smith and "Chick" Jones. These men organized by electing J. Roy Vaughan vice-president and John P. Lewis secretary-treasurer.

The chairman of the Council appointed committees to draft laws and regulations covering every phase of life at David Lipscomb College. Councilmen Taylor, Vaughan and Parham were appointed to draw up a constitution for the Council and draft regulations governing life at Lindsey Hall, the boys' dormitory. Councilmen Warren, Jones and Lewis were selected to make laws for the gymnasium, campus and administration building. The remaining Councilmen, Mason, Smith and Williams, were given the dining room to regulate. These committees spent a week studying other forms of student government, drafting laws and amending them and had them ready to submit to a mass meeting in Harding Hall, Friday night, September 26.

With three exceptions the laws and regulations were accepted as read. These contested points were amended and approved by the student body.

According to an article of the constitution the laws went into immediate effect subject to the approval of the faculty. It is evident that many of the boys are for the new government and will co-operate with the Students' Council, whereas it is obvious that others intend to be rather slow about complying with regulations. As this goes to press the outlook is favorable and many predict a success of the organization.

Following is a copy of the Constitution for the Students' Council, regulations governing life at Lindsey Hall, in the gymnasium, in the administration building and dining room and on the campus, together with some suggested rules which the Council has thus far drafted. These are printed in order that students may see clearly what is expected of them and that parents may be sure that the welfare of their children is well provided for in this new system of government.

CONSTITUTION

Preamble

We, the students of David Lipscomb College, assembled in first regular session, in order to promote most effectively among students the spirit of democracy, sociability, honor and college loyalty; to encourage right living and to repress unwholesome activities; to form a medium through which student body and faculty may co-operate; to institute a court of appeal for questions of difference between students, between organizations or between students and organizations; and to promote the general welfare of the students in every way possible, do ordain and establish this Constitution for "The Student Body of David Lipscomb College."

Article I

Section 1. All matriculated male students shall be members of the student body.

Sec. 2. There shall be no regular membership fees, but assessments may be made by the Students' Council at any time for any special purpose and submitted to the student body for approval.

Article II

Section 1. The officers of the Students' Council shall be a President, a Vice-President and a Secretary-Treasurer.

(Continued on page 2)

BUSINESS MANAGER'S NOTICE

The Babblor this year promises many interesting features in addition to the news about David Lipscomb College. This first edition is mailed to parents, former students and friends to inform them of the opening and beginning of this school year. All who do not wish to miss following issues should send one dollar for a year's subscription. The Inter-society Contest for the loving cup begins soon; those who wish might send subscription to count for that contest or send direct to Business Manager, who will give credit to society requested.

Alex M. Burford,
Business Manager.

THE BABBLER

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VOL. 5

No. 1

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STUDENT MAKES COMPARISON

During a recent conversation with another man, colleges chanced to be mentioned. We were commenting on the beautiful and costly buildings of some of the Southern universities. I made the remark that I had transferred from one of these schools to David Lipscomb College.

"That sure is a change," my companion said. "David Lipscomb College has nothing at all."

His words got my blood up, so to speak, and I told him that buildings are not everything. "You know as well as I that David Lipscomb College hasn't the buildings and equipment of Vanderbilt, Southwestern or Oglethorpe. The Board of Trustees does not claim that—in fact they would be inconsistent to contend as much. But I must say that David Lipscomb College has as good a student body and faculty as any other college."

In purpose and principles D. L. C. ranks above universities. After all, the purpose, faculty and students are what count in a college. One should judge a man by what he is and not by how he looks. Then why not apply the same rule in judging colleges and universities. Other colleges may be better equipped materially, but do they stand for the same principles that David Lipscomb College holds dear? They are like apples which have fine appearance yet are contaminated at the core. D. L. C. may not have the fine appearance which other colleges have, but it does have a firm core—the Bible. Which of these two types of schools stand highest in God's sight? Most of the big universities have been founded by men to spread their fame and to exalt the power of man. The purpose of David Lipscomb College was, and still is, to make better Christians of men and women, to teach the truths of the Bible along with other studies, and to exalt the power of God.

The twenty-fifth verse of the first chapter of 1st Peter clearly shows the end of these types: "For all flesh is as grass and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth and the flower thereof fall away, but the word of the Lord endureth forever." When one finishes at David Lipscomb College he can be sure that he will still have his faith in God. That is something which cannot be said of many universities.

A Senior.

A STUDENT'S RESOLUTIONS

1. To make more A's and fewer D's than ever before.
2. To show courtesy and respect to everyone, especially those in authority.
3. To make someone happy every day.
4. To attend church and prayer-meeting regularly throughout the year.
5. To observe all regulations of the school (especially quiet hour!)
6. To be present at chapel every morning and pay attention to what is being said.
7. To observe all bells—rising bell included.
8. To take care of all school property.
9. To use the library frequently and "silently."
10. To try to realize that I owe it to my classmates and fellow students to wear a smile of cheerfulness and contentment.

Lady (on train): "I am nervous on this road. Conductor, how often do you call a person on this road?"
Conductor: "Only once, madam."

Bill Mason: "How do you tell the age of a turkey?"

Allen Wood: "By the teeth."
Bill: "But turkeys have no teeth."
Allen: "No, but I have."

"Help the Poor!"

We noticed from a certain paper that a young Chicago lady kneads bread with her gloves on. She has nothing on us. The editor of this paper needs bread with his coat on; he needs bread with his trousers on; in fact, he needs bread with all his clothes on. If some subscriptions don't come in pretty soon he'll need bread without any clothes, and this climate is no Garden of Eden. Moral: "Subscribe for the Babbl'er."

OLD LIPSCOMB

"SPIRIT" REIGNS

(Continued from page 1)

the speakers grew eloquent in their praise of the society the audience became electrified with enthusiasm. Cheers often interrupted the speakers and before the meeting was over the problem of shouting by certain ones almost had to be dealt with. The work of the quartette was unusually fine.

When the program was over and President Hale called for the names of new students who wished to become members the tension was drawn to the breaking point. New men stood and announced their desire to become members of the society almost frantically. It was one of those great occasions of school life. Old members could not repress their feelings. Some shouted for joy and others shed tears for the same thing. It was one of those meetings that make a society dear to one's heart.

Men who joined were: Edward Journe, John Clifford, Edward Dickson, DeWitt Jarwood, John J. Johnson, James, Honr McKee, Sam Smith, Richard Taylor, Owa Whitaker. Many of the students are expected to transfer this year by Mr. Jarwood. Jarwood was whole so pleased with his selection; also Mr. Pullias told the audience that he would soon be a Lipscomb.

Vigorous yells were given first for new members; then for the Lipscomb Society and our brother society. It was with reluctance that those present slowly filed out to go to their studies. It was a milestone in society life well passed.

FIRST SERMON

IS ON "WISDOM"

(Continued from page 1)

and its superiority over the wisdom of man. Careful attention was given the speaker throughout both morning and evening services.

For some time Brother Elam has been in ill health and has been advised by his physician to discontinue his work for a while. He expressed regret that he is not permitted to teach his Bible classes daily and assured the students that his prayers are for them and that he will return soon to take up his work in the College. Brother Elam left last week for his home at Lebanon to spend some time in rest. From the expressions received from the students at his departure, it was evident that all hope for him a pleasant rest and a speedy return to his work here.

FIND THE BEST—

THEN GET IT

(Continued from page 1)

and (3) A willingness to surrender the lesser for the greater. On this point the statement was made that people may not be able to produce as others have but they certainly can be taught by others. Further, that there are many things which prevent one from seeking the best yet beyond the cloud the sun is shining. Heaven is upward and to get there the Christian must rise.

Concluding the sermon, a poem, "The Water Lily," was read and the impressive lesson left that Christians must seek the best and when found, must purchase it at the price of all one possesses. Sinners were told that the kingdom of God was before them—they could enter if they wished—and that the disgrace upon one was not so much being down in sin but remaining in sin was the disgrace. Hence all were requested to rise to higher ground.

CALLIOS HOLD SUCCESSFUL MEETING

(Continued from page 1.)

pressed, "He can who thinks he can." The society set for its first mark 800 per cent. Mr. Leo L. Boles and Mr. Sterling Jones made inspiring speeches on the future prospects in athletics. With the new material and the old players the Calliopeans feel confident of their ability on the field and in the gymnasium.

During the session many spirited speeches were made both by new members and old ones. The society was launched into another year with a good spirit, much zeal, and a firm determination that, truth being their guide, success shall crown their labors.

CONCERNING NAMES

According to the Nashville Banner there is a colored girl in one of the county towns of Tennessee named "Zema."

"What is that girl's right name?" a white woman asked the girl's mother one day. The darky replied, "er right name is Ezema, tha's what 'tis."

"Ezema?" exclaimed the other. "Why on earth did you take that name for your child?"

"Well," said the old mother, complacently, "I saw it in a book an' I liked it. It was odd an' pretty an' sounded sort o' catchy."

The white woman smiled a dry smile and said, "Catchy," yes. "Catchy" is the word."

We heard of another instance in which names were confused. A colored lady insisted that her son's name was "Pizlam Civ."

"Where do you get such a name?" inquired a white lady.

The old darky ran for the Bible to uphold her contention that her son's name was of holy origin. The white woman gasped with astonishment when the colored woman turned to Psalms civ.

Eleanor: "Who was Shylock, Brother Cuff?"

Brother Cuff: "And you go to Sunday school and don't know that?"

STUDENT GOVERNMENT SUCCESSFULLY LAUNCHED

(Continued from page 1)

Sec. 2. The President shall preside at all meetings, shall appoint committees and perform such other duties as usually devolve upon a presiding officer.

Sec. 3. The Vice-President shall preside in absence of the President or in case of the removal of the President by impeachment.

Sec. 4. The Secretary-Treasurer shall keep a correct record of the proceedings of the meetings, conduct all correspondence for the Council, handle all money and keep an accurate account of the same, and pay out money at the order of the President.

Sec. 5. The officers and the Councilmen shall be elected as soon as possible after the opening of each quarter, and unless removed by impeachment or otherwise, shall serve one quarter, but may be eligible for re-election.

Sec. 6. The President of the Council shall be chosen by majority vote of the student body and with the approval of the faculty. The President and the Vice-President must be men of good standing, having had at least one year's college work in this College.

Sec. 7. The Vice-President and Secretary-Treasurer shall be chosen by a majority vote of the Council.

Article III

Section 1. The meetings of the Students' Council shall be held every other week at such time and place as the President may name.

Sec. 2. The President may call special meetings whenever he or a majority of the Councilmen may think necessary.

Article IV

Section 1. The Students' Council of David Lipscomb College shall consist of nine members, six from the College Department and three from the High School. Membership shall be equally divided between the two literary societies among College representatives. Each society shall be represented in the High School list of representatives.

Sec. 2. One faculty member shall act as adviser and meet with the Council.

Article V

Section 1. Six members of the Council shall constitute a quorum to do business.

Sec. 2. No Councilman shall be absent from any meeting without consent of a majority of the other Councilmen.

Sec. 3. In deciding cases of misdemeanor, the vote shall be taken in secret.

Sec. 4. A majority vote shall be necessary to pass judgment on a student, but if the condemned student thinks he has received an unjust verdict, he may appeal his case to the faculty.

Sec. 5. No Councilman shall sit on his own case, but may appoint some faculty member to take his place.

Sec. 6. Any member of the Council may be impeached by a three-fourths majority of the Councilmen.

Sec. 7. No Councilman may resign without approval of a two-thirds majority of the other Councilmen.

Sec. 8. In case of the removal of a Councilman by impeachment or otherwise, his place shall be filled by the student body from the same literary society as the removed Councilman.

Sec. 9. Any member of the Council shall receive complaints from any student and bring the said complaint before the Council for consideration. All complaints and charges shall be in writing, bearing the signature of the person making the complaint.

Sec. 10. All students shall be honor bound to report violations of laws to the Council and give evidence when called for.

Sec. 11. A room inspection committee composed of three members shall be appointed by the President to serve one quarter. Rooms shall be inspected not less than twice per month.

Sec. 12. Any student refusing to bear witness or bearing false witness shall be dealt with according to the judgment of the Council.

Article VI

Be it further enacted, That this Constitution or these regulations may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the student body, and upon the approval of the Students' Council and the faculty.

Article VII

This Constitution and these regulations shall go into effect immediately upon ratification by the majority of the student body and upon approval of the faculty.

Article VIII

Be it further enacted, That two copies of these rules and regulations shall be made—one to be left in the library and one to be held by the Students' Council.

Regulations Governing Life at Lindsey Hall

1. Request, stating the reason, for going to town must be submitted to the President of the Council or approved by a committee of three members of the Council. This regulation does not apply to going to town on Monday, neither to preachers going to their appointments, nor to those whose business requires regular trips to town.

2. Visits to rooms during study hours must be for business only and must be limited to five minutes unless special permission is secured from the chairman of the Council or from any Councilman in case of the chairman's absence.

3. All loud talking, whistling, singing and other similar disturbances in the dormitory forbidden during study hours.

4. Be very quiet while taking baths during study hours.

5. Turn off lights in room when leaving for any length of time and do not leave them burning during the day.

6. Early risers must take care not to disturb the rest of others before the ringing of the rising bell.

7. Enter no room without the consent of the occupant.

8. Day students and visitors must

comply with the regulation while in the dormitory.

9. Throwing water from room to room or in the halls is forbidden.

10. Do not sweep trash from rooms into the halls nor scatter paper in the hallways. Keep bath rooms sanitary.

11. Every one is supposed to cultivate modesty.

Rules Pertaining to Administration Building

1. Loud talking in the halls during classes is prohibited.

2. Everyone is required to attend regular chapel exercises when on the campus.

3. Students using the library shall be responsible to the librarian for their actions there and comply with library regulations.

4. Every student must within one school month from the beginning of the College year become a member of one of the two literary societies.

5. Frequent lengthy conversations between boys and girls shall not be permitted in the administration building.

Campus Regulations

1. Throwing trash on the campus is forbidden.

2. Playing ball between Lindsay Hall and the administration building is forbidden.

Gymnasium Regulations

1. No student is permitted to play in the gymnasium until after 2:45 p.m.; that is, during class hours.

2. During the hours allotted to the girls, should they request the gymnasium to be vacated by the boys, it shall be the duty of the boys to comply with the request.

3. No student shall be allowed to play upon the basketball courts without wearing basketball shoes.

4. No student shall be permitted to appear in "trunks" during the basketball contests.

Dining Room Regulations

1. The young men shall group themselves in groups of three and change tables each week at the evening meal, moving in regular order around the dining room.

2. Conduct in the dining room shall be at all times that which becomes gentlemen.

3. Throwing water or food is prohibited.

4. There should be no loud talking, laughing or boisterousness in any manner.

General Rulings

1. Electrical fixtures or janitors' equipment in any buildings must not be handled without consent of those who have charge of that work.

2. Treat teachers with courtesy and civility.

3. Students are instructed not to damage or deface in any respect the buildings and fixtures.

4. No profanity shall be tolerated.

5. No discourse in any respect to young ladies during contests of athletics shall be tolerated.

6. No statement of the catalogue shall be violated.

7. The use of tobacco on the campus or in front of the campus is forbidden.

8. It shall be considered a misdemeanor for any student to speak disrespectfully of the work of the Council or of the Council as a whole or individually.

Suggested Rules for Students

1. Be on time for classes.
2. Be quiet while in the library.
3. Always be social and polite.
4. Don't take a course just for the four hours' credit.
5. Co-operate with the Students' Council.
6. Secure your allotted amount of play and sleep.
7. Remember that you are in a Christian institution and are supposed to cultivate a Christian spirit.
8. Don't forget to line up with one of the literary societies.
9. Be sure to read the Babbl'er.
10. Keep all engagements which you make.
11. Don't try to take too many courses at once; come back again.
12. Think of members of the other literary society as brothers and friends—not as enemies.
13. Boys are requested not to disturb the neighbors.
14. Use every minute of time to the best advantage.
15. Suffer not yourself to relax into the habit of idleness.
16. Do nothing that will not be becoming to a real gentleman.

OLD VIRGINIAN COURTESY

In 1607 the first permanent English colony within the present bounds of the United States was planted in Jamestown, Virginia. The colony was founded for commercial reasons, but when the stalwart characters who well deserve to be called our forefathers were disappointed in their purpose they were quick to adapt themselves to existing conditions, and they soon became owners of large plantations. From the beginning they were very courteous. It was this trait that helped fit seven Presidents of our country that came from that State to become worthy of their position. And it was that trait that helped give honor to the Virginians and enabled them to boast of the fact that the "blue blood" of Virginia flowed in their veins. They were very courteous to travelers, a stranger needed no recommendation except that he was a humane creature, he had only to inquire where any gentleman or good housekeeper lived, and there he might depend upon being received with hospitality. Even the servants would treat a stranger with the best the plantation could afford in their master's absence. And the poor planters who had only one bed would often sit up all night to let a weary traveler get a good night's rest. It is this kind of courtesy that we need more of.

Brother Elam, in a recent chapel talk, told of a man who gave his seat in a street car to an old negro woman, saying, "Here, auntie, take this seat; you look tired." Such courtesy will bring one closer to Christ, therefore all should try it.

Nelson Gardner.

FIRM FRIENDS WRITE LETTERS

"Alphonso" Writes to "Gaston."
Read Gaston's Answer in a Future Issue

D. L. C., September, 1924.

My Dear Friend Gaston:

Since you do not have the privilege of being with us this year, I am going to write you about some of our school activities, for I know you want to know about D. L. C. From the moment we said our last good-byes and we all left school last May for our homes, I have earnestly looked forward to the day when the doors of D. L. C. would again welcome us back. You know it meant the gathering of schoolmates and teachers, the renewing of the ties of warm friendship and the beginning of another pleasant year of school life.

It was about 12:30 when the Pan-American thundered into Union Station, and I was glad the time had come when I could once more walk out upon Broadway, Nashville looked good and it was a jolly good feeling to again be back.

I reached the car park by 1:15. Since late would have me miss the first car, being hungry I found a restaurant and ordered dinner. When it was placed before me and I had noted the contents of each dish, the doubt of my whereabouts vanished. I knew D. L. C. was near, because it was Monday and one dish was well supplied with cabbage. However, the thought made them taste the better, and that, too, after a 400-mile ride. I ate with a very healthy appetite. I did not tarry long in town, but being anxious to see the school and those already there I soon caught a car. As usual, the car was full and I had to stand part of the way out. That reminds me, it's a good thing D. L. C. is near the end of the car line, or we never would get to ride sitting down. The occasion reminded me of those happy old days when we used to ride them together.

As I was going up Caldwell lane from the car line two ladies appeared coming over the hill. I had already asked myself who would be the first I would meet. So, of course, I strained every nerve and muscle trying to distinguish who they were. But all in vain, it was only when we came close to passing when I recognized "Dot and Mary." I should have said Miss Breeding and Miss Tittle. First, because they so justly merit the same, and now you know they are members of our faculty. But those names were too familiar to forget, especially when recalling those days when they were great favorites among the student body. Of course, I had to stop and speak to them, it was like meeting you almost, after a long absence. Naturally seeing them made me think of others—especially two.

As I entered the chapel hall Brother Boles met me. He gave me a hearty handshake and a pat on the back. On every hand old school cums were welcoming me back. Just how it affected me is beyond the power of my pen to tell. It was more like some folks' religion, "better felt than told." I wanted to shout, but didn't know how. However, I imagined such a smile spread over my face as to resemble the face of the old moon as he grinned down upon us that evening in Shelby Park. Do you suppose he was laughing because we were making such a desperate effort to devour those half-cooked weenies? You know it is said "love destroys our appetite." Was that your trouble or did you get seasick riding on the lake?

But back to D. L. C. After I left the chapel my next surprise was waiting when entering Lindsey Hall. My first thought was, I had made a mistake. Yet I knew this was not Avalon Home, but why the change? On every hand were girls. On the first, second and third floors were the fair visitors. Some old ones, some new ones, but among them all I well remember that jolly little lady so well named by her classmates, "a compound of oddity, frolic and fun." She had lost none of her pep, only she was one year older and her hair was beginning to turn a little. Very pleasant visitors, I must confess, and I could not but wish they would stay even longer, since I had no studying just then.

By the time I had gone over the grounds and reached the chapel again the faculty had convened. What for I don't know, but it did make me remember that I came into the campus by the wrong gate.

But let me tell you more about your old classmates. Parham was rather lonesome-looking for the first few days. I asked him when he was going to meet the train from Florida, and that made matters worse. He said, "Not at all, she isn't coming." And sure enough we miss Pansy lots, and not only her, but our mutual good friend Louise, "our college beauty," did not come back. But I suppose Russell is missed about as much as any, maybe, because of the noise that generally prevailed when he was near. I wish I had the time and space to tell you about each old student, but the bell has rung, lights will be out in a minute, so sweet dreams and goodnight.

Alphonso.

Freda: "I wonder how many men will be wretched when I marry?"
Nelle: "I'll tell you if you'll tell me how many you are going to marry."

"Is it kistomary to cuss the bride after the ceremony," stammered Barney Morehead after the wedding.

"What's the matter, little boy?"
"Ma's gone and drowned all the kittens."

"Dear me! that's too bad."
"Yep, she—boo-hoo—promised me I could do it."

"HOW GIRLS DO CHANGE!"

On coming back to D. L. C. this year I find most all of the girls have changed, some so much that they are hard to be recognized. I found Dot, Mary, and Aloise had become school teachers and are now known as Misses Breeding, Tittle and Herdon. Teaching school is a good start for old maids. Hazel D. and Oma Morton are back together as usual, only making a little more noise this year than last.

I am afraid no one would recognize the little blonde, but on hearing her talk, you can readily tell it is the same Freda. Catherine Johnson and La Nells laid their dignity aside and became "flappers" by cutting their hair. Elizabeth O. has made up her mind to be a perfect lady this year. We are hoping she will carry out her plans. Ruth Jordan must have been going horseback riding, if not where did she get all of the new freckles? Mary Ethel and Florence have decided to like the boys, which is contrary to their general rule. Frances Neely has decided that it is advisable not to have any more dates. Really Mildred Formby isn't near so loveless this year as she was last year, while Gladys Burck and Mary O. seem like they have renewed pep this year,—maybe it is due to the fact that there is a new set of boys here.

Frances Greenlee and Thelma Mae have decided to let their tongues rest for a change. Last year's experience doesn't seem to have changed any of the rest of the girls at David Lipscomb College.

CHRISTINE MARTIN.

MUCH INTEREST MANIFESTED IN PRAYER MEETING

The prayer meeting services of D. L. C. for the new year have been characterized by very much interest in attendance and talks by the young men.

The first meeting was directed by Clide Hale on Thursday night, Sept. 18. The singing was conducted by Elmo Phillips and short talks were made by John P. Lewis, J. R. Vaughn and C. J. Garner.

The second meeting of Sept. 25 was directed by Herman Taylor, the song service by James Greer. The idea was advanced at the first meeting by Bro. Boles that the speakers be voluntary. This idea met with the approval of all the young men, and the speakers of the last service were Clayton L. James, J. R. Hovious and G. L. Carver. We are trusting this spirit will continue throughout the year and that they will be the instigation of much good for the cause and kingdom of our master.

BAND LEADER WELL PLEASED

Reviews Work of Last Year. Strengthened for This Year's Programs

With the opening of the College work this year with all the bright prospects for the most successful year in the history of David Lipscomb College, there is one organization which indeed deserves the highest praise for its progress and that is the David Lipscomb College Band.

The band was organized in November, 1923, by H. G. Stubblefield, its director, and in spite of the fact that it received less encouragement from the College as a whole than any other organization, it made perhaps the greatest progress of all considering the length of time since it was organized.

The band had much to contend with, for many of the members were without any experience whatever in band work. Then, too, the programs and athletics interfered with the practice very much, but overstepping these obstacles the band gave its first concert of about fifteen numbers about three months after its organization.

Before the spring session closed it had rendered music for two concerts in the Nashville Y. M. C. A. auditorium, one concert at the Old Soldiers' Home near the Hermitage, one concert at the Tennessee Reform School, and two concerts in the College auditorium, and had many calls which had to be declined.

Most of the old members are back this year and several new members are being added. A clarinet, tenor saxophone, C melody saxophone, slide trombone, two or three cornets and another bass are being added to the number, which will bring the membership up to about twenty-five this year.

Those who remember the valuable assistance of Miss Frank Neely as pianist on the concerts last year will be pleased to know she is to assist this year also, and some bass du

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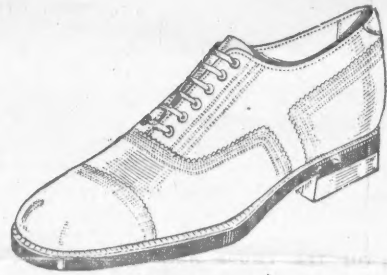
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ATHLETIC OUTLOOK SEEMS
VERY BRILLIANT THIS YEAR

Society Teams Have Old Champs Present—Strengthened by
New Men—Many New Stars. Tennis
Court Is Planned

Prospects in sports at D. L. C. are
the most encouraging yet known.
The year bids fair to be most inter-
esting to all lovers of games. With
almost all the old men back and sev-
eral new ones showing up well in the
daily workouts in the gymnasium and
on the athletic field, it looks as
though last year's successful season
will be outdone.

Of the Lipscomb baseball cham-
pions of 1924, Parham, Gleaves,
Dodd, Pruett and Wood are back.
The Calliopeans have Boles, Jones,
Warren, Kirk, Puckett, and Smith as
a nucleus around which to build
their baseball squad.

The Lipscomb basket ball players
who returned are Mason, Parham,
Dodd, and Pullias, forwards; Page,
Wood, and Gleaves, guards. Priest-
ley is a teacher and won't be in uni-
form as center and Campbell has not
entered so it seems that Coach Priest-
ley will have a hard job developing
a center for the team. White or
Terry, both new men, could fill the
place well.

Calliopeans who will try for "those
Yellow Jerseys" are Brown, Jones,
Burford, Byers, L. Boles, J. Boles,
Kinnie, Kirk, Chester Jones, Puckett,
Warren, and a number of new men
who are expected to join the society.

There is abundance of material in
new boys who will get a try at their
respective society teams and who
show promise of becoming stars.
Among these are Porter, Terry,
White, Thurman, Hamilton, Hardi-
son, Bourne, Johnson and others.

The writer is fond of tennis and
hopes to see that game one of the
"Big Three" sports played in D. L. C.
Tennis develops the body just as
much as does baseball or basket ball
and it would be a fond dream
realized if tennis should be put on a
par here with baseball and basket
ball. The faculty has agreed to fur-
nish the material for the building of
an asphalt court here if the boys will
do the work, and it is hoped that by
the time this is in print an asphalt
tennis court 100 feet by 50 feet, as
smooth as glass and altogether lovely
to the eye of all tennis players, will
be under construction.

Among new students are some real
tennis sharks. Of these is Edward
Bourne, twice city champion of
Montgomery, Ala.

THRIFT

"Thrift is the great fortune
maker," said Andrew Carnegie,
and his life proved it.

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SENIORS WIN
OVER JUNIORS

In Contested Game—Score 7-6.
Priestley Outstrips Gleaves
as Pitcher

The juniors and seniors vied with
each other Thursday, Sept. 25, in
one of the closest and hardest base-
ball games David Lipscomb College
has ever known. Priestley, veteran
hurler and hero of many games, out-
stripped his younger opponent,
Gleaves, by a score of 7-6. Gleaves
had almost perfect control with the
exception of the second and sixth
innings, when the seniors bunched six
of their nine hits. Priestley's con-
trol outstripped Gleaves' and his
floater looked like a balloon coming
in and many could easily count the
number of stitches in the ball.

White, a new man and a left-
handed batter, led the hitting for the
seniors with three singles. Gleaves,
batting in third place, got a single
and triple out of three ups. Gleaves
also made quite a day of it by strik-
ing out sixteen men, while Priestley
whiffed only seven men.

The box score:			
JUNIORS.			
Boles, SS.	R.	H.	E.
Thurman, 1B.	1	0	0
Gleaves, P.	0	2	0
Dodd, 3B.	0	0	1
Hardison, C.	0	0	1
Johnson, SS.	0	0	0
Pullias, CF.	1	0	0
Terry, 2B.	1	0	0
Page, RF.	1	0	0
Bourne, LF.	1	2	0
Total	6	5	3

SENIORS.			
Wood, SS.	R.	H.	E.
Kirk, C.	1	1	0
Burford, 2B.	1	0	2
Parham, 1B.	2	1	0
Priestley, P.	2	1	1
Brown, LF.	0	0	0
White, 3B.	0	3	1
Williams, 3B.	0	3	1
Carter, RF.	0	0	0
Crawley	0	2	0
Total	7	9	5

SUMMARY

Three base hits: Parham, Gleaves.
Sacrifice hits: Boles, 2; Priestley.
Stolen bases: Dodd, Priestley,
Boles, Pullias.
Struck out: By Priestley, 7; by
Gleaves, 16.
Passed ball: Kirk, 2; Hardison, 1.
Wild pitch: Priestley, 1.
Hits: Off Gleaves, 9 in 9 innings;
off Priestley, 5 in 9 innings.
Winning pitcher: Priestley.

COLLEGE TEAM
WINS GAME

High School Loses on Score of 12-2.
Other Games to Follow

The regular routine of school
events was broken last Tuesday when
the College won a ball game from the
High School by the score of 12-2.
Despite the topheavy score, brilliant
even if erratic work was done by
both teams.

The scoring was started early by
the College team and they won the
game in the first few innings of play.
After these Warren tightened and
threatening runs were choked at the
plate.

Gleaves, the College pitcher, gave
way in favor of Robert Thurman in
the sixth, even though he had been
doing fine work. Thurman looked
just as good and acquitted himself in
a very creditable fashion.

The game was not devoid of thrills,
for Dodd and Kirk both got home
runs for the College. A double by
Puckett was the longest hit for the
High School.

All new men showed up well and
gave promise of a good baseball team
in the spring. The young men's so-
cieties are waging a merry battle to
find favor in the eyes of all new
athletes.

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THE EARTH R ROUND?"

Sun 32 Miles, in Diam-
2,700 Miles from
th," Says Student.

Earth is flat and stationary."
un is only about 2,700 miles
is earth and only about 32
diameter."

But all of us have been
are we were able to judge
lives, in schools and in col-
believe that "the earth is
ke an orange" and that peo-
ing heads downward in relas-
at the so-called "anti-
Some astronomers affirm
earth (meaning thereby the
and sea) is like an orange;
ers say it is pear-shaped. While
tly Lady Blount published her
belief that it is in the shape of an
egg. These are but modifications
of the Globular theory, for if we boil
an egg until it becomes hard, we find
the inside yolk is hard. (Thus the
believer of this theory.)

First, I beg of you not to be
prejudiced against my reasoning, and
as my space is limited, I cannot but
begin my argument in this edition.
Let this be understood: I firmly
believe this earth is flat and round
like a penny. The question arises,
"Why can't we step off into open
space?" Let a penny represent the
formula of this earth, and the center
of the penny representing the north
pole. No one has ever gone further
than 80 degrees from this pole in any
direction, and the reason for not
going further is because atmospheric
conditions are such that one cannot
endure. Thus there is no danger of
our dropping off into space. Query:
Didn't Columbus reach east by sail-
ing west? Why certainly he did, but
can't one make a circle on the flat
side of a penny. Most every sea
pilot will say that no compass will
stand still when sailing the waters.
Can't one circumnavigate the Isle of
Man or any other island? No sober-
minded person will make the absurd
statement that the fact of Columbus
and others sailing around the earth
proves its roundness. The Scriptures
tell us "He stretcheth out the north
over empty space, and hangeth it
upon nothing." (Job 26:7.) Let us
therefore give praise "To him that
spread forth the earth (dry land,
Gen. 1:10) above the waters, for his
loving kindness endureth forever."
"I am the Lord that maketh all
things, that stretcheth forth the
heavens alone, that spreadeth abroad
the earth." (Isa. 44:24.) (That
which is spread abroad is flat, not
globular.) I may note that any
direction from the north pole is
south. The location on the earth
determines.

The astronomers affirm that the
sun is stationary, many times larger
than this earth and approximately
93,000,000 miles away, while others
say 3,000,000. Reason with me
along this line. The lack of agree-
ment on the part of the astronomers
should be enough to tell us that there
must be some mistake. Don't the
sun and moon appear to rise and set
to you, dear readers? Joshua com-
manded the sun to stand still, or to
be "silent" (not the earth. (Josh.
10:12-14.) "The sun (not the
earth) moves; and rejoice, as a
strong man to run his course." (Psa.
19:5.) And his course is from one
end of the heaven to the other. (Job
26.) The sun does not go down; it
only goes out of sight, for observing
the laws of perspective observation
things receding above the eye-line
seem to descend and soon fade
away in the eye-line. For example:
The aeroplane. One would not say
it goes down simply because it has
gone beyond our sight.

The sun each day at noon is over
the equator and nothing directly
under the rays will cast a shadow.
For example: Place an object di-
rectly under a lamp at night. This
object does not cast a shadow in any
direction; move it until it casts a
shadow in two directions opposite
each other. The diameter of the
similar experiment was used by Sir
Albert Smith of Northampton, Eng-
land, and his son, D. D. Smith. The
distance or diameter of the vertical
rays was found to be 32 miles. We
know that light travels in a straight
line, hence the diameter of the sun
is 32 miles. This was also proved by
Dr. Robertson during the Boer war.
(To be continued.)

(Note: This is the first of a series
of articles on this subject by Mr.
Warren of David Lipscomb College.
He gives anyone the freedom to an-
swer his argument through the Bab-
bler.—Editor.)

"Did your friends admire your en-
gagement ring?" David asked ten-
derly.

"They did more than that," Myrtle
replied; "two of them recognized it."

A certain theater has a sign, "Do
not smoke, remember the Chicago
fire." Underneath some one wrote,
"Do not spit, remember the Johns-
town flood."

Sambo: "What yo' got in that lit-
tle black bag?"

Bimbo: "Them's my instruments.
I'm a veterinary."

Sambo: "Quit yo' kiddin', man,
yo' ain't never been in no wah!"

Dot Breeding: "Use the right verb
in this sentence. 'The toast was
drank in silence.'"

Steve Cave: "The toast was ate
in silence."

Reminiscence

P. Gates: "Did you put out the
cat?"

F. Gates: "Yes."

P. Gates: "I don't believe it."

F. Gates: "Well, if you think I'm
a liar, put him out yourself."

"Hello, James, you're early of late.
You were always behind before. I
am glad to see you first at last."

DOTH ONE THEN FORGET?"

A Short Story

The peaceful stillness of a summer
afternoon brooded over the quiet,
restful, little cottage. From the
peak of the mountain on which it
stood one could see for miles. The
setting sun clothed the valley in
gorgeous rays of purple and gold.
Far down the plain one could see
the streams like shining silver
threads winding through the green.
Now and then the melodious note of
a mocking bird broke the silence. As
twilight hovered around the little
cottage an old lady in a white cotton
dress waited at the gate. In her eye
was an anxious look, she was watch-
ing for her husband. She had
gathered a handful of roses for him
and from the kitchen came the odor
of deliciously prepared food.

She waited long and patiently
but dark came and still he hadn't re-
turned. She went in and lit the
lamp on the table, then returned to
the door where she waited and
thought of their past happiness. She
thought of the day they were mar-
ried—just thirty short years ago.
What a happy life theirs had been!
Here in this little cottage they had
begun their wedded life, here they
expected to live always. There had
been no children to bless their home,
but they had found happiness in
helping other people's children.

"What's that! A baby's cry!"
And she hurried in the direction
from whence it came. Down through
the rose garden she went and under
the arbor she found a white bundle.
She hurried to it and uncovered a
fat, rosy baby of about two years.
She carried it into the house. A fat,
rosy-cheeked boy!

For a time she forgot her hus-
band's delay and devoted her atten-
tion to the child. Oh, how his child-
ish smile filled her heart. In the
basket in which he had been left was
a note which read: "Be good to Jack
and love him. The revelation of this
will appear sometime."

Morning came but it did not re-
lieve her anxiety. Many days past
but still no trace of her husband. It
seemed to her that God had been
merciful in sending Jack to her just
at this time, for her grief and lone-
liness was somewhat dispelled by his
brightness. He was like a ray of
sunshine on a cloudy day. He was
just beginning to walk, where he
pleased and he always followed her
around every place she went as
though he realized her loneliness and
wanted to be a comfort to her.

Many were the times she sat in
the door and wandered down to the
gate, with Jack toddling by her side,
his chubby hand in hers, watching
and waiting for his return. Years
passed but she never heard of her
husband.

Jack grew to be a young man and
he was all her own son could have
been to her. Each day she waited
for his return even as she had
waited for her husband years ago.
She had grown old now and was un-
able to tend her flowers, but in the
evenings after supper, Jack always
hoed her flowers or trimmed the rose
hedge while she sat and waited—
waited.

Jack delighted to hear her tell of
his coming and how she found him
under the rose arbor. His family was
a great mystery to him. He won-
dered if they were tourists or just—
wanderers. They must have had
money because every year on that
same night, on which he had been
left, she had found money and pro-
visions under the rose arbor.

They lived happily in their little
cottage for several years. Then—the
war came on and Jack was
drafted. Another darkness in her
life. Who would take care of her?
Down in the valley there lived a
lovely girl whom Jack had learned to
love.

"She'll come and live with you,
mother."

The night before he left they
sat under the rose arbor. The full
moon rose over the mountain peak
and its soft light hallowed the scene.
Here where the loving mother had
found him she would say "goodbye."
"But you'll come back to us Jack,"
and they knelt in silent prayer.

Jack and Mary kissed mother
goodbye and sat awhile together.

"Mary, sing me that song you
sang the first time I saw you."

Her voice floated sweet and clear
across the mountain air and echoed
down the ravines. Each syllable
penetrated the silence of the night
and the sweetness seemed as the
throbbing of a heart that was true:
"I'll forget you when I can live with-
out the sunshine;

I'll forget you when I can live with-
out the rain;

I'll forget you when the rose forgets
its fragrance;

Or the bird his sweet refrain."

Softly, tenderly, thoughtfully, the
last words were breathed into the
silence holding a world of reminis-
cence.

Anxious days of waiting came
again. The two lonely hearts—
mother and sweetheart—beat in
sympathy for each other. Each letter
from Jack gave them courage and
they prayed earnestly for his return.

Jack never told them of the many
hardships and dangers he endured
because he knew the sorrow it would
cause them. Down in the muddy
dugout he dreamed of the rose gar-
den. He could hear the soft sweet
notes above the cannon's roar:

"I'll forget you when I can live with-
out the sunshine;

I'll forget you when I can live with-
out the rain;

I'll forget you when the rose forgets
its fragrance;

And the bird his sweet refrain."

One day Jack was carried to the
hospital. He had been severely
wounded. Many weeks passed but
he was unconscious and could not know
how anxious they were to hear
from him. After eighteen months,
he was dismissed from the hospital,

PREACHERS DO NOBLE WORK PAST SUMMER

Hold Meetings and Fill Regular Ap-
pointments. Many Others
Prepare

This year it is found that there
are many young men at David Lips-
comb College who have been pre-
claiming the gospel the past summer.
Some of the names, addresses and
activities follow:

Leslie G. Thomas, Flint, Mich.,
did regular work with the church at
Flint and held several short meet-
ings.

Conrad Copeland, of Meredith,
Fla., filled several regular appoint-
ments during the summer.

Andy T. Ritchie, Jr., Madison,
Tenn., lead singing in meetings for
his father, H. Leo Boles, and R. W.
Cawthon.

Clayton James, Milan, Tenn.,
preached regularly on Lord's Day.

John R. Hovious, of Nashville,
made several talks to local con-
gregations.

C. B. Hardison, Huntland, Tenn.,
filled regular appointments.

C. L. Overturf, of Valer, Ill., held
two meetings with three baptisms.
He also preached regularly on Lord's
Day.

Edward J. Craddock, of Nashville,
has made several talks to his home
congregation.

James R. Greer, Pikeville, Tenn.,
lead singing in several meetings
near his home.

Cullen Dixon, Senatobia, Miss.,
filled regular appointments during
his summer vacation.

W. R. Johnson, Independence,
Miss., preached on Lord's Day in and
around Nashville.

Vernon M. Spivy lead song serv-
ices in and around Nashville.

Vaden Allen, Cleveland, N. C.,
helped spread the Gospel in a private
way.

H. C. Hale, Nashville, Tenn., held
four meetings with thirty-eight bat-
tisms and one restoration. He also
did local work in Nashville.

C. J. Garner, Bartlett, Texas,
preached at some regular appoint-
ments in Colorado.

Jno. P. Lewis, Nashville, Tenn.,
held six meetings in Mississippi and
Alabama with twenty-four baptisms
and nine restorations.

There are many others at D. L. C.
who have done preaching and still
others who are planning for that
work. A list of preachers and song
leaders will be published in some
later issue.

WHY THEY CAME BACK TO D. L. C.

Mary Lois Dixon to become a bas-
ketball champ,

Freda Landers new boys to vamp.

Thelma McMahan to keep up her
voice,

Gladys Birch came, but it wasn't her
choice,

Eleanor Frazier because she liked her
teacher,

Philip Parham to learn to be a
preacher,

Erlene Harwell to visit the candy
man,

Leo Boles to practice for the band.

George Kenzie to fight for the Kap-
pa Nus,

Kathryn Johnson to spread all the
news,

Mary O. Jones to study math,

Pearl Smith to learn to laugh.

Nell Carver to get in the mighty
rush,

Frances Greenlee, O, I wish you'd
hush,

Mary Ethel Baines to show her baby
nick,

Leonta Sims to become a nervous
wreck,

Oma Morton "Cousin Ethel" to bring,
James Greer the bells to ring.

Dot Breeding to learn a new trick,
Clyde Hale the "zip" to lick.

Elmo Phillips to turn the book store,
Miss Delk to walk the floor.

Elizabeth Owen to cut her classes,
Herman Taylor to flirt with the
lasses.

Ora Lou Winters to borrow clothes,
Myrtle Baars to powder her nose.

Mildred Forny to answer an English
question,

Joyce Whitelaw to cure her indiges-
tion.

but he was maimed for life and un-
fit for service. He didn't have the
courage to go back to Mary. "She
loves me, but I must not let her
sacrifice her life for me." And he
went to Italy, where an old couple
gave him a home with them. Four
years passed and he could stand it
no longer—he knew they thought
him dead, but he felt that he must
return and see them at least.

Jack's silence meant that he was
dead to them but they sat each eve-
ning waiting—in hopes that some-
one or something would come to let
them know how he died and "hadn't
he sent a message to them?"

Jack found them in the rose gar-
den where he had left them.

"Our prayers are answered, Jack.
We prayed for your return but when
we'd almost given up hope we prayed
for a message from you and—you've
come!"

When mother had gone in the
house, Jack and Mary sat down
again.

"You'll not want to marry me
now and I don't blame you, Mary.
I'm maimed for life."

She laid her hand gently in his
and sang the song he loved, as sweet-
ly as she had sung it years ago.

"I'll forget you when I can live with-
out the sunshine;

I'll forget you when I can live with-
out the rain;

I'll forget you when the rose forgets
its fragrance;

And the bird his sweet refrain."

THE BOYS.

"SENIORS" BACK TO FINISH

Despite "Sophomore" Cognomen They
Insist That They Are
"Seniors"

Seniors? No, just Sophomores.
So they are reminded every day, but
that doesn't keep down the cheerful
smiles and gladdened hearts that
once more the whole campus is alive
with real, wide-awake boys and girls
who have returned to David Lips-
comb College for the sole purpose of
preparing themselves in such a way
that the world shall be made better
by their having lived.

Since last May there have been
many changes. Some of the familiar
faces are absent and new ones take
their places in the classrooms and in
student activities; but in reality no
one can fill that place in one's heart
which an old friend has filled, how-
ever much one may love him. Many
boys and girls went out from D. L. C.
into useful fields of endeavor last
summer and accomplished lasting
good, while others have spent their
time idly in vain pursuit. Each stu-
dent who has returned to take up
the "Sophomore-Senior" work has
resolved to be a real help to the
class in making it the best class in
the history of David Lipscomb Col-
lege.

Last year the Junior class was the
largest in the history of the school.
Although some of the number could
not return this year, there are some
new members and the class still re-
tains its former honor and will prob-
ably be the largest class to receive
Junior College Diplomas from this
institution.

There is much to be accomplished
this year. It is the custom for this
class to get out an annual besides
furnishing the greater number of
editors for the Babblers. Last year's
record being good makes this year's
goal harder to reach.

Then too some students think,
"Oh, to be a Senior and have priv-
ileges." Some day they may realize
that "to be a Senior" requires much
more than it may seem to and doesn't
always mean "privileges."

An institution of the David Lips-
comb type prepares its students for
the responsibilities of this life and
gives them a most excellent training
than which there is no better to be
found in the colleges of this land.

Let the school slogan be "A Better
Year." Why not? If the students
will work there isn't anything to keep
this from being a most successful
year for every student enrolled and
especially for those who expect to be-
come teachers next year.

MANY CHANGES ARE NOTICED

When you read this poem sublime,
I'm sure you'll say it is fine;
Just watch the Babblers and see
Other good poems written by me.

I'll proceed now to write something
good,

Others might if only they could.

Prepare for a shock—here's one:
Brother Rainey's married—he's
done."

He used to laugh, chat and talk,
Now he moves when she says "walk."

Brother Pittman has left—we're
stranded;

He'll return as soon as "she's"
landed.

Brother Stroop is here with old "sug-
gestion";

When he stands before a mirror—a
sad reflection.

Mr. Cuff is glad and cheerfully smiles
Whenever Eleanor his heart beguiles.

Sam Tatum is back with his flaxen
curls,

Everything's well so long as it's
Pearl's.

Of all the mysterious acts to me,—
"How did Le Nelle Goodwyn pay her
fee?"

She escaped some way and paid not
a cent,

And none of us girl can make her
repent.

Joyce is so poor she can hardly live;
If candy you have, it to her you must
give.

Lill Brown has changed, too, since
Raymond left,

Her smile is gone with her epithet.
Herman Taylor's so busy he will
hardly speak,

Yet we've often thought work made
him weak.

Alexander Burford is still slow and
sure,

We think for nervousness he has
found a cure.

Ora Lou Winters—a girl from
Coopertown—

Sees a boy pass—never has a frown.
Thelma Soyars is lively and always
busy;

To watch her makes a sane person
dizzy.

No beau has Thelma Mc—she's by
herself,

No consultation has she—except with
Miss Delk.

GIRLS PRAISED

BY THE BOYS

"Full many a gem of purest ray
serene

The dark unfathomed caves of ocean
bear.

Full many a flower is born to blush
unseen

And waste its sweetness on the desert
air."

So it is with woman, the most
beautiful, and yet the most un-
appreciated creature on earth. Her
domain is in the home and what king
or ruler can rival the sublimity with
which she rules her state? Here she
works and labors patiently, unseen
by the world. For this she does not
receive the praise she so justly de-
serves.

Young men and women in college
seem prone to select a course which
demands the very least amount of
effort and application to master and
neglect the more important studies—
the "weightier matters of the law."
This statement is borne out by the
fact that for long the general pursuit
among students has been toward a
rapid completion of some commercial
or scientific course. The inadvisabil-
ity of such a procedure is clearly
seen from the results. After a few
years the person with the commercial
training wishes to shift to some other
work, but finds that he is unqualified
for other work and sees the roots of
such a condition to lie in the selec-
tion of a course in college.

The swing has until recently been
away from the classical course be-
cause of the rigid mental application
it requires to master Latin and
Greek. They have long been consid-
ered the Scylla and Charybdis of the
educational pathway. Of late years
there has even been an attempt to
do away with these studies entirely
or else reduce them to a very small
minimum—all because students seem
to think that they are impracticable
or else they are to lazy mentally to
put forth the effort required to mas-
ter Latin and Greek. Luckily, there
has recently been, and now is, a
swing back to Latin and Greek. A
recent article stated that these lan-
guages are too interesting and cer-
tainly too valuable to be spurned by
the youth who would be educated.

Looking at the matter from a
standpoint of transfer values, cer-
tainly one must be impressed with
the value of a knowledge of the lan-
guage of the ancients. The English
language is made up largely of deriva-
tives of the Latin and Greek, so it is
obvious that a study of those lan-
guages makes one more proficient in
the mother tongue. Then, too, a per-
son who has a knowledge of Latin
and Greek is not bound as is the one
of the commercial or scientific course
to that one pursuit, but can easily
shift to other fields of activity. There
is, therefore, a practical value to be
secured from the classical course.

The course of study in Vanderbilt
and other large universities shows
the attitude many instructors are
now holding in regard to Latin and
Greek. They are requiring these
courses to be taken, and the sooner
the college youth realizes that it is
the rough knocks that develops one
physically and that the hard studies
develop one mentally—that soon may
the colleges of the land send forth
finished products—living active ma-
terial—prepared to enter any field of
the educational and professional
world.

The average student in college is
not a student—all he asks is to "get
by." That phrase, the most degrad-
ing and despicable in the English
language, applied to the educational
world is the cause of so many boys
and girls leaving college to become
miserable failures. The student who
allows no such derogatory statement
to be said of him; the student who
wants to learn his subject well; the
student who does not shirk the so-
called hard studies, but goes after
Latin and Greek with unbiased mind
—that student is the one who knows
something when he leaves college and
is not handicapped by a lack of
knowledge of that which the Ameri-
can should certainly be familiar—the
English language. He is ready for
his job whenever it may come and is
prepared to enter fields of activity
other than the teaching of Latin and
Greek.

As before said, there seems to be
a slight swing away from the sci-
entific course to the classical. This is
of itself sufficient evidence that the
greatest results come from the latter
course. The field of science is ever
changing. What is true in science
today may be proved to be untrue to-
morrow. Yet the classical studies
have been handed down through the
ages and come to the youth of Amer-
ica today, forming the very essence
of some of the greatest documents
ever written. It is to be hoped that
the youth in schools and colleges will
soon realize that it is necessary to
take a course which requires work
for mastery in order to secure the
greatest degree of mental efficiency.

Her true value is not recognized
until some catastrophe vanishes the
hopes and dreams. She is a faith-
ful companion and a shining light,
sticking close by when all hope seems
to be lost. She shares burdens when
friends forsake; she inspires when
others are ready to give up the ship.

Maidenhood is but the blossoming
flower of womanhood. Woman's in-
fluence begins to make or destroy
man early in life. The value of the
maiden is likewise unappreciated or
else unrecognized. Without mother
home would be only a place to sleep
and hang one's hat—a place to go
when no other is available. Try to
imagine what David Lipscomb Col-
lege would be without her girls: A
prison without its walls; a place
where cold realities of life would be
taught without securing the finer and
more cultured qualities of life which
come from associating with the girls.

The boys of Lindsay Hall pay
tribute and express appreciation of
the girls of Avalon Home in this
column. We realize how much bet-
ter boys we are because of the in-
fluence you exert over us. We should
not wish to think of this institution
without you. The halls would cease
to ring with laughter if you were not
here to brighten our lives. The
campus would be changed from a
place we cherish for its pleasant
memories to a place where fond
memories do not linger. There
would be no looking forward to
Saturday evening with anticipation—
it would only mark the end of an-
other week.

Our great hope and desire for you
is that your life will be as beautiful
and happy as you deserve.

THE BOYS.

A PLEA

David Lipscomb College believes in the Bible as the Word of God and stands ready to defend the Bible at any time and in any place.

THE BABBLER

"What would this babbler say"—Acts 17:18

"Don't tell anything on anyone unless it is so, and then don't tell it unless it will do more good to tell it than to be silent."—Bacon.

Vol. 5

DAVID LIPSCOMB COLLEGE, NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER 17, 1924.

No. 2.

ENTHUSIASM REIGNS IN LOVING CUP CONTEST

SENIOR CLASS ORGANIZES FOR FINAL YEAR'S WORK

Class Numbers Half a Hundred—Vaughan Elected President; Kinnie, Vice-President. Ready for the Tasks Ahead. Class Roll Given.

The members of the Senior Class met September 30, 1924, for organization. Brother Boles presided over the meeting until the president was elected. He made a very interesting and instructive speech which aroused the class enthusiasm and filled them once again with the old-time zeal which anchored them safely through the junior year—to the goal which has been so long in view—senior!

Since there are so many worthy young men and women in the Senior Class, it was a hard task to decide who should be president, but it finally fell on Mr. J. Roy Vaughan, of Jackson, Miss. Mr. Vaughan has been an influential member of the student body since his entrance several years ago, and his work last year, as a junior, only strengthened his prestige among the student body and faculty.

With such a leader as Mr. Vaughan the class cannot go wrong, and since this wise selection has been made much work is expected from the class. The committees to select motto, flowers, pins and colors are already at work, and before very long "Senior '24-25" will be seen everywhere.

As vice-president, the class very wisely chose Mr. George Kinnie, who has also been an active leader in student activities for several years. Mr. Kinnie is an athlete and the class expects him to help win honors for them in that way, too. Mr. Kinnie hails from Franklin, Tenn.

Last year was the first year Miss Eleanor Frazier, from Pulaski, Tenn., had been in D. J. C., but she made such a splendid record in the classroom and so many friends among both "the faculty" and student body that she was elected secretary of this splendid class.

Miss Hazel Dennison, of Nashville, Tenn., who has been a prominent worker in the classroom and on the athletic field for several years, was elected treasurer for the class. Miss Dennison is well known by all, having graduated from the High School Department two years ago.

Another important thing which might be mentioned here is the fact that Mr. Herman Taylor, one of this class, is Editor-in-Chief of The Babbler, and Mr. Alex Burford, another active member, is Business Manager. Other members of the class on the editorial staff are: Miss Frazier, Exchange editor; Miss Dennison, Kappa Nu editor; Miss Landers, Sapphonian editor; Miss Baars, Senior editor; Mr. Mason, sport editor; Mr. Vaughan, Calliopean editor; Mr. Wood, Lipscomb editor.

NOTED TEXAS EVANGELIST HERE SOON

Foy E. Wallace to Begin Meeting at This Place November 3

Announcement has been made of the coming of Foy E. Wallace to this place to conduct a series of meetings. He begins at Russell Street Church, October 19, and from there comes to David Lipscomb College, beginning here November 3 and continuing for a week.

Mr. Wallace is a well known Texas evangelist, being considered one of the best in the brotherhood. He began preaching at the age of fifteen. His coming to this place is looked forward to with eagerness. Preparations are being carried on for the meeting.

NOTICE TO READERS!

Those who have not done so already, should send their subscription to The Babbler at once so as to secure all editions. The price is one dollar per year. State society, whether Kappa Nu, Sapphonian, Calliopean or Lipscomb, you wish to aid in the loving cup contest. Use the following form:

The Babbler, David Lipscomb College, Nashville, Tenn. Enclosed you will find _____ dollars for _____ years' subscriptions to The Babbler. Sub-credit my subscription to the _____ Society.

(Name)

(Address)

(Date)

INTRODUCING THE SENIORS

Largest Class in History of College. Other Class Rolls Follow Soon

In order that readers may know our students The Babbler has consented to introduce, through its columns, each student. There are so many students The Babbler would have quite a task should it attempt to introduce in one issue all the students. Beginning in this issue and taking the students by classes the name and address of each will be given. If readers want to become acquainted with the students of David Lipscomb College, they must watch The Babbler.

There are a few students taking third-year college work. These are Dorothy Breeding, Sparta, Tenn.; Mary Tittle, Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Elois Herndon, Mayfield, Ky., and Clarence Garner, Bartlett, Texas. The second year college class, or the Senior Class of D. L. C., is the largest class to ever wear that name in David Lipscomb College. The class roll follows:

Mary Ethel Baines, Oneonta, Ala. Myrtle Baars, Linden, Tenn. Alice Blair, Lebanon, Tenn. William Brown, Sparta, Tenn. Irene Birch, Moulton, Ala.

Alexander Burford, Oakland, Miss. James Camp, Sparta, Tenn. Henry Carter, Sparta, Tenn. Nell Carver, Mt. Juliet, Tenn. Leslie Carver, Mt. Juliet, Tenn. Cecil Clark, Pulaski, Tenn. Conrad Copeland, Bronson, Fla. Lillian B. Cox, Martin, Tenn. Bruce Crawley, Sales Creek, Tenn. Lois Cullum, Nashville, Tenn. Mary Lois Dixon, Senatobia, Miss. Cullan Dixon, Senatobia, Miss. Hazel Dennison, Nashville, Tenn. Mildred Formby, Waldo, Ark. Eleanor Frazier, Pulaski, Tenn. Lady Cullie Gaither, Woodbury, Tenn.

La Nelle Goodwyn, Dresden, Tenn. James Greer, Pikeville, Tenn. Ennis Hughes, Tuckerman, Ark. Roy Johnson, Coldwater, Miss. Katherine Johnson, Senatobia, Miss.

George Kinnie, Franklin, Tenn. Leonard Kirk, Hampshire, Tenn. Freda Landers, Highland Home, Ala.

Thelma McMahan, Springfield, Tenn. Oma Morton, Columbia, Tenn. Andrew Mason, McMinnville, Tenn.

Frankie Northern, Lebanon, Tenn. Philip Parham, Franklin, Tenn. Elmo Phillips, Pulaski, Tenn. Gertrude Russell, Sparta, Tenn. Toline Russell, Abilene, Texas. Leonta Sims, Iron City, Tenn. Lorena Sims, Iron City, Tenn. Pearl Smith, Horse Cave, Ky. Charles Smith, Valdosta, Ga. Thelma Soyars, Coopertown, Tenn. Sam Tatum, Shop Springs, Tenn. Herman Taylor, Kelso, Tenn. J. Roy Vaughan, Jackson, Miss. Joyce Whitelaw, Brownsville, Tenn. Coral Williams, Sparta, Tenn. Ora Law Winters, Coopertown, Tenn.

Owen White, Florence, Ala. Allen Wood, McMinnville, Tenn. Graves Williams, Sparta, Tenn.

STUDENTS ARE ENTERTAINED BY NEGRO QUINTET

Prof. Work and His Helpers Give Entertainment. Lyceum Course Is Planned

One of the most pleasant of events in the form of entertainment at David Lipscomb College was the singing by the negro quintette from Roger Williams University, Monday evening, October 13. This quintette is under charge of Prof. Work, who has reached a goodly height in the field of vocal music. This quintette shows signs of becoming as famous as the one which sang before rulers of European countries in its tour of that continent in 1871.

This was the first of a series of entertainments and lyceum numbers the College has in store for its students. A program of numbers for entertainment and instruction is now under consideration. Other numbers will be announced from time to time.

TURNER MAKES A GOOD START

Science Teacher Preaches Two Interesting Sermons to Student Body

"BIBLE" IS TOPIC

"Safe Ground" Is Theme of Sunday Evening Discourse. Audience Pleased

The student body and congregation was somewhat surprised on Sunday morning, October 5, to know that Gordon H. Turner, head of the Department of Natural Science, was to occupy the pulpit. This surprise gave way to strict attention when he began talking. Despite the fact that the morning sermon was the speaker's fourth attempt, one could but think that he was a preacher of several years' experience.

In an introductory discourse, Mr. Turner made known the fact that until recently he never thought he would be a preacher—not because he has no relatives in the same work, for he has uncles, brothers-in-law, grandfathers and other kinsmen who have made preaching the gospel their life-work—not because he did not consider the calling a worthy one, but because his courses in College were always along other lines than those preparing one for preaching.

For a subject for the Sunday morning lesson, "The Bible" was taken. It was shown that that Book is the most popular and at the same time the most unpopular the world has ever known; that dire results follow any attempts to subtract or add to the contents of that volume; that every part of the Bible is profitable for instruction, doctrine and reproof;

SENIORS TAKE SECOND GAME OF SERIES

Defeat Underclassmen by Score of 5-4. Juniors Put Up Strong Fight

Wednesday afternoon, October 1, the College ball field was the scene of a very interesting baseball game between the Senior and Junior classes of the College. This was the second game of the season, the Seniors having won the first, and there was a great deal of interest and excitement manifested.

The Juniors were determined that the Seniors should not triumph over them a second time, and the Seniors were just as determined to carry off the laurels of victory again.

The game started pretty slowly. Not much pep was shown nor were any runs scored until the third inning. Then the Juniors began to show some signs of life. They ran in two scores in the third and two more in the first of the fifth, while the Seniors had scored only one. This left the count 4 to 1 in favor of the Juniors.

But the game wasn't over yet. The Seniors came back strong in the last inning with a batting rally that couldn't be stopped. The slugging end of the Seniors' batting order stepped up to the plate one by one and slammed the old pill out into the field to the tune of four runs.

The Juniors put up a good but losing struggle and surrendered the game to the Seniors by a 5 to 4 count.

Boles got the only hit for the Juniors, while for the Seniors, Parham got two and Priestly one.

The line-up of the two teams follows: Seniors—Wood, ss.; Kirk, c.; Parham, 1b.; Burford, 2b.; White, 3b.; Warren, 1. f.; Williams, c. f.; Crawley, r. f.; Priestly, p. Juniors—Boles, ss.; Hardison, c.; Bourne, 1b.; Karnes, 2b.; Dodd, 3b.; Pullias, 1. f.; Terry, c. f.; Page, r. f.; Gleaves, p.

Love

What is it to love one's neighbor as one's self and who is one's neighbor? This is very important and should be thoroughly understood by all because love is the only road to heaven. If ever there was a time when love was needed—love for God, love for neighbors, love for brethren, love for enemies—this is the time. To love God is to love him with all the physical, mental and spiritual powers. To love God is to obey Him by keeping his commandments and his commandments are not grievous. 1 Jno. 5:3. If ye love me ye will keep my commandments. Honor thy father and thy mother and you will learn to love your neighbor as yourself.

—Cecil Hardison.

THE EVILS OF TALEBEARERS

Bro. Elam Tells of a Family of Slanderers, Meddlers, and Such Like

"BE A PEACEMAKER"

Proof Given as to Character and Destiny of This Great Family of People

E. A. Elam returned to the College for week end and favored the congregation with two profitable sermons Sunday, October 12. In his Sunday morning sermon he spoke of a family whose members are of all ages, all races and both sexes. Introducing the sermon, Brother Elam made it clear that there is quite a difference between the study and teaching of the Bible and any other book. "Many studies," he said, "that are taken at school are not used when one leaves; the Bible can be used in every walk of life." It was said also that there must be practice. It is not the best thing to commit to memory large portions of the Bible, but the best thing is to obey.

This family embraces busybodies, meddlers, slanderers, talebearers, whisperers and many others of like character. From this family death has been known to result. One member of the family tells something to someone else and thus a row begins. A statement by Bacon was introduced: "Don't tell anything on anyone until you know it is so and then don't tell it unless you know it will do more good to tell it than it will to keep silent."

Brother Elam said that men distinguish between sins when God makes no distinction. Man may distinguish

(Continued on page 2)

SCHOOL HEARS FINE LECTURE BY DR. RIES

Noted Athlete, Lecturer, and Dietitian Gives Facts About Foods

What has been pronounced one of the most interesting lectures given here for some time was made at chapel period Tuesday morning, October 14, by Dr. W. F. Ries, the nation's foremost athlete, dietitian, and lecturer. Dr. Ries is acknowledged to be the "youngest old man in the world" as he is now nearing seventy-five and is as active and healthy as any youth in the land. Dr. Ries, known as "Uncle Billy," is founder of the National Perfect Health Bureau, a non-profit society.

In his lecture Dr. Ries stated that his mission is to prevent rather than cure diseases. Until the famous "vitamins" were discovered it was thought that a diet of proteins, carbohydrates, fats and mineral salts would maintain perfect health, but Dr. Ries has clearly demonstrated and proved that there are four vitamins that are absolutely necessary to life and health. These he called the A, B, C and D vitamins. He explained the presence of these in cereals and leafy parts of vegetables, but also made clear that milling processes and cooking destroy these vitamins.

An interesting feature of the lecture was "Uncle Billy's" explanation of his way of living—eating no cooked foods for fifteen years and yet a man in perfect health.

Dr. Ries told how he made his "Uncle Billy" salad, ate his meals, delivered several lectures per day, and at the same time maintained perfect health. He told of his eating carrot tops, beet tops, radish tops, celery tops, and the thin green leafy tops such as lettuce, spinach, cabbage, etc., without any cooking for the vitamins and mineral salts which they contain. In the potato there are vitamins, yet peeling or digging out the eye destroys all the vitamins and all the mineral salts.

Lastly, Dr. Ries brought forth the king of all foods, milk, and explained that milk is king because it contains all the vitamins and all the other sixteen elements of which the human body is constituted. Milk has no waste material to clog the system and cause disease.

The speaker pointed out the fact that one million people in the United States die prematurely every year; five hundred thousand children die before they reach the age of ten; and that instead of living one hundred and fifty years as scientists prove can be done, the average length of life is but thirty-seven years.

From the hearty applause given the lecturer it was evident that the student body was well pleased and joined with countless others in pronouncing Dr. Ries "The youngest and liveliest old man" in the world.

SOCIETIES WAGE WARFARE FOR THE BABBLER TROPHY

Contest Began October 7—Ends October 25. Each Society Is Firmly Determined to Win the Cup. Lively Battle Is Foreseen.

COUNCIL TRIES FIRST CASES

Student Council Convenes to Consider Complaints. Penalties Imposed upon Offenders

The Students' Council of David Lipscomb College is having practical work to do in seeing that regulations are respected. Students have very heartily entered into the spirit of the work and co-operate very willingly with the Council.

The first cases for trial were brought before the Council at its meeting Thursday night, October 9. Complaints were written out and handed to some member of the Council. This body called offenders before it, gave them the right to defend themselves, dismissed the offender and then discussed means of regulating the life of the student. It was ascertained that two boys in the elementary department had gone to town without permission from anyone. These were sentenced to spend two weeks on the campus, not being allowed to go to town even on Monday for two weeks. It was further agreed that these boys were not to leave the school grounds for any reason.

Two boys were brought before the Council for visiting rooms for more than the allotted time without permission, thus violating a regulation,

and also hindering the occupants of the rooms from their studies. One of these was sentenced to remain in his room during study and quiet hours for a week. He was forbidden to visit or receive visitors for that time. The other offender was also given room arrest—this for ten days, due to another charge brought against him and also his attitude toward the Council.

A young man guilty of loud singing and disturbing neighbors during study hour was released with an admonition upon his promise to conform closer with regulations and because of his being a new student and in hearty sympathy with student government.

One guilty of misdemeanor in the dining room was placed at a table adjoining the president's table for a week, thus placing him under close watch and away from his regular dining room companions.

Prof. Priestly, president of the Council, made announcement of offenses and punishments at chapel, withholding names of offenders for reasons best known to the Council. For the Council he expressed appreciation for the manner in which students are falling into line with student government, and predicted a hasty adjustment to all rules and regulations.

Breaking It Gently.

A woman in an Ohio hotel came down to the office one evening and asked the clerk for a glass of water. The clerk obliged, and she disappeared with it, returning very quickly for another. After this was repeated for the fourth time, the clerk became curious.

"My I inquire why all the water?" he asked.

"I know you will just scream when I tell you," the guest replied, "I am trying to put out a fire in my room."

SENIOR HIGH NOW READY TO FIGHT

Class Selects Officers and Boasts That Other Classes Shall Be Opposed

The Senior High Class of David Lipscomb College met in Harding Hall, September 30, 1924, to perfect an organization to begin the year's fight. Officers were elected as follows: Sterling Jones, president; Emerson Simpkins, vice-president; Frances Neely, secretary and treasurer, and Sam McFarland, editor. The class numbers twenty-four, yet makes the boast that it is quality and not quantity which counts.

As for athletics, George Warren was made manager, and has for his team several good players. The class bids other classes, especially Junior College, to be on the lookout for the dignified senior high students are going out to win.

The annual contest between the four literary societies for the loving cup given in the interest of subscriptions to The Babbler began Tuesday, October 7, and will close Saturday, October 25, at 6:00 p.m. Announcement of the contest was expected for several days previous to its announcement, but those in charge preferred to make known the opening to all students at once.

Opening Announced at Chapel

At the chapel exercises period Mr. Burford, Business Manager of The Babbler, brought before the student body a beautiful cup and announced that the cup would go to the society with the greatest percentage of subscriptions to The Babbler on October 25, at 6:00 p.m. Short speeches were called for from members of each society. Hazel Dennison, for the Kappa Nus, stated that her society is in the contest for a hot race and promised fair and clean work for her society. Freda Landers, for the Sapphonian, expressed appreciation for the contest and assured the other societies that her society is going to put up a good fight. Clyde Hale, for the Lipscombs, assured all that the Lipscomb spirit will be felt. Roy Vaughan, Calliopean, made known the fact that only the word "Calliopean" has been written on the cup, and that a hard fight will be necessary to remove that word. A few words were spoken by the Editor-in-Chief of The Babbler, asking for co-operation in making the school paper a credit to the institution.

Nature of the Contest

This contest is an annual event, beginning the first of each school year. It was begun two years ago when a silver loving cup was offered to the society which would get the greatest percentage of subscriptions for the College paper, then called Haviland Acts. The cup becomes the permanent property of the society winning the cup three years in succession. The first year the Calliopeans were able to win the victory with 144 per cent, outstripping the Lipscomb Society by only four per cent. Last year the Calliopeans again won the cup, this time with 644 per cent.

Much Interest Manifested

With enthusiasm the respective societies met to elect campaign managers on opening day. Work began at once. Teachers were stormed with calls for subscription; neighbors soon found that they must read the College paper; students began writing

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BROTHER ELAM WRITES FOR ADVOCATE

It is with pleasure that announcement is made that Brother Elam's name is again on the editorial page of the Gospel Advocate. Thousands of readers all over the land will also rejoice because of this. Prayers will be made that he will be blessed with many other useful years in his noble work.

Every student of David Lipscomb College loves Brother Elam and regrets that his physical condition will not permit him to resume his College duties for a time. His pleasant smile and kind words of instruction are daily missed and his chair is vacant during chapel exercises. Advocate readers should be thankful for such a man as Brother Elam to instruct them through that paper.

Teacher: "Who discovered America?"

George Kinnie: "Columbus."

Teacher: "Good."

George: "Good? That's what I call perfect."

Philip Parham was of a poetical turn of mind while walking by a brook in Florida with Pansy Colson. Philip said: "How the stream tosses in its slumber!"

In a matter of fact way Pansy responded: "You would, too, if your bed was full of stones."

Garner: "What's the trouble, old man?"

Sam Tatum: "Lever trouble."

Garner: "What's that?"

Tatum: "Had to lever alone."

Prof. Rainey: "Miss Morton, what was the Spanish Armada?"

Oma: "A terrible epidemic which sweeps the country annually."

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No. 2

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ODE TO D. L. C.

It stands as a statue on Granny White pike,
With purpose so loyal and true.
A meadow lies back in the distance.
Beyond, rise hills to my view.
The roads cross neat at right angles,
Traversed by pomp and array.
With a campus that glistens like fangles.
I've watched it there many a day.

In memory's hall will hang this picture,
And though troubles the years may gleam,
It will hang with a beautiful gilding,
And well shall I love it, I ween.
As I view it from every corner
In the sunshine or in the storm
I see the great love of its founder
That Christ to the lost might be borne.

The teachers, well I shall remember;
My heart will long keep them in place;
Though by the world they could be forgotten,
Their memory no time can efface.
They meet us with smiles in the threshold
And in that brick temple of art,
They're weaving with the skill of a workman
Their touch on the mind and the heart.

We sit in our classrooms at bell call,
And are admonished so kindly when late
To think of the opening future
And dream of our manhood's estate.
Oh, days of my boyhood! I bless you,
While looking from life's busy prime;
The treasures will e'er linger with me
That I gather from life's early prime.
When from my view this place is hidden,
Many things I may come to forget;
Yet I'll always pause with fond memory
The faces so fondly I met.
I'll see very oft the old meadow
And the hills behind it so blue
Away in the charm of the distance.
Dear Old David-Lipscomb—'Tis you!
—Clayton L. James.

"IS MY LIFE WORTH WHILE?"

I deep in meditation sat
And could not force a smile;
The thought that came to me was this:
"Is my life here worth while?"

I gazed about but could not see
A trace of what I'd done.
With one last hope I turned my gaze
Off toward the set of sun.

Its golden rays stretched o'er the land
Which they had blessed that day;
And, day by day, with labors done,
It sank to rest that way.

The shades of evening softly fell
And darkness came on soon.
A mellow light shone round about
As beamed the silent moon.

Then one by one the stars came out
To sparkle in their sphere,
And shed their light the best they could
For those who journey here.

Thus each of these celestial orbs
Cause men of earth to smile,
Which goes to show that I can make
My life on earth worth while.
—H. T.

Happy: "I've lived on vegetables for two weeks."
Harry: "That's nothing; I've lived on earth for twenty years."

Irene Burch: "How old are you?"
Frankie Northern: "I have seen nineteen summers."
Irene: "How long have you been blind?"

Freshman (to fountain clerk): "Two milk shakes."
Freshman (a minute later): "Change mine to a lemonade."
Soda dispenser: "What do you think this is—a slight of hand shop?"

TURNER MAKES A GOOD START

(Continued from page 1)

that of the two books, the Book of Nature and the Book of God, the former was given first to man, but when man by transgression caused sin to enter the world, God provided another Book for man. This book, the speaker declared, has stood for centuries and shall continue to stand and be the chief Book until time shall be no more.

The speaker showed a wide knowledge of statistics in giving the number of Bibles printed each year, the number of people they reach and many other interesting facts regarding that Book. It was finally sealed that the Bible is of divine origin because man cannot produce such works and has not been able to destroy the Bible. Upon the same spots where men have denounced the Word of God and said that its influence would soon be felt no more, it was shown that publishing houses have been built and are now printing Bibles by the thousands.

The sermon Sunday night was more forcibly delivered, if possible, than that of the forenoon. Mr. Turner took for his subject, "Safe Ground." He introduced by showing how careful man is to see that his investments in stocks and bonds are made safe; how one makes sure to be on the safe side in case of a fire or tornado; and how quickly one would choose a large, commodious steamship for crossing the ocean rather than a clumsy canoe. Further, it was stated that man makes sure of his title to a farm before purchasing that farm. Just so careful should all be in matters of religion was the point Mr. Turner made in this connection. For a few minutes the speaker assumed the role of one who doubts and admitted for the time being that certain views are correct. Then he continued to make clear that if the Bible be true and these views untrue, the safest ground is the Bible, for one loses nothing by following the Bible and gains all. Some of these views he considered were the faith-only position; foreordination and predestination; the baptism-unnecessary position; the position that there is nothing in a name; universalism; the position that it is unnecessary to be a member of the church in order to be saved; and the positions of the infidel, the atheist, the sceptic and the agnostic. In all it was proved that the safe ground lies in obedience to the Word of God.

Concluding the sermon, Mr. Turner considered the question: "What constitutes safe ground?" He very clearly made known that faith, repentance, confession and baptism are the only safe courses to pursue toward salvation.

The audience was very attentive to the speaking and was very much impressed by the earnestness with which Mr. Turner spoke. It was evident that he has much ability as a preacher and that these sermons prove that he has not in any way missed directing his talents in the right direction.

THE EVILS OF TALEBEARERS

(Continued from page 1)

between Saul's sin of refusing to slay all and David's sin of taking Uriah's wife; man may make a distinction between a sin committed by a woman and one committed by a man; man may look upon drunkenness or swearing as a great offense, yet a talebearer does much more harm than a drunkard. A scandal may sweep the neighborhood like a mighty conflagration. A tongue which has never tasted liquor nor sworn an oath may do lots of mischief as a busybody, talebearer, tattler or slanderer.

The sermon was replete with Scriptural quotations to show the character and destiny of the talebearer. The command, "Thou shalt not bear false witness," was noticed; also "Thou shalt not take up a false report"; "Thou shalt not go up and down as a talebearer among the people"; and the destiny and character of the members of this mighty family were further revealed in the statement from the Psalmist that "he that slandereth not with his tongue" shall dwell in the holy mountain of the Lord, and the wise man's declaration that "he that uttereth a slander is a fool."

The climax of the sermon was reached when the statement was made that it is a thousand times better to be a peacemaker than to be a peacebreaker. This family of slanderers are peacebreakers and were compared to the vulture who, by the kind of food he eats, spreads disease germs. The right way was pointed out by mention of the life of the bee which seeks for the sweetness of the flower and makes that into pure and wholesome food.

SOCIETIES WAGE WARFARE FOR THE BABBLER

(Continued from page 1)

letters to parents and friends asking for subscriptions; and in every way it became known that a lively contest was under way. Society spirit is at its height. As this is the final year of the contest, unless the cup changes hands, interest increases. The present owners say it must remain theirs; the others say it must change owners.

This contest yearly proves a very effective means of circulating The Babblers. The subscription list is now rising rapidly.

Clyde Hale (orating in society): "As Daniel Webster says in his great dictionary—"

Jno. Lewis (interrupting): "It wasn't Daniel; it was Noah."
Hale: "Noah, nothing. Noah built the ark."

Teacher: "Make a sentence using the word defeat."
Pupil: "Tight shoes is hard on de feet."

DAVID LIPSCOMB COLLEGE HAS A STRONG FACULTY

Eight Members Hold Master's Degrees—Others Are Efficient Teachers and Firm Christians. Short Sketches Given

David Lipscomb College boasts of a faculty second to no college of the rank of David Lipscomb College. In addition to the many spiritual qualities which make for real men, eight faculty members hold masters' degrees from large universities. The Babblers of October 3 contained a short sketch of H. Leo Boles, president of the College. It has been due to his efforts very largely that the College stands as high as it does. He has incessantly labored for the up-building of David Lipscomb College. Other members of the faculty are interested in the growth of D. L. C., and are manifesting that interest by the co-operation they are giving President Boles. Short sketches of other faculty members follow:

A. G. Freed, B.S., M.A.
Vice-President

Professor Freed is a graduate of several of the prominent universities of our country. He has been associated with schools and colleges for about thirty-six years. He was president of Freed-Hardeman College from 1919 to 1923. Professor Freed is known throughout Tennessee as a staunch Christian educator.

R. P. Cuff, A.B., M.A.
English

Professor Cuff came to us last year from Harper College, where he was associate professor of English. He has made the English department of David Lipscomb College a live, wide-awake department. In order to raise the English department to its present standard, Mr. Cuff spent his entire vacation in Peabody College.

Mr. Cuff is not only a good teacher, but is also a loyal worker in the cause of Christ.
John L. Rainey, A.B., M.A.
Mr. Rainey entered the Nashville Bible School when he was very young. As he was working his way through school, he only stayed here one year. Because he could get a better job, he went to Potter Bible College for several years. He returned to David Lipscomb College, graduating in 1920. Professor Rainey has attended the University of Louisville, receiving his A.B. degree; and also Vanderbilt, where he received his M.A. degree in 1923. Since that time he has been teaching Latin and Greek in D. L. C.

Professor Rainey deserves much credit, and his life should be an inspiration to others. When he entered high school, he would attend school for two years and then teach two years, thus working his way or through the university. His motto is "Always do the fair and square thing."

W. M. Yowell, B.S., B.A., M.A., S.S.
Biology and Philosophy
Professor Yowell is a new teacher at David Lipscomb College, but has fallen into the work so much extent that he has won a very warm place in the hearts of the students.

Professor Yowell began his preparatory school education at Gunter Bible College, near Sherman, Texas. After four years spent there he taught school in Ellis County before entering the State Normal at Denton, Texas, where he graduated in 1912. He received his B.A. degree from the University of Texas in 1918. He taught in Harper College several years. In 1920 he received his masters' degree from the University of Texas. He spent two years as head of the Education and Psychology Department of Thorpe Springs College. One year he spent in Morrilton Christian College. Professor Yowell spent the year 1923-24 at George Peabody College, doing work toward a Ph.D. degree.

W. H. Owen, A.B., M.A., Mathematics
Prof. Owen was teacher of mathematics in Freed-Hardeman College from 1908 to 1921. This is his third year as instructor in mathematics at this place. He is a very efficient teacher and a thorough Christian gentleman. He received his M.A. degree from Peabody College and is now doing work toward a Ph.D. degree.

E. H. Ijams, B.S., Psychology and Education

Prof. Ijams received his B.S. degree from Peabody College. He has had special work in the University of Chicago and the University of Alabama. He has been connected with school work in Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee. Prof. Ijams is a very able instructor, whose pleasing disposition and strength of character have won for him the highest honor and respect of the entire student body.

J. Ridley Stroop, B.S., Peabody College

Prof. Stroop has taught English and classical languages in David Lipscomb College for several years. Mr. Stroop is a Christian gentleman in the fullest meaning of the term and has made a good record in every undertaking.

H. J. Priestley

H. J. Priestley, graduate of David Lipscomb College; Principal of Primary Department in D. L. C., and president of Student Council.

Mr. Priestley, during his years of study here, has made such an excellent record that the faculty saw fit to keep him in the College. His influence over the student body is very great and under his directions the athletics is expected to excel any previous record. He is a Christian and a leader among those with whom he is connected.

B. H. Murphy, B.S., M.A., Principal of Social Science Department

Mr. Murphy has been a very influential member of D. L. C. faculty for several years. He is director of the David Lipscomb College Quartet.

Gordon H. Turner, B. S., M.A., Instructor on Natural Science
Mr. Turner came to this College last year from Mississippi, where he was instructor in high school there. Until recently he has been known as

TOPIC CLASS BEGINS WORK

Young Men Meet with President Boles to Discuss Means of Better Teaching the Bible

When the announcement was made in chapel that a topic class was to be organized, many students were found to be interested in this work. A large number of young men had been looking forward with pleasure to the organization of this interesting and profitable class. At the first meeting about thirty young men were present. After the class made the decision to meet each Monday night at the beginning of the study period, Brother Boles gave the young men some very helpful advice concerning the study and teaching of the Bible.

All young preachers should be especially interested in this kind of work, but it is not to be understood that it is for them exclusively. Those who because of studies cannot meet this class are not to be censured. If they can attend occasionally they will learn something of the work of this class and no doubt will have a stronger desire to meet with it. Since this is a voluntary class, only those who really long for the spiritual food. They will not be detained or hindered by careless, indifferent members.

The purpose of this class is to learn more of God's will and the best methods to teach others the Bible. The class plans to study many interesting Bible topics or subjects during the year. Some attention will also be given to developing outlines building sermons and discussing the problems which confront students in daily life.

With this large number of earnest young men seeking to know more about the Bible, meeting each week with Brother Boles, the able teacher, who is deeply interested in the young men, a successful class is predicted.

HOME EC. CLUB HOLDS MEETING

Officers Elected—Business Arranged. To Be Future Housekeepers

The Home Economics Club met Thursday afternoon, October 9, 1924, at 3 o'clock, for the first meeting of the school year. It met in the Home Economics room and had the pleasure of the teacher, Mrs. Owens, being present. A few of the old members were present, but the club for this year consists chiefly of new members. After the house was called to order by the president, Miss Frankie Northern, there were some new officers to elect, which were as follows:

Vice-President, Dixie Owen.
Secretary, Lorena Barber.
Treasurer, Frances Greenlee.
Critic, Mary Ethel Baines.
Editor, Ollie Cuff.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Frances Phillips.

A refreshment committee, which serves when the clubs holds meetings: Dixie Owen, Frances Greenlee, Frances Phillips.

A committee for the purpose of choosing motto, aim and color: Lila Groves, Emaline Hemby, Lorena Barber.

Program Committee: Thelma McMahon, Birdie DePriest, Corinne Smith.

It was decided that the time of meeting should be Wednesday afternoon at 3:45, the first week of every month, in the Home Economics room. It was also decided that fees should only be 25 cents per quarter. Each member, however, is expected to pay that fee.

The club thinks that all the societies are fine, but that it is better. It not only helps train one in literary matters, but will make of each member a good housekeeper.

Editor.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK TOGETHER

The wife of a minister in West Virginia has been married three times. Her maiden name was Partridge and her first husband's name was Robin, second Sparrow, and third Quail. There are now too young Robins, one Sparrow, and three Quails in the family. One grandfather was a Swan, another a Jay, and he's dead and now a bird a Paradise. They live on Hawk Avenue, Eagleville, Canary County. The fellow who wrote this is a Lyre and a relative of the family.—Ex.

Reducing the Baggage

"It's kind of handy to be bald-headed," said the first drummer. "On my trips I don't have to carry either brush or comb."

"Have your teeth out, my boy, and then you won't have to carry a tooth brush, either," replied the second.

the only member of the faculty who didn't "preach," but he has begun that now. Mr. Turner is an exceptional man and the College feels very fortunate indeed in having him here.

A DRAMA OF SATURDAY EVE

How Girls Spend Time Previous to and During Social Hour

Lorena Barber (running down the hall): "Oh, my wish came true that I wished on that star! Mr. White begged me all through the dinner hour for a date. Oh, how I've longed to have another date! Tater, may I borrow your brown sweater? Who has a green bandana to match my new comb?"

Mildred Formby, heard screaming from first floor to Nellie Potts on third: "Nellie Potts! Oh, Nellie, Nellie Potts. Please come quick and curl my hair."

Nellie comes down at break neck speed, thinking it is a phone call.

Mildred: "Oh, Nellie, Jimmie always likes me better when you curl my hair, and do you know, he won't speak to me since he caught me flirting with that good looking Harris. Oh, you just must fix me all up 'cause I can't afford to lose Jimmy. Run and tell Freda to come and fix my eyes."

Toline Russell, all out of breath: "Oh, Maude, is my dress too long? I'm afraid I look too much like the old-fashioned girl! My soul! Do I look all right?" This conversation is drowned out by Ruth Jordan yelling several times in succession: "Who has some purple beads?" Hazel meets Myrtle on the stairs. Hazel: "Hello, do you have a date, Myrtle?"

Myrtle: "Well, no, I don't. Several boys asked me but really I couldn't decide to which to give the honor."

Hazel: "Oh these new boys! They don't seem to appreciate us girls as the old bunch did."

Myrtle: "Some of the old bunch seem to have lost their appreciation of us too."

Hazel sighs: "Wouldn't you like to see Frank Hall?"

Myrtle: "Yes, or even David Bryant." They pass on.

Hazelle Burch remembers to return Mary O's double sock. Burch: "Hello, Mary! Stepping out with Bill?" Mary O: "No, I'm staying in with Mary. I forgot to ask Bro. Boles to let us be ushers." Hazelle: "Well, why don't you ask me if I have a date?" Mary O: "I knew you'd tell me anyway. Who's the poor unfortunate? I know you are dying to tell."

Hazelle: "Is that so? I won't tell. Say, Mary O., don't you think Puckett is the cutest boy in school?"

Mary O: "Oh, yes, without a doubt."

Nell Conlee, trying to look unconcerned, calls on Christine Tarwater, drops her peanut butter sandwich and her mouth flies open in surprise when she observes that Christine is not dressed for the social.

Christine: "Nell, don't you have a date with Frank?" Nell: "No, I thought you had a date with him."

They are still stunned when the old college bell peals forth its summons. For a moment wild shrieks and footsteps are heard, then all is still in the dormitory except for one room where a feast is being held.

Over in Chapel Hall Mildred Formby is doing her best to chase away the pout on Jimmy's face by letting a bewitching smile freeze on her own. On a back seat sit Eleanor and Mr. Cuff. They look happy. They are the most enviable couple in school for they have never had a "bust up."

Toline Russell is in a far corner smiling at a little blonde. She listens and smiles in succession all through the evening for she has no opportunity to speak.

Frank Jones saunters in and entertains Gwendolyn Moss to "Go bring Nell Conlee over." As a whole the hall seems to be filled with contented couples, however Ikey Hooper seems to be a bit restless. He roams about always keeping his eye on the door. Probably the girl of his dreams will soon appear.

Oh that such happiness could remain unbroken, but alas! All at once the sea of bright faces becomes clouded—their voices are stilled. Loud and clear the sentence floats over the hall:

"The social hour is over."

"LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG"

"Barney Google" Chants Love Song in Verse to a Fond Lover

My Old Kentucky Home,
Three O'Clock in the Morning.
Darling Nellie Gray:

I am now near My Old Kentucky Home 'Way Down Upon the Swanee River. I am Tenting Tonight on the Banks of the Wabash. Beside me sets The Old Oaken Bucket and The Little Brown Jug recently placed there by Old Black Joe.

Beneath the Mellow Moon I'm Thinking of Our Yesterdays, Dear Old Pal of Mine. I'm Longing for You to go with me Down By the Old Mill Stream near The Trail of the Lonesome Pine to Listen to the Mocking Bird. In the Gloaming I would Love to Tell the Old, Old Story Sweet and Low. This afternoon In the Garden I plucked The Last Rose of Summer. It reminded me of that night Long, Long Ago at Annie Laurie's Home Sweet Home When You Were a Tulip and I Wore a Big Red Rose.

If you were here we could sail in our Little Love Ship to My Isle of Golden Dreams and Let the Rest of the World Go By.

Last Night on the Back Porch you said When You're Gone I Won't Forget. Did you mean When I'm Gone You'll Soon Forget?

Let Me Call You Sweetheart for I Love You Truly.

Farewell to Thee,
BARNEY GOOGLE.

P. S. "It Ain't Agonna Rain No Mo'."

"FIRM FRIENDS WRITE LETTERS"

"Gaston" Replies to "Alphonso" Telling Some Experiences and Giving Advice

Pea Vine Settlement,
October, 1924.

Mr. Alphonso Pythius,
Nashville, Tenn.

My dear Alphonso: Your letter came to me through the columns of the Babblers and in a very opportune time as we have been separated so long. Also, this country is so "constituted" that the postman comes only once a week unless for urgent reasons. The very fact that the Babblers was en route to me was enough to warrant an extra trip for the man.

This strip of territory may be very fittingly described in the words of another: "Where the whang doodle whangeth and the hoot owl hooteth." You can understand my feeling very clearly when I hear, while taking my homeward walk from a favorite retreat, the challenging call from one of those feathered creatures: "Who, who, who are you?" Then I try to imitate his dialect as much as possible in my reply: "This is Mr. Gaston Damon." Oftentimes he replies in a jesting manner: "I-I-I h-h-hardly know you." And yet such experiences cause chills to creep over me which make me wish for the quietude and safety of David Lipscomb College. There are other matters I wish to write you about so I shall defer a complete description of this place until later.

Your narrative of events as they transpired upon your return to college was very interesting indeed, but my whole digestive system rebelled when you spoke of that "favorite" dish, cabbage. You should know that Myrtle Baars is much fonder of cabbage than I. Let me defend myself further: I was too entirely lost in the beauties of the scenery of Shelby Park to eat any of those articles of food you mentioned. There are times in my life when the appetite is forgotten—especially upon an occasion as momentous as the picnic trip of the Backlog and Babblers Staff to Shelby Park.

You must know, my dear Alphonso, that I am very much interested in the students of David Lipscomb College. A year's association with them—some few especially—makes one realize that "it is not good for man to be alone." That brings to mind a very important question: "Who is keeping company with the girl I called mine last year? Is someone helping me out—entirely out?"

You will pardon me if I write very personally to you, but I feel that an inexperienced person should receive advice from one experienced. My advice to you is to attend very closely to your studies while in school. This is the only safe course to pursue as it detracts very much from one's books to continually be thinking of some girl who perhaps thinks nothing of him. You often told me last year that a certain girl in school was yours but as she is far away, I beg of you, my dear Alphonso; yea, I implore, I beseech you to be very careful along these lines.

I was recently in your city but did not come out to college for reasons which I shall proceed to explain. I entered a very tall building and called for the President of a real estate company. I was directed to the elevator which led to the fifth floor. I am a country boy and always feared those affairs but this was far more to be feared than any I had ever ridden. You remember we studied in Bible class about Elijah's going to Heaven in a chariot of fire. Well, after the operator started that thing running, I could understand how Elijah must have felt. Reaching fifth floor, I recapitulated my rapid trip and knew it would have every advantage of greater increase in speed in going downward, so I secured a life insurance policy just to be safe. Having made arrangements for that document, I boarded the elevator and told the operator to "Let her june." He did. I have always heard that electricity is a wonderful thing but must say that if that contraption was run by electricity, it has gravity skinned a city block. After the "car" stopped and the operator opened the door I came down from my mid-air position and very politely thanked the operator for the experience and left for home on the 3:15 train.

Tell me of all the new students and especially of the last year's junior class. I am planning a visit to your school in a few weeks.

Your friend,
Gaston Damon.

Priestley: "Name the four seasons, Ernest."
Ernest H.: "Pepper, salt, vinegar, and mustard."

So Sudden!

Bro. Cuff: "May I call you by your first name?"

Eleanor: "How about your last name?"

Joyce (to clerk): "I want a dress to put on around the house."
Clerk: "How large is the house?"

A Raise Wanted!

Mother: "Johnny, why are you feeding the baby yeast?"

Johnny: "He swallowed my dime and I'm trying to raise the dough."

James Camp: "Graves, what do you call a man who runs a car?"

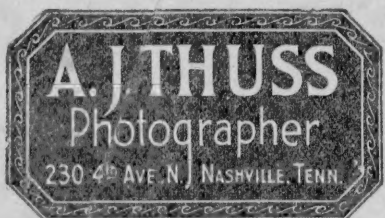
Graves Williams: "Depends upon how near he comes to running over me."

Miss Delk (to visitor): "Yes, La Nelli is studying French and Algebra. Say 'good morning' to the lady in Algebra, La Nelli."

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We did the photographic work for 1923-1924 David Lipscomb College Annual.

ATHLETIC CLUB
IS FOUNDED

"Inter-Society Athletic Association"
Organizes for Clean
Sports

On Sunday afternoon, October 12, a new athletic club was organized by a group of the boys of D. L. C. The name of the club is the "Inter-Society Athletic Association," and its purpose is the promotion of clean sports in the college. Therefore they chose for their motto, "Clean and sportsmanlike athletics."

Mr. Walter Campbell was unanimously elected president of the club and Mr. James Boles secretary, while Mr. Leo Boles was elected captain of the teams and Mr. Mason general athletic manager.

There are ten charter members and these members voted that no one else be accepted into the organization. They are as follows: Mervin Gleaves, Philip Parham, Allen Wood, Edward Bourne, Leo Boles, James Boles, "Red" Page, Walter Campbell, Harvey Dodd and Andrew Mason.

This club will put out a baseball, basketball and tennis team, and will arrange games with any other teams of the school who wish to play them.

ATHLETICS
AT D. L. C.

Writer Says Physical Exercise Is Necessary for Most Efficient Class Work

In order to be an all-round man or woman one must have some physical training as well as mental and spiritual training.

As a general rule the person who participates in athletics makes a greater success in class work than the one who spends all his time devouring the contents of a text book. Not for the world would I under estimate the importance of hard study, as some do. The point I am trying to reach is that if a person will exercise his muscles in physical culture and let his nerve cells have a recreation occasionally, then he can get down to work and study with renewed zeal and interest.

Now I am not pleading for more or less stress to be placed on athletics at D. L. C. There is a "happy medium" in everything and I think D. L. C. gives just the right stress on athletics. But I am pleading for everyone to take some part in some kind of physical education, it matters not what phase of it. You may say you have no time. However if you will systematize your work I feel sure you can find some time for it, and you will be the gainer in the end. Horace wisely has said, "Nihil mortalibus arduum est."

Another good thing about athletics at D. L. C. is the fact that the clean game is played. A clean game in athletics is a good incentive to a clean game in life. In playing athletics basic principles are applied that will induce one to form a good moral character.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

"THE ENGLISH HOSPITAL"

Where Special Cases Are Treated by Trained Nurses

Physicians: R. P. Cuff, W. W. Yowell, and A. G. Freed.

Nurses: All students of English. Satisfaction guaranteed if all instructions are carefully carried out.

Hospital regulations—
1. Never make the same error twice.

2. Think before you speak.
3. All bills to be paid promptly.

4. Safety first.

Special cases now under treatment. (Heard in College English classes.) "and a man walked out across the stage, stuffed with a pillow."

"Who was that man in the window with green mustache?"

"Did you see that old man driving a cow across the street with an overcoat on?"

"I saw a man going down the street leading a horse with gray beard."

"It ain't gona rain no more."

All of these cases are being carefully treated and if you chance to hear of others, we shall be glad to have them.

M.D.D. and P.H.D. of D.L.C.

CHEERIO, GIRLS!

Drat the inconsistencies of man, anyhow! Nothing a girl does meets his approval. If she smiles, she is flirting; if she frowns, she is irking; if she's serious, she's putting on airs; if she jokes, she's naughty; if she doesn't, she's haughty. Doggone the boobs, but they're bears. If she marries some money, it's not her real honey—she's a gold digger the men all declare; if she picks up a poor dub, she's won a tin washtub, then, of course, she's a nut, unaware. A sensible hair bob arouses the male mob, and they cuss and they rare and they bawl. But, girls, never worry; it's just a beau's flurry. They're in love with you girls, that's all.—Selected.

One's Own Home

Every bird loves its own nest. The owl thinks the old ruins the fairest spot under the moon, and the fox is of the opinion that his hole in the hill is remarkably cozy. When my master's nag knows that his head is turned toward home, he wants no whip, but thinks it best to put on all steam. I am always of the same mind, for to me the way home is the best bit of road in the country. I like to see the smoke from my own chimney better than the fire on another man's hearth. There is something beautiful in the way it curls up among the trees.

Carrying Burdens

Christ saw that men took life painfully. To some it was a weariness, to others a failure, to many a tragedy, to all a struggle and a pain. How to carry this burden of life has been a world problem. It is still a world problem. Here is Christ's solution: Carry it as I do; take life as I take it; look at it from my point of view; interpret it upon my principles; take my yoke and learn of me and you will find it easy. My yoke is easy, works easily, sits right upon the shoulders, and therefore my burden is light.

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YE SAPPHOS!
WHAT WOULD
HAPPEN, IF—

Nellie Potts let her hair grow
straight?

Gwendolyn Moss didn't hang on the
gate?

Freda Landers failed to speak?

Ollie Cuff ceased to act meek?

Toline Russell failed to say "My
Soul"?

Lorena Barber were to miss a goal?

Robbie McCanless bobbed her hair?

Frances Phillips said a prayer?

Maudie Morgan could not sing?

Gertrude Russell lost her ring?

Nell Conlee never wrote notes?

Lois Cullum told anecdotes?

Mildred Formby broke her guitar?

Elizabeth Cullum became a movie
star?

Inez Kinnie were to get mad?

Jimmy Ruth Darrel ever looked sad?

Ruth Evans made lots of noise?

Mary Moore flirted with boys?

Christine Tarwater were not
"Frank"?

Perhaps we'd be just what they
"ain't."

"BITING THE
FEEDING HANDS"

When the Apostle Paul was arrested in Jerusalem, and ordered by the chief captain to be scourged, he protected himself with the statement, "I was born a Roman citizen." Such a birthright gave him certain privileges, among them the right of trial.

Suppose an American arraigned before a foreign court. What is his strongest defense? A like statement, "I was born an American citizen." There is no nation in the world that offers more to its citizens than America.

But wait! Remember! There has never been and never will be a privilege without a corresponding obligation. Therefore as America offers her citizens so much, she must likewise require much of them.

Here are some of the ways in which these citizens can fulfill these obligations to their country.

One of the first ways is in service to the country in time of war. Suppose the country were to call for money, for time, for labor, for lives, would it's citizens be ready to respond? History of the past shows what has been done.

But take the other extremes. In time of peace there is a duty just as great that devolves upon every true American citizen: That of upholding the laws of the land. It matters not whether one is in favor of the law, so long as it remains on the statute books just that long is each citizen duty bound to obey it.

Again, the founders of this nation braved the perils of the ocean, the rigor of a New England climate, and the terror of the savage for the sake of religious freedom. At such a sacrifice, freedom of worship became your inheritance.

The very privilege carries with it the obligation to worship; it needs no law enforcement for there can be no enforced worship. Man is created a worshipful being; if he does not worship his Creator he will worship something lower.

But enough! By service in time of war and peace and above all by real true Christian worship each citizen may fulfill his obligations to America.

Remember Scott said of the man who did not love his country:

"He shall go down to the vile dust
From whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

But above all don't be like the cur in the story, don't bite the hand that's feeding you.

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SAYS THEORY THAT EARTH IS FLAT IS ABSURD

In Answer to Argument Made in Last Issue, White Contends That "Penny-Theory" Is Against All Reason

In my reply to Mr. Warren concerning the form of the earth and other heavenly bodies, I wish first to heartily congratulate him for his courage in standing for a thing in opposition to all the learning of the world. I wish to show the readers of 'The Babblers' the absurdity of his position and its utter lack of scientific support. I want to state in the beginning that I am a staunch believer in the Bible, and that in my argument I shall endeavor not to contradict it in any way. The "penny-theory" of the earth is very absurd, because the argument (stepping off into space) cannot be answered. My opponent attempted to answer it by saying that we have never gone more than eighty degrees from the North Pole. This is incorrect, for the equator is ninety degrees away and many people have been there and also to Cape Horn, which is about one hundred and fifty degrees from the North Pole. Couldn't we start east and reach the edge according to his theory?

The Scripture in Isaiah concerning the spreading of the earth is highly figurative and could not be taken to prove that he spread it flat. All the astronomers of any note claim the sun to be ninety-three million miles away. I ask my opponent to give me the names of even two that say it is only three million miles away.

I'll agree with him that the sun and moon appear to move and we remain stationary, but that can't be used as an argument, for when one is riding a fast train, the trees seem to be going oppositely.

Joshua and David were as we are today. They spoke of the sun moving just as one of the strongest believers in it's being stationary would today. We hear men say, "The sun is going down," when they know that it is the rotation of the earth causing it to get below the horizon. I don't know whether David or Joshua understood the action of the sun and earth, neither does any other man. My opinion is that they didn't know the form of the earth for we do not have any account of this knowledge being used for some 2,000 years later.

His statement about the sun's diameter being only 32 miles is absolutely without reason. He said that a body directly under a light would not cast a shadow in any direction. I say that it will and am willing to leave it to our readers to decide who is right.

Now, since I have answered all of my opponent's arguments of any significance, I wish to devote the remainder of this space to proving the fact that the earth is spherical in form. One proof is one that is familiar to us. When there is an eclipse of the moon it is always caused by the shadow of the earth. We have seen this shadow and every account in history of an eclipse of the moon says that the shadow forms a curve. It has been proved that nothing but a sphere's shadow will at any angle form a circular shadow.

Our astronomers that figure out the eclipses are very accurate even so much that their predictions are true to the very second. The familiar eclipse in June, 1918, had been predicted for over 300 years and it didn't miss it one-tenth of a second. Their calculations are based entirely upon the form of the earth and other bodies, the great distance the sun is from us and its enormous size. If their theory is wrong, how can they be so accurate in their calculations?

I thank the Babblers for this space and trust that I have convinced my opponent that his theory will not stand and that my theory has not been shaken yet.

Owen L. White.

"THE TRIPLE THREE" CLUB ORGANIZED

Group of Girls Band Together to Feast and to Develop Respective Talents

"The Triple Three" is only another of the clubs organized in Avalon Home, but it has already been discovered that it is one of the best. It could not be otherwise with Miss Maudie Morgan as president, Toline Russell as vice-president, Mildred Formby as treasurer, and Freda Landers as secretary.

At the first meeting officers were elected and a time set for the weekly feast. Flowers adopted by the club were red and white carnations; colors selected were crimson and white. A motion was carried that the club flowers be sent to Miss Elsie McAfee, one of the members, now sick from an operation.

The reason for this organization is best explained by the old adage, "Birds of a feather flock together." All the members have at least nine common characteristics: (1) A craving to eat; (2) a love for books; (3) a desire to create noise; (4) dislike for the flint; (5) a desire to get back from town by dinner; (6) a fondness for "zip"; (7) fear of leaving room at night; (8) adoration for "quiet hour"; and (9) a craving to eat.

The members have different talents. Maudie Morgan is a greater songstress than any of the rest, but that does not keep her from belonging to the flock. Neither does the fact that Mildred Formby can play a guitar in her sleep make her shine any brighter than Freda Landers, who is so skilled on playing the comb that once, when unable to find a comb, she grasped the comb's companion and "brushed" up a tune entitled "Lace up your shoe, Lizzie, your tongue's hanging out." Toline Russell and Nell Conlee try continually to add dignity to the club with

"THE UNKNOWN FIANCE"

A Short Story

Kitty slammed the doors to her bedroom and threw herself upon the bed, weeping bitterly. Kitty was as a rule a happy, joyous, carefree girl, so there must be a very good reason for this sudden storm of tears. There was. Kitty had just jilted her fiance whom she dearly loved, just because he wasn't romantic! She had told him he was too matter of fact and too serious, and that she could never marry a man who was so prosaic. Why William never did the unexpected! He was dependable, but that was the whole trouble. He was too dependable.

After an hour of weeping she grew more calm and sat up in bed to think things out. She was glad she acted as she had, yet she had a feeling she might later need the assurance that there was someone upon whom she could depend. But she quickly banished all such ideas from her pretty head.

Kitty was the petted only child of an over-indulgent mother and a wealthy father. So she was accustomed to having her own way. Had she wanted the moon, her parents would have tried to get it for her. In short, they humored her every whim. William was of an entirely different type. He was only twenty-seven, yet he was already successful in the business world, and was known as a young man of keen wit, good judgment and excellent ability. He was the only person Kitty had ever been around who didn't pet her. Perhaps this was one reason she loved him, at any rate she did love him, and they had been engaged, but she had broken the engagement.

A few days after this she was having lunch in town with a girl friend, when she saw William and another man across the cafe. He was leaving and merely tipped his hat to her as he passed. She was hurt because he didn't stop, but then she didn't suppose she could hardly expect him to under circumstances. As he walked on she gazed at his back until he was out of the door. What a fine, handsome, broad back it was! And he carried himself so well! He was a man that people looked at a second time when they met him on the street, at least she could be proud she had once been engaged to him.

The next day she was called to the telephone and a man's voice said, "Hello. Is that you Kitty? Well, will you marry me?" Remembering the old joke about the Irish maid she said, "Yes. Who is it?"

"Oh, its me. Its good of you to accept me. I'll let you hear from me often. Goodbye." "Wait, wait! Hello! Oh, Central, why do you cut us off? Connect us again at once. What? You say you can't? That the call was from a public telephone booth? Oh, dear, oh dear, what will I do?" Hanging up the receiver she said to herself, "I wonder who that was. Of course he won't try to force me to marry him, but still I'd like to know who it was."

The following day a huge box of orchids was delivered to Kitty. There was no card, but she knew who they were from. The same day she received a long special delivery letter signed "The man you promised to marry."

For the next three weeks she was showered with flowers, candy, books, telephone calls, telegrams and letters, all from her unknown fiance. The thing was beginning to worry her, so she decided to try to find out who this person was.

In the meantime other young men had been showering attention upon her, all of which she ignored. But when a child her sweetheart named Charles Norman asked her to dinner she accepted. "Perhaps," she said to herself, "Charles is my fiance. He always was so romantic. At any rate I'll find out."

That evening when she and Charles had finished their dessert, she decided it was time to find out what she wanted to. So she said, "Charles, did you ever hear about the girl who answered the telephone and some man asked her to marry him and—she said, 'Yes, who is it?'"

"Sure, don't you know a newer one, Kitty?" Kitty sighed. She was not sure of one thing: Charles wasn't the one. She almost wished he had been, for she at least knew him and knew he was all right and fit for any girl to marry. She was roused from her meditation by the mention of William's name. What was Charles saying? "I heard that you and William had broken, so thinking there might be a chance for me after all, I came back. Have I a chance?"

"William and I did quit, but I'm engaged again."

"Engaged again? Well, Kitty, who is the lucky fellow now?"

"That—that hasn't been announced yet," Charles begged her to tell him, but she would not.

She saw William seldom now, but whenever she did, he seemed the same old William, only sometimes she thought she could detect a slight twinkle in his eyes. She was sure it was her imagination. She was already regretting her actions, but it was too late, so it wouldn't do any good to pine about it. It hurt her to think that William had given her up so easily and seemingly didn't care. She told herself that if he had really loved her, he would have at least put up a fight. Instead, he seemed to think it was final and didn't even try to make her change her mind. But she had one thing to be thankful for, he didn't go with any other girls, and she knew that any girl in her set would have given her eye teeth to go with him.

The telegrams, letters, candy, books, flowers and telephone calls continued to come. The peculiar part of it was that all of them had a different post mark on them, and every call came from a different place. She decided that her fiance whoever he was, traveled a good deal.

D. L. C. CODE OF HONOR

1. I will be a positive factor for good in David Lipscomb College.
2. I will conduct myself as a gentleman or lady should.
3. My class room and examination work shall be entirely my own.
4. In all cases where I am acting on my honor without supervision, I will not betray the confidence entrusted in me.
5. I will attempt to improve my religious life.
6. As a representative of the college I will conduct myself in such a manner as to reflect credit upon the institution.
7. I will do right because I love the right.
8. I will bear in mind the fact that I am a student of David Lipscomb College, that my every act reflects credit or discredit upon my fellow students and that partially in my hands lies the future of this institution.

She investigated and found that not a single man in her set had been out of town more than once or twice and certainly not long enough to send her telegrams and calls all this time. She was puzzled, baffled, whoever this man was, he evidently wasn't of her acquaintance. She began to wonder when he would come to claim her. It seemed to her the suspense was greater than she could bear.

Charles had tried several times to press his suit, but every time she told him it was impossible. She called herself a fool for not accepting Charles, for they would undoubtedly be a good match. And it was ridiculous to even think about marrying a man she didn't know, and of course he wouldn't expect her to do it, but somehow she couldn't promise Charles. So Charles, seeing it was hopeless, left for South America.

Two months passed. She had several offers of marriage, all of which she rejected. Here was Kitty, the wealthiest, most beautiful, most popular girl in Chicago, and a leader of her set, and being true to a man that she had no idea of his identity. Of course she had not told anyone of the matter, so many people thought she was about to make a brilliant marriage with someone from another state. There was much speculation on the part of her friends as to who the lucky man was, but finally they decided he must be someone unknown to them. Also her friends were quite surprised at her and William quitting and couldn't find out what the trouble was. He said strictly nothing about it, and neither did she.

Then one morning the unknown fiance called. "Kitty, I have decided the time has come for me to claim you as my own. I think we have waited long enough. So I'll be there at 2 o'clock. Be sure to be there. Goodbye." "Be sure to be there!" As if wild horses could drag her away!

The rest of the morning she spent in preparation amid wild speculation. She had longed for this to come and now it was here! What would he look like? Was he someone she knew or a stranger?

As time grew near she became as nervous as a young school girl. She was in the library awaiting him, and she had given orders if a gentleman called for her, he was to be shown in there.

The clock in the hall struck two. She felt weak all over. What, what would the next few minutes bring forth.

Then the door opened and in walked William! Horrors! How could she get rid of him! It would never do for William to be present when her fiance came. He might—

He might be anything. What was she to do?

"Why, hello William. I, I thought you were in your office at this time of day."

"I usually am. Had very little to do today, so thought I'd run out. Why, Kitty, aren't you glad to see me?"

"Yes, of course. But—"

But what?"

"Oh, nothing."

William seated himself, made himself quite at home, just as if he had been coming every day for the past three months, and started talking pleasantly. She answered mostly in monosyllables, watching the clock all the time.

2:10, 2:15, 2:25, 2:30. "Oh, will he never go," she kept saying to herself.

Finally she said, "I, I am sorry if I'm so uninteresting today, but you see I was expecting a caller at 2 o'clock, and he hasn't arrived yet, so I was wondering why he hasn't come." William looked at her steadily and said quietly, "Hasn't he?"

My dear, I fear you are mistaken, for he has come."

Kitty jumped to her feet. "You mean—" "I mean I am that caller," William! Then it was you all the time?"

"Of course it was, dear. Did you think I would give you up without a struggle? Why, my dear, I love you. You asked for excitement. I gave it to you."

"But—but I don't understand. You have been in the city all the while and the telegrams and calls were from lots of other places."

"Money will do anything. I bribed the telephone girls to say the calls were from elsewhere, and bribed the girl at the telegraph office to pretend they were from elsewhere. Just to lend to the excitement, you know."

"And to think I said you were prosaic and unromantic. William, can you forgive me?"

"Of course, I could not hold you to an engagement like this. So it is up to you to decide. What do you say?"

She did not need to speak the words, for her eyes gave the answer, which was "Yes I love you."

INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF REELFOOT LAKE GIVEN

West Tennessee Student Tells Interesting Facts Regarding Formation and Character of Tennessee's Largest Lake

STUDENT HAS A STRANGE REVELATION

Takes Flight Into the Future and Sees a Great Change in and About D. L. C.

It was May, 1935. I chanced to be passing through Nashville on my way back to dear Old Kentucky. As I had a few hours to wait before my train left I thought it would be time well spent to go to D. L. C. Going from Union Station to Eighth Avenue to catch the car, I met with the same misfortune so often encountered by me before when in town. I had just missed one car and had to wait what seemed hours for another. True to custom the car was well filled and I was forced to stand. Finally, however, people began to get off and I managed to find an empty seat. Imagine my feeling upon seeing an old classmate of mine. I failed to recognize him at first as Fate had marred much of his former beauty (?). Hearing the conductor call his name, I knew at once who he was. I introduced myself, and after a moment's reflection he remembered me. He told me he was occupying the chair of Professor of Science in his Alma Mater. As I was wondering what he could be doing away from college at that time of day, he unthoughtfully told me he had been to town to get his new pair of false teeth. Poor Human Taylor could begin a new life as he was enabled to chew.

Reaching the college station, I journeyed up Caldwell's Lane to the college grounds. I noticed many changes in the buildings. The new wing to Avalon Home of which we had heard so much had been added. In place of the President's Home and dining room of former days, a handsome brick structure was the President's Home.

At Avalon Home I was met by the matron who introduced herself as Miss Williams—whom I later learned to be Coral. Her hair was gray and her face wrinkled. She told me she had gone through many hardships, the greatest of which was a disappointment in love the year following her graduation. Since then she had been matron of Avalon Home.

The matron led me out to see the other buildings. We walked across to the administration building and came to the President's office. I was somewhat surprised to see Elmo Phillips in Bro. Boles' chair, dictating to his office girl whom he later told me he was helping through school. He further said he had been President only two years. A small boy came running in begging for money and I saw trouble brewing, so left.

In the math. room I found Andrew Mason trying to explain to his "Trig." class the difference between sine and cosine, but to no avail. James Greer met me in the hall as he was coming from his class in Psychology and Argumentation. In the English room Ennis Hughes was grading papers from an exam. he had just given on Boynton's Principles of Composition. He was finding the papers "coherent." I learned that his wife, formerly Miss Oma Morton, was teaching expression.

The lunch bell rang and I was led across to Avalon Home. The dining room was on the ground floor of the new wing. I could not remain for the meal as my train was almost due to leave. I was escorted to the station by Miss Williams and Mrs. Hughes, and for once was on time to catch the car. Some time later on well spent to go to D. L. S. Going my train I thought of the many changes in D. L. C. since I was in school there.

Orders is Orders

A colored soldier was walking post for the first time in his life. A dark form approached. "Halt!" he cried, in a threatening tone; "who is you?"

"The officer of the day."

"Advance!"

The O. D. advanced, but before he had taken a dozen steps, the dusky sentinel again cried, "Halt!"

"This is the second time you've halted me," observed the O. D. "What are you going to do next?"

"Nem-mine what I'se gwine to do next. Ma orders is to call 'Halt!' three times and den shoot!"

Reelfoot Lake is a body of water about twenty-three miles in length and seven miles in width. It has only one outlet—that through what is called the "Spillway." There are some twenty small creeks emptying into the lake.

Reelfoot Lake was formed in 1811 when the land sank because of an earthquake. People who lived in those days said the sky became dark and the settlers thought the earth was coming to an end. Instead of that, the swamp was sinking after the first crash. Several other shocks followed during the following two years.

Most people are disappointed when they see the lake. They expect to see a body of water clear, deep, and free from vegetation. There is not a place one hundred yards square that does not contain a stump or a tree. The average depth of the water is five feet. Cypress trees grow in abundance in the water. In the duck hunting season these trees serve as hiding places for hunters.

There are several islands in Reelfoot Lake, some containing three or four acres, others much smaller. On these islands and in the surrounding water, grass grows. The lake has its lily fields in which small ducks feed on the seeds of the lilies and catch small minnows. Each month thousands of pounds of fish are caught in the waters of Reelfoot Lake. These are only a few of the interesting facts regarding this West Tennessee Lake.

—Fox.

Uncertain

A couple of Florida tourists were passing through Georgia, and they were not absolutely certain they were on the right road. Passing a negro cabin, they stopped and inquired of an old black mammy:

"Auntie, can you tell us where this road goes?"

The old darky gazed thoughtfully down the road for a minute, then removed the pipe from her mouth long enough to reply:

"Well, honey, it goes first one place an' then another."

Thrift

"Thrift is the great fortune maker," said Andrew Carnegie, and his life proved it.

The right-using of all the values of life is thrift. This is as true of your character as it is of your money and material wealth.

The student who employs his time and his strength constructively is almost sure to become one of the successful and dependable men of his community.

To live according to principles of thrift requires strong character.

Life insurance is a great institution of thrift. It is a practical system suited to the needs of every class.

The first investment a man or a woman should make is life insurance. Endowments and Thrift policies not only furnish life insurance but guarantee \$1,000 or more in cash to the insured in a specified term of years.

When you finish school and enter the business or professional world, make it a point to save a portion of every dollar you earn right from the start.

We are especially interested in the young men and women of the South, and would be glad to have you listed with our great number of patrons who are saving in this way.

Thrift is one of the great lessons of life. System is necessary to success.

A. M. BURTON, President

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Robert Neil

Over two thousand people read the Babblar and there learn of a school which teaches the Bible to its pupils each day.

THE BABBLER

"What would this babblar say"—Acts 17:18

"I am not half as much interested whether a man has been through college as I am if the college has been through him."—Dr. Chaplin.

Vol. 5

DAVID LIPSCOMB COLLEGE, NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER 7, 1924.

No. 3.

CALLIOS ARE VICTORS IN BABBLER CONTEST!

HALLOWEEN ENTERTAINMENT WAS BRILLIANT SUCCESS

Gymnasium Was Haunt of Spooks. Senior Girls as Ghosts Greeted Visitors. Weird Sounds Heard. Refreshments Served and Games Played Till Late Hour

At the suggestion of Brother Boles the girls of the senior class of D. L. C. planned and gave a surprise Halloween party for the rest of the school on the night of October 31. After going on an outing to the hills in the afternoon the student body was in the highest of spirits.

The Party Features Witches

The party was given in the gymnasium, which was beautifully decorated with variously colored leaves, cornstalks and jack-o'-lanterns. In one corner of the first floor there was a caldron where lived the black witch (Gertrude Russell) and her magic broom. In another corner was a corn shock from which the chief witch summoned the other witches, the girls of Senior Class in appropriate costumes and masks. In this same shock were found two pumpkins, which when carved by an artist hand so closely resembled Mr. Cuff and Miss Frazier that their names were written upon them.

Refreshments Furnished For the Occasion

In each corner of the balcony of the building were established booths in a nest of leaves and fall flowers. At these booths were served refreshments, of which every one could partake freely without embarrassment.

Visitors Met by Spooks

At the entrance every one was met by spooks and forced to shake the icy fingers of a ghost. All was dark within save a dim flickering of a candle, which only made the atmosphere more weird. When the lights were turned on the witches were fluttering about in and out the crowd, greeting them in silence with handshakes and bows.

Garner, Champion Penny Rooter

Among the many contests was one in which a number of young men were required to push a penny across a sheet with their noses. Mr. Garner was successful, as usual, in contests of this kind. When told that he was victorious he made the walls echo with his fiery eloquence as he violently issued a challenge to anyone who would be brave enough to accept. Many other contests and games were equally as interesting.

The Aftermath

All were so well entertained that time slipped upon them and all were an hour late getting to bed. Pleasant were the dreams, and as students awoke Saturday the fear and dread of the rising bell made them arise and get an early start on the day's work.

JUNIORS BEGIN YEAR'S WORK

Officers Elected and Roll Completed. Class Numbers Sixty-Six Members

The Junior Class of 1924-25 of David Lipscomb College had its first meeting in the Chapel Hall on October 2, 1924. The house was called to order by President H. Leo Boles, who made an inspiring address to the class. The following officers were elected:

Mr. Merwin Gleaves, president.
Mr. Harvey P. Dodd, vice-president.
Mr. Leo L. Boles, treasurer.
Miss Lillie Mae Brown, secretary.
Miss Mary O. Jones, editor.
Miss Anne Beasley, athletic manager for girls.

Mr. Emmett R. Page, athletic manager for the boys.
The class is composed of sixty-six members who represent the following states: Tennessee, Alabama, Texas, Michigan, Kansas, South Carolina and Kentucky.

Last year's Junior Class was larger than this year's class, but in number only. The Junior Class boasts of having never been equalled in David Lipscomb College.

As an assurance that this reputation will be sustained, they call, "Watch us grow."

The class roll follows:
Annie Laura Alsop, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Lorena Barber, Senatobia, Miss.
Alise Barker, Hugotian, Kans.
Anne Beasley, Franklin, Tenn.
Leo Boles, Nashville, Tenn.
Edward Bourne, Montgomery, Ala.
Clyde Brittan, Smyrna, Tenn.
Lillie Mae Brown, Charleston, Miss.

Gladys Bryson, Woodbury, Tenn.
Hazel Burch, Moulton, Ala.
Bernice Burton, Union, S. C.
Walter Campbell, Shelbyville,

(Continued on page 2)

HILLS INVADED ON AFTERNOON OF HALLOWEEN

Students Take Half Holiday and Storm Hills. Splendid Time Reported

Now and then there comes into the course of human events things that are shocking and perplexing to the sensibilities of man, both in pleasure and displeasure, and one is made to stand at attention and wonder if their like will ever occur again.

So it is with the students and teachers of D. L. C., the event being an outing which began at high noon on Friday, October 31, 1924 (Halloween).

The school met in regular order until noon. After lunch preparations were made, but the setting forth was hindered on account of the slow falling rain and cool atmosphere until about one-thirty. Then the old spirit that knows no impediment so manifest inside these walls, and the beauty of the hills that lay so inviting in the distance prompted all to press on until they stood on Luke Lea ridge, "monarchs of all they surveyed." And the person that could gaze upon that jubilant assembly, surrounded by all that sylvan decked and rock-ribbed scene and not feel the touch of nature and joy of living is like a poet without a muse, or an Apollo without eloquence, like a fireless jewel, or an unkindled star.

What artist could have painted a finer scene! To view autumn slow the bounding pulse of summer with the kindly touch of death, and then fall asleep on a funeral pyre of colors as gorgeous as a dream of "Utopia."

It was there that youthful fancies took wings and made its flight into the realm of dreams. It was there before Nature's majesty that was received the royal stroke of knight-hood. Students were constrained to pause and think for a moment how they delight to listen to the chiming of bells and the music of industry; how one is bewildered by the numbing fads and fashions of society and dazzled by the brilliancy of the drama and opera; how one loves to walk among the creations of art and in the atmosphere of literature and culture; how one loves to go where poetry mingles its rhythmic flow with the prose of life, and where sculpture and paintings gladden one's eyes and thrill one's heart. Yet what are all the achievements of human art compared with the prodigal glories of the natural world? What are the potted plants that perfume the palace hall compared with those blended scenes that scented the evening gale? What are domes to mountains, and spires to peaks, and what are burished towers compared with templed hills that shake from their leafy boughs the dewdrops of the morning?

After all these mental sketches had been made, and several pockets had been filled with hickorynuts the merry party "turned their weary steps from wandering on a foreign strand," and with Edgar A. Guest, took "The Path to Home," leaving their shouts of laughter to echo from valley to hill. Surely this was a pleasant occasion, long to be remembered by all involved.

MISSISSIPPI CLUB VERY PROMINENT

Club Officers Are Chosen. Will Play Leading Part in Athletic Program

The students from "Ole Miss." met October 18, 1924, to organize the Mississippi Club. Mr. Allen Wood presided over the meeting until the election of the president, Mr. J. Roy Vaughan, was almost unanimously decided upon as leader. The other officers elected are: Mr. Roy Johnson, vice president; Miss Lillie Mae Brown, secretary-treasurer; Miss Martha Lewers, athletic manager; Miss Ruth Underwood, editor.

Misses Frances Greenlee and Mary Lois Dixon were appointed as a committee to arrange a schedule of

(Continued on page 2)

"THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM"

One Key Admits to Kingdom on Earth; Other to the Eternal Kingdom

DOOR IS NOW OPEN

The Church Was Set Up On Pentecost. It Has a Strong Foundation

"SHALL STAND FOREVER"

A. G. Freed, vice president of the College, preached to the congregation which worships at this place Sunday and Sunday night, Oct. 19, 1924. The text of his Sunday morning sermon was "The Keys of the Kingdom," taken from Matthew 16:19. In beginning the sermon Brother Freed said that many make answer to queries regarding the keys of the kingdom to the effect that one key was used on Pentecost and the other at the house of Cornelius ten years later. This position, he maintained, is false because Peter stood up on the day of Pentecost and flung wide the doors of the Church. This door has been open from that day to this good hour. The door was then opened to Gentiles, for Peter states that "the promise is unto you and to your children and to all who are afar off." Those "afar off" are the Gentiles.

Brother Freed contended that one key was used to take one into the church or kingdom on earth, the other is used to take one into the everlasting kingdom of God in heaven. To further explain, 2 Peter 1:5-8 was read, and each of the Christian graces was shown to be a step toward heaven. Thus after one has

(Continued on page 2)

"PEACE OF GOD IS SUBJECT"

Sunday Morning Sermon of Pres. Boles, Introducing Meeting at This Place

"PEACE IS IN CHRIST"

God a God of Peace; Christ Prince of Peace; Christians Are Peacemakers

WALLACE PREACHES

In two inspiring sermons Sunday and Sunday night, November 2, Brother Boles began a series of meetings here. Foy E. Wallace began his work on Monday night and continued through the week.

President Boles began his morning sermon by quoting Phil. 4, and took for his subject the "Peace of God." At the outset he made known the fact that the fullness of the subject cannot be grasped; all in regard to the subject cannot be understood, but each can receive some benefit from knowing about the peace of God. God did not intend for man to be as wise as angels in this respect.

Interesting facts in reference to the expression, "Peace of God," were given. Christ frequently said, "Peace be with you." All Paul's books mention peace of God. Every book of the New Testament says something about the peace of God.

The peace of God is not conditioned upon external circumstances. Wealth cannot bring it; literary achievements cannot bring it; in all the world it cannot be found. God intended for his creatures to enjoy his peace. All can drink of the fountain of peace, and it never runs low.

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INTERESTING LECTURE ON UNIQUE SCIENTIFIC FACTS

H. A. Webb, of Peabody College, Here Monday Night, October 27. Discusses "Why Does the Cat Come Back?" "Where Are Eels Born?" "Where Do Elephants Die?" and Other Questions of a Scientific Nature

Dr. H. A. Webb, of the Science Department of Peabody College, lectured to the student body of David Lipscomb College Monday night, October 27, 1924. His lecture was made along unique and peculiar lines of science. According to Dr. Webb, science was looked upon in awe especially during the middle ages. Many different aspects are met with in the field of science. Bacon was cast in jail in his day for inventing a head that talked. Other similar events were mentioned to show the attitude men at one time took toward science.

The first peculiar scientific fact or question Dr. Webb presented was, "Why does the cat come back?" It is known that by some method or other the cat finds its way back to its home. Wallace suggested that the cat keeps a dead reckoning of every turn made and every bit of ground passed over just as a sailor knows his path on the sea. To test this theory Dr. Webb said a wheel was laid in a wagon, a cat tied to the wheel, the wheel turned around and yet the cat came back. Another idea in regard to this mysterious action of the cat and to the reason was that the cat's sense of smell is so acute as to enable it to find its way back. To test this, asafetida was tied to a cat's nose and the cat was carried into a wood. It could smell nothing but the asafetida and yet the cat came back. Still again someone has suggested that it was some magnetic power or current in the cat. To test this, a cat was placed in a sack, wire wrapped around the cat, a slight current, sufficient to demagnetize any current in the cat, sent through the wire, and yet the cat came back. Dr. Webb suggested that there is some scientific principle underlying this action which has not been discovered.

The university for fishing worms was next introduced as a peculiarity of science. This school is in Washington City and does good work in testing mentality of the fishing worm. These worms are put through an entrance test. They must learn to avoid a passage which gives them a shock. Some go in the right direction in two hundred trials, some in more, and some never learn. As generations later enter this school the mentality is found to be higher, showing, as Dr. Webb suggested, that blood heredity counts.

Another school of similar nature is the academy for white mice at St. Petersburg, Russia. Here mice in cages have a curriculum to follow, the chief course of which is to learn

(Continued on page 2)

CLOSE OF CONTEST WAS TIME OF KEEN EXCITEMENT

Calliopeans Retain Cup. Head List With 735 Subscriptions. Lipscombs in Hot Pursuit With 710. Kappa Nu's Secure 286; Sapphoneans 224. Percentage High

"BABBLER HAS AN ENORMOUS CIRCULATION"

List Reaches 2,200 Mark as Contest Closes. Is Read in Many States

The Babblar was recently spoken of by a student of David Lipscomb College as being "one of the South's leading newspapers." In the matter of circulation The Babblar makes the boasts of being as widely extended as any other school paper of an institution of this size.

As a result of the recent campaign the circulation list of The Babblar has reached what would a month ago have been termed an impossible number. The circulation is now 2,200 as compared with last year's 1,000, and the list is not yet complete. This school is advertised by The Babblar in many other states than Tennessee and even in other countries than the United States. The paper makes its way to faraway Canada; it is read in sunny California; it is a welcome visitor in Florida; its pages are scanned by New Englanders; the Hoosier farmer looks forward to its coming, and the Lone Star ranger reads of a school which stands wholly and solely upon the Bible, the Word of God.

The Babblar bids fair to become one of the leading school journals of the South. And yet with it all, it is a student's publication. Being edited by the student body of David Lipscomb College, it contains news of college life and student activities, its pages are filled with enough of the humorous, and there is an effort to make everything which is published original. Special features are being planned by the editorial staff and much work is being done to make the paper a worth-while publication.

Herman Taylor: "What are the two smallest things mentioned in the Bible?"

Elmer Taylor: "The widow's mite and the wicked flee."

Parham: "I thought you took Psychology last year."

Burford: "I did, but Prof. Ijams gave me an encore."

Oma Morton: "How long can people live without brains?"

Prof. Ijams: "Don't know. How old are you?"

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Announcement is made of an entertainment to be given by the Expression Department, Monday night, November 17. Expression Department programs are chief features of the year. Patrons and friends are invited.

A joint program of the four literary societies is being prepared for Monday, November 24, 8:00 a.m. Announcement of this is made that all who wish may prepare to attend.

As this goes to press, a meeting is in progress here. Preaching is being done by Foy E. Wallace, of Texas.

SCHOLARSHIPS ARE GIVEN STUDENTS

Five Were Won Last Year. Others Are Offered to Students This Year

Last year the Board of Trustees offered free tuition for one quarter in this school to the high school and college students making the highest average. Much rivalry among the students followed this liberal offer and many high grades were made. As a rule only one can be the victor, but not so in this case. In the college department three students tied for the honor, namely—Lorine Sims, Andrew Mason and Herman Taylor. In high school, Lillie Mae Brown and Mary Moore made the same average. Instead of casting lots to see who would be lucky, all five of these students were given free tuition for one quarter of this year.

(Continued on page 2)

Percentages of Societies

The final count showed 735 subscriptions for the Calliopean Society; 710 subscriptions for the Lipscomb Society; 286 subscriptions for the Kappa Nu Society, and 224 subscriptions for the Sapphonean Society. The percentage of each society, based upon number of members, gave to the Callios 1415 per cent; the Lipscombs, 1183 per cent; the Sapphos, 658 per cent; and to the Kappa Nus, 461 per cent.

Contest Was Lively

The contest this year was characterized by more society spirit and real work than of any previous year. Among the boys especially was this true. The city was canvassed for subscriptions, letters were written to parents and friends at home, and all went into the fight to win. For two weeks the contest had been on, and near its close it seemed that all restraining bands must be loosed. Everywhere there was excitement and interest. The question on every hand was, "Who will win the cup?" Call meetings of the societies were held and fiery speeches were made to arouse members to more active work. It seemed a matter of life or death to some. Still the subscriptions came in. Excitement reached its zenith by the close of the struggle.

Callios Retain Cup

The count was made by the campaign managers, and results were made known at the regular meeting in Harding Hall at 7:30 p.m. Here the question was heard, "Who has won the cup?" Yells were given, caps were thrown in air, and a mixed look of relief and depression swept the faces of students as it was announced that the Babblar trophy, the loving cup, became then the permanent property of the Calliopean Society because of their having won the cup for three consecutive years. The victorious students showed pride in becoming possessors of the prize, and losing students took defeat well. It was evident that the losers had put up a good fight and, even in defeat, were determined to make their society colors beam the more brilliantly.

L. L. S. BANNER STILL WAVES

Society Takes Defeat Nobly. Banner Sparkles Brightly in Dust of Defeat

That old battle-scarred Lipscomb banner waving over Lipscombs as some harbinger of good saw the society defeated last week in an honorable struggle—defeated in a battle in which the society had done its best. The Lipscomb Society strained every tingling nerve only at last to suffer the sting that comes with losing.

It was in the contest for the Babblar cup, the incentive to cause societies to obtain subscriptions for the school paper. The Lipscomb Society went into the contest determined to win. H. C. Hale was chosen as campaign manager, but now, as often, the greatest general was on the losing side.

Three meetings were held pertaining to the contest. In the first one a great and magnificent charge was launched. But that was not enough, and Friday they met again. Here another greater and still mightier charge was put forth. But that was not yet enough. The society met again on Saturday, and here the last noble effort was put forth—an effort the society may always be proud of. It was fighting one of those great fights that make either victory or defeat an honor.

The Lipscomb Society thought it would win. Straws were grasped and hopes fastened to them. The whole Lipscomb Society was moving as a body steadily toward the goal. It did seem as though it could not be stopped. But ah! how vain are human hopes! How fickle human achievements after all. The Lipscomb Society lost. They made no alibi. They did their best and failed.

And what was the effect on Lipscombs? Why, that glorious old banner

(Continued on page 2)

THE BABBLER

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THE EXALTED SENIORS DO THEIR STUFF

Delivered in Two Spasmodic Convulsions

By CLARK AND WOOD

ACT I—EXPOSURE I.

Callio Hall: A few members gather with expressions of insanity on their faces.

Tableman: "Will the house please come to disorder?" (After several moments the room becomes so quiet that by careful attention an anvil could be heard if dropped on the floor). Has any of the committees a report to make?"

Burford: "Mr. Tableman, the nuisance committee met and I decided that our color should be navy blue and baby-pink. Our flower is a baby-pink rambling rose. And our motto is 'Stay in there and fuss with them.'"

Dennison: "Mr. Tableman, I think Mr. Burford's idea is very good and I make a motion that we accept it."

Parham: (Entering) "Mr. Tableman, I object to that motion."

(Class votes; motion passes.)

Tableman: "Is there another committee to be heard from?"

Burford (Rising): "Mr. Tableman, the inartistic committee met and I decided that we should buy a pennant 2 1-4 by 9 5-16. On it will be placed the names of all the members of the senior class. In the northwest corner there will be a flower garden. This pennant is to be given a prominent place in the furnace room."

(Burford reluctantly takes his seat.)

Dennison: "Mr. Tableman, I think Mr. Burford's idea is the very thing. His idea is better than that of any of the class. I move that we accept the idea."

Parham: "I object to that motion."

(Class votes; motion passes.)

Tableman: "Is there any more business?"

Burford: "Mr. Tableman, I think if we are going to put out a 'Backstick' we had better get to work."

Parham: (Interrupting), "I object to all forms of labor."

Dennison: "Mr. Tableman, I think Mr. Burford's idea is good. I know that we exceptionally talented members can put out a rare 'Backstick' and I suggest that the colorless scheme be navy-blue back and a corsage made of baby-pink ribbon be placed in the northeast corner and that the southwest corner be mutilated by a cluster of baby-pink rambling roses."

Tableman: "I entirely agree with Miss Dennison and I think Brother Boles would like it."

Parham: "Mr. Tableman, I object."

(Class votes; motion carries.)

Tableman: "A nomination for business manager is now in order."

(Carver leaps excitedly from seat.)

Carver: "Mr. Tableman, I have in mind a man whose worthlessness is unquestioned. I refer to none other than Mr. Andrew Mason."

(Dennison monopolizes the floor.)

Dennison: "Mr. Tableman, I nominate Mr. Burford."

Burford: "Mr. Tableman, I nominate Mr. Kimmie." (Carver excitedly electioneers for Mason.)

Class votes, modestly prevents portrayal of this scene.

Time out for relaxation; Parham objects.

ACT I. EXPOSURE II.

Same as Exposure I.

Quite a prevalence; Tableman is finally recognized.

Tableman: "I would like to hear some suggestion as to what donation we shall leave the school."

Burford (rising): "Mr. Tableman, I would like to suggest that we get either a rolling kitchen, an automatic demountable ink stand, a volume of one thousand conundrums to be placed in the library, or a permanent subscription to the London Times."

Parham: "Mr. Tableman, I object."

Dennison: "Mr. Tableman, I think Mr. Burford's idea is good."

THE KEYS OF

THE KINGDOM

(Continued from page 1).

been admitted to the kingdom of God, or the church, on earth, to the faith he already possesses must be added virtue or courage; to courage knowledge, knowledge of the word of God; to knowledge, temperance, self-control; to temperance, patience; to patience, godliness, a growing like God; to godliness, brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness love. Brother Freed emphasized the need of human kindness and love. Love, he said, is God's universal currency. It passes for full value everywhere. Love is as a great derrick; it lifts men from sin to a high plane.

In these graces the other key was found. "For so shall an abundant entrance be administered unto you." The keys of the kingdom were given to Peter. The first he used on Pentecost to open the door of the church; the other he used in his Second Epistle to make an entrance into the everlasting kingdom in heaven. In the Sunday night sermon the same reading lesson—Matthew 16: 13-20—was used and other lessons learned. It was shown that God revealed to Peter the fact that Jesus was Christ, not at the Mount of Transfiguration, but at Jesus' baptism. The great determination of the Son of God was explained by his saying that He would build his church in spite of all opposition which may be offered. This church has for its foundation the confession Peter made, the central truth of the Bible and of all revelation: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God."

The argument was advanced that "will build" points to the future, hence the church could not have been set up in the days of Abraham nor in the days of John the Baptist, as this conversation took place six months after the death of John. The church which was set up later (on the day of Pentecost) was not man's church. It is spoken of as "my" church, therefore no other must claim the church save Christ. In this connection Brother Freed said very forcibly: "I have no conception of any soul in this world desiring to become a member of anything save that Christ instituted." He explained that the expression "Gates of Hades shall not prevail against it" means that Christ was determined to establish this church in spite of all and not necessarily that it (the church) shall stand forever, yet the latter was shown from the reading of Daniel 2:44, "It shall stand forever."

"THE PEACE OF GOD" IS SUBJECT

(Continued from page 1).

The more the children of men drink of it, the more abundantly it flows.

This peace comes from God who is a God of peace. All peace that satisfies the longing of the soul must come from him. Christ is the Prince of Peace. His interest in the children of men does not wane through the centuries. His kingdom is a kingdom of peace, yet the children of men do not enjoy this peace as they may. The gospel is a gospel of peace, yet men have not the peace of God which passes all understanding. Christians—true Christians—are children of peace—peacemakers. Yet with all this Brother Boles made clear that men do not enjoy this peace as they may.

There is a threefold relation in peace—peace with God, peace with one another, and peace with one's own conscience. There is also a disturber of the peace—sin—which affects these relationships, manifesting itself in different ways and with all disturbing either peace with one's self, one's fellowman, or one's God. It may manifest itself in the drunken husband, the wife, the son, or the daughter.

When sin disturbs the peace, the sinner is responsible. The sin must be removed in order to have peace. There can then be no peace without Christ.

Brother Boles made one of the most earnest appeals Sunday night for an acceptance of Christ's invitation that could have been made. He showed how much superior was Christ's invitation and how much abler he was to fulfill his promise than was any earthly potentate.

Foy E. Wallace preached his first sermon of the meeting Monday night. As this goes to press an interesting meeting is in progress.



Foy E. Wallace, noted Texas evangelist, who has been preaching at David Lipscomb College all this week. His sermons are proving very interesting and instructive, and he has proved himself a man of God—a man who "rightly divides the word of truth."

(Class votes; scene of turmoil, sorrow and strife.)

Class adjourns with expressions of insanity more deeply imprinted on their countenances than before. Parham objects.

(Exeunt)

JUNIORS BEGIN

YEAR'S WORK

(Continued from page 1)

Marie Caldwell, Union City, Tenn.
Margaret Carter, Smyrna, Tenn.
Nell Conlee, Trenton, Tenn.
Damon Crawley, Spencer, Tenn.
Birdie DePriest, Trenton, Tenn.
Venson Dixon, Senatobia, Miss.
Harvey P. Dodd, Smyrna, Tenn.
Jewell Edmondson, Cullman, Ala.
Ruth Evans, Bells, Tenn.
Robert Fox, Obion, Tenn.
Merwin Gleaves, Bell Buckle, Tenn.

Frances Greenlee, Columbus, Miss.
Lila Groves, Portland, Tenn.
Edward Hamilton, Sparta, Tenn.
Ethel Hardison, Columbia, Tenn.
Jimmie Ruth Harrell, Birmingham, Ala.

Erlene Harville, Moulton, Ala.
Ray Harris, Murfreesboro, Tenn.
John R. Hovious, Nashville, Tenn.
Maurine Hughes, Bridgeport, Ala.
Clayton L. James, Milan, Tenn.
Miriam Jones, Henry, Tenn.
Mary O. Jones, Nashville, Tenn.
Bernard Johnston, Hardin, Ky.
Houston Karnes, Portland, Tenn.
Inez Kinnie, Franklin, Tenn.
Kate Lancaster, Gordonville, Tenn.
Louise McAbee, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Homer McKelvey, Lawrenceburg, Tenn.

Claudia Martin, Nashville, Tenn.
Robert H. Mason, Woodbury, Tenn.
Mary Menefee, Nashville, Tenn.
Maudie Morgan, Plain View, Tex.
Gwendolyn Moss, Tusculum, Ala.
Naomie Murphy, Pulaski, Tenn.
Mary Overton, Nashville, Tenn.
Lucy Owen, Brentwood, Tenn.
Martha Owen, Franklin, Tenn.
Emmett R. Page, Joelton, Tenn.
Virginia Dan Pearson, Springfield, Tenn.

Frances Phillips, Maury, Tenn.
Earl Pullias, Castalian Springs, Tenn.

Mamie Russell, Allensville, Ky.
E. G. Smith, Nashville, Tenn.
Leona Stubblefield, Portland, Tenn.
Robert W. Terry, Winchester, Tenn.

Leslie G. Thomas, Flint, Mich.
Franklin E. Thomas, Athens, Ala.
H. Fee Thomas, Sparta, Tenn.
Robert Thurman, Sparta, Tenn.
Ruth Underwood, Rosedale, Miss.
Ellis Walker, McMinnville, Tenn.

MISSISSIPPI CLUB

VERY PROMINENT

(Continued from page 1)

year by the Mississippi girls, they are ready to challenge any team in D. L. C., and promise to provide keen competition in various branches of athletics. West Tennessee girls will please take notice!

The club is larger this year than ever before, the roll including: Lorena Barber, Senatobia; Lillie Mae Brown, Charleston; Alex Burford, Oakland; Cullan Dixon, Senatobia; Mary Lois Dixon, Senatobia; Venson Dixon, Senatobia; Homer Dudley, Moorhead; Frances Greenlee, Columbus; Hazel Hyde, Senatobia; Catherine Johnson, Senatobia; Roy Johnson, Coldwater; Margaret Lewers, Senatobia; Martha Lewers, Senatobia; Ruth Underwood, Rosedale; J. Roy Vaughan, Jackson.

INTERESTING LECTURE OF SCIENTIFIC FACTS

(Continued from page 1)

Dr. West told of other feats of scientists such as the scaling of the heights of Mt. Everest. He stated that the reason scientists brave such dangers as traversing the uncharted ocean, plowing through jungles in the face of poison on every side, sleeping at altitudes of thousands of feet, braving the cold of arctic regions—all these are done because scientists are wanting to know the truth even in fields that might seem foolish to many.

Concluding, he said, "Truth when found is mighty and will prevail in the end." A hearty applause showed that his lecture was well received.

SCHOLARSHIPS

ARE OFFERED

(Continued from page 1)

Even more scholarships and medals are now being offered. They are:

"The Trustees of the College offer a scholarship to that member of the Senior Class of the Junior College who maintains the best deportment and attains the best all-round record for the year. This scholarship is good for free tuition the following year in Senior College." This is known as the Trustees' Scholarship.

"The Boles Scholarship is offered to the members of the Freshman Class of the Junior College. It will be given to the student in this class who makes the highest general average in collegiate work and deportment. This scholarship is good for free tuition the following year as a senior in Junior College."

"The Freed Scholarship is offered to the Senior High School Class and will be given to that member of the class who makes the highest general average in Senior High School work, including deportment. This scholarship will be good the following year as freshmen in the Junior College."

January 21 is called Founders' Day. This is the anniversary of David Lipscomb's birthday. It is the date fixed for oratorical contests. The medal is awarded to the young man who delivers the best original oration.

Bro. Boles (in Sunday School class): "Every one who would like to go to heaven some day, stand up." The whole class jumped up except Oma Morton.

Bro. Boles: "Why, Oma, is it possible that you don't want to go to heaven?"

Oma: "Not with that bunch."

Bill Mason: "Do you like indoor sports?"

Nell Conlee: "Yes, if they have blue eyes."

L. L. S. BANNER

STILL WAVES

(Continued from page 1)

ner only sparkled more brightly in the dust of defeat. That all-powerful Lipscomb spirit was more deeply inculcated into Lipscombs as they fought their best and lost together. Are they down? Never! Are they out? No! That kind of spirit has never invaded the Lipscomb Society hall. Lipscombs are not made of such material. They take defeat as they do victory—magnanimously. This poem illustrates the principle:

Never think of losing,
Think of how you ran;
Smile and shut your teeth, lad—
Take it like a man.

Not the winning counts, lad,
But the winning fair;
Not the losing shames, lad,
But the weak despair.

So when failure stuns you,
Don't forget your plan;
Smile and shut your teeth, lad—
Take it like a man.

So with malice toward none, but good will toward all, the Lipscombs extend hearty congratulations to their brother society that won the cup. But as to their future plans: Forgetting the things that are behind, they press on looking for and anticipating eagerly the struggles and conflicts of tomorrow. And that old Lipscomb banner—

Oh long may it wave
O'er the hearts of Lipscombs, loyal
and brave!

SONG OF THE SIRENS

Though the "golden age" of Grecian art and literature is past, and Homer has sung his last song, there appears before our vision today many very interesting legends and myths, which cover the pages of history. Amnong these old Grecian myths is to be found one, which brings to us in the twentieth century, a lesson and a warning. However, this myth is worthless to those who believe not the Gospel, and choose rather to walk in darkness than in light. But those of us who have hope of immortality, it is a parable to be prized highly.

The story is that of two Sirens, sea-nymphs having the form of a woman, with great wings, legs and claws as of a bird. These strange creatures lived on an island in the western sea, between Ocaea, the island of Circe and the rock of Scylla.

The creatures possessed a very beautiful and magnetic song. As they would sing, they enchanted all who passed the coast. As the ships passed, the seamen were charmed with their mellifluous song, and anyone hearing them were never greeted by wife and little ones again. Though bones, and mouldering skins of hapless men, whose bodies have decayed, were heaped around them, yet men were drawn as by some unseen power to an inevitable death.

Odysseus, being warned of this place, had his crew bind him to the mast of the ship, he then had their ears stopped with wax. As they passed, Odysseus heard the sweet strains as they floated through the air, but his men did not hear. Oh! how he shouted to the crew, that they might approach the island, but obeying previous orders and hearing him not, they passed by.

But behold! Odysseus froths at the mouth, he screams, he weeps, how he wrestles with the ropes that hold him, what agony!

Another crew passed this island of the Sirens' one day—the Argonauts, under the command of Jason. Jason did not stop the crew's ears with wax, neither did he have them bind him to the mast. As they were passing the island the sailors ceased their work, and the oarsmen were rushing the ship toward the island. What is Jason to do? Will he and his crew be counted among the many unfortunates who lie there mouldering 'neath the Sirens' feet. But as the sweet strains reach Jason's ears, he shouts for Orpheus, the great singer who was on board. "Sing Orpheus, sing loud and sweet," shouted Jason above the increasing volume of the Sirens' song. What a change! The ship draws away from the island, the song of the Sirens grows fainter and fainter. But as Orpheus pauses, the ship again drifts, closer and closer to the island, "sing the louder Orpheus, sing the louder," shouts Jason. Again the oarsmen begin their work and all is safe. But the Sirens seeing they are being defeated, increase the sweetness and magnetism of their song, and it seems as though the ship will be dashed to pieces upon the shore. But Jason shouts to Orpheus, "sing the louder, sing the louder," as he sings the ship is pulled from danger and the song of the Sirens grows fainter and fainter until it is heard no more.

Just so my young friends and those in whose hands this paper falls, we have launched our ship or we are making preparations to launch it in the near future. As we sail through this sea of life, we hear the Sirens' song—"Come let us play and have a good time," but Jesus, our Orpheus is pouring forth even sweeter strains more enrapturing and alluring. What shall it profit us if we join the whole world (with its "harmless" fun?) and lose our own souls?

Yonder in the metropolis we hear the amusing stories, the jokes and the suggestiveness of the man on the stage, hear the band as it advertises a dance for the evening. Listen to the Calliope as she screams forth the call to the Sunday frolics, races and games. Lo! "the distant peals of thunder" from the bowling alley. The theater calls to us as we pass, that we might put a quarter into the devil's treasury, waste an hour or more, see some sensational or sensual love scene, then go home and pose as a follower of the "meek and

"BIBLE ABOVE MAN'S WISDOM"

Is Warren's Answer to White's Argument as Presented in Last Issue

I will admit that all public sentiment is against me. So it was with Fulton when he said he could manipulate a boat by steam. Just what do you call the "learning of the world"? Some of the originators of the "globular theory" are La Place, Humboldt, Kelper and Copernicus. But was not Joshua superior to La Place? Did not Moses know more about geology than Humboldt? (See Acts 7:22). Wasn't Job superior to Kelper? And didn't Isaiah know more than Copernicus? I leave this for my readers to decide. My opponent places man's word against the word of Joshua and David, the inspired writers. Peter, James and John were eyewitnesses that Moses, Elijah and Peter were received into the heavens and communed with the Lord (Matt. 17:1-6). Do they not know more than any astronomer that ever lived?

"AMERICA'S CRYING NEED"

We are today vividly conscious of the fact that upon the shoulders of this republic rests the responsibility of leading the peoples of all nations to a higher and greater civilization. The war-weary countries of the old world are looking to us for relief and comfort. The starving millions of the far east are loudly and pitifully appealing to us for food and raiment. The world's uncivilized are depending upon us for knowledge and Christianity. America is a mighty torch to which all eyes of the world are attracted and by whose light all humanity is enabled to march on and on to higher and nobler ideals of living.

Why is America the world's center of attraction? It is principally because of her great and pure conceptions of life, and her high standard of education and Christianity. Education and Christianity are the corner stones of prosperity and happiness. These two great branches of enlightenment run hand in hand and without them any nation will surely crumble. Without them human society is lacking in two of its most important essentials. Illiteracy and wickedness breed discontent and discontent breeds crime.

Although this fair land of ours is dotted from coast to coast with educational and Christian institutions, we are far from the point of perfection in these two great essentials. The sooner we are able to realize this the sooner shall we be able to carry out the great and important task that lies ahead—that of shaping and molding the destinies of mankind.

To continue to be the leaders of mankind we must ever hold the confidence that the rest of mankind have placed upon our institutions of learning and our institutions of Christianity. We must continue to educate and Christianize. Never since the birth of this nation has there been such a demand for men and women of learning—men and women who are blessed with ability to meet and cope with the new and ever-changing conditions.

The telegraph and the telephone, both of which startled the world yesterday, are superseded today by dropping the electric wires and through the radio talking face to face with the world. Transportation of freight and passengers and mails is quitting the earth and being routed through the heavens. Human invention, the arts and sciences, the laboratories, the archaeologists, chronologists and astronomers, the star gazers and ground-diggers have far outrun the understanding of the average person. You and I must cope with these things. The intelligent people of the world are being educated to these new things and we must keep up or quit. Christian education is the crying need of America.

Young Lady: "Were you pleased with the new school, little boy?"
Willie: "Naw! Dey made me wash me face, an' when I went home de dorg bit me 'cause he didn't know me."

It is easier to smile than to frown, because only thirteen muscles are used in smiling, while sixty-three are required in frowning.

Miss Breeding: "Make a sentence using the word 'amphibious.'"
Steve Cave: "Most fish stories am fibions."

La Nelle: "Lots of girls use dumb-bells to get color in their cheeks."
Alice: "Yes, and lots of girls use color in their cheeks to get dumb-bells."

lowly Nazarene." Dame Fashion is in the window and the devil's hall of fame in the penny arcade. And yonder the smell of liquor on some unfortunate's breath.

Oh! how alluring, enticing, amazing and charming is the call of the world—the Sirens. Shall we do as Odysseus, enjoy the pleasure, and mirth for a season? But let's not forget the misery that must accompany these things, and the sinner who watches in bewilderment our steps, while we pose as "sons of God."

Or as we pass this call, shall we with the blessed "guide book" in our hand, a prayer on our lips and a song in our heart, listen to the sweet and more beautiful call of the Master as he says, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest." If this we do, we will pass the Sirens safely, and at last reach the celestial shore of a brighter and better world.

JOHN R. HOVIOUS.

FIRM FRIENDS WRITE LETTERS

"Alphonso" Tells "Gaston" of the Progress of Certain "Couples" at David Lipscomb College

D. L. C.
November, 1924.

Dear Gaston:

It was lonesome around here for a while after you left. I'll be glad when the time comes for you to visit us again.

My time is short as I can't write much now. First, I want to tell you of an amusing incident which happened yesterday. I was out with a crowd getting leaves for decoration to be used in the Halloween Party. We climbed a hill-side. In the number was Miss Whitelaw—Grandma, you know. "Grandma" is what you always called her. She left the crowd and got far ahead when going back to the road. The rest of us decided to change our course and went another way. After a time I reached the truck and found Grandma up in the car, leaves on the ground and the lot gate wide open. She was panting as if she had just finished a mile run. I asked why the disturbance and she replied, "Oh, Alphonso, those dogs almost caught me." I observed that she had attracted the attention of some old hounds, as she had passed a dwelling house. These dogs were so old they could hardly walk, resembling somewhat that old hound your grandfather gave you when you were a boy. It is mean of me to laugh but, Gaston, how can I help it? Such a vivid scene of Grandma running down that hill, believing with all her heart that those dogs were right on her heels!

I suppose you are interested in some of our love matches. Herman Taylor and his fair lady show no signs of true (?) love—they never quarrel or frown and are always smiling and blushing. That won't do for "true love never runs smooth."

Your friend of last year, Skipper Priestley, is thinking of ordering an extra ring, special made, with the senior order. Guess he thought that would save a little—at least enough to purchase a good supply of zip to start on.

If Bro. Cuff is successful, some one besides R. P. C. will have to make a living for them. Just think, it took them (?) a whole half day to decorate one booth for the Halloween Party.

Most all cases of love are progressing nicely. Bro. Boles seems well pleased as it cuts down dining-room expenses for a fellow can't eat when he's in love.

Pardon my abrupt conclusion. Important business calls me.

Most cordially,
"ALPHONSO."

STRANGE RULES OF ETIQUETTE

Rule 1—Always enter society with feet outstretched.

Rule 2—When leaving society walk backwards and truss to luck.


Rule 3—When introduced to a lady always ask her age, if she tells you in small numbers incline the eyebrows so as to express doubt. If she doesn't answer she is no lady.

Rule 4—Never when about to smoke ask the hostess for the loan of her foot to scratch the match on.

Rule 5—Always drink with the face. To drop it between the necktie and the top of the waist coat is the height of selfishness.

Rule 6—Never in an argument with the host try to score by throwing butter at him.


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S P O R T

**OPENING OF BASKET BALL
SEASON VERY PROPITIOUS**
Gym Much Frequented Now. Society Teams Are Strengthened by New Men

The time has now arrived when thoughts turn to basketball. Other sports are gradually fading into the background—forgotten for the time being, until another season rolls around.

After school students' feet unerringly tread the old path between Lindsay Hall and the new gymnasium. As they draw near it they hear the swift and constant pattering of rubber-shod feet on the floor, and the steady pounding and tapping of the ball against the floor and backboards. Those who are playing, however, are not the only ones who display an interest in the sport. Stepping inside one sees the sidelines crowded with interested spectators, who are willing to stand on the side all afternoon just to watch a little everyday workout. All of which goes to show that the basketball season has opened up here in earnest.

Both societies have some good men, both old and new, who will try for the teams this year, and both are looking forward to winning the championship.

The Calliopeans have most of their old men back, and with the aid of their new ones they are expected to put up a strong fight this year. They have as last year's men Burford, "Chick" Jones, Warren, Leo Boles, Brown, Kennie, Kirk, Puckett, Chester Jones, Byers and Hall, and to supplement these they have this year added James Boles, Montgomery, Bruce and Damon Crawley, Thurman, Hamilton, Hardison and Fox.

Although the Lipscombs have lost some of their best men, they have great expectations from some of their new members. The following last year's men are back: Parham, Campbell, Gleaves, Dodd, Page, Pullias, Wood and Mason. The new ones are: Bourne, Porter, White, Terry and Selby.

The athletic committees have already met and arranged a fixed schedule for the games. All the class and club games are to be played before Christmas. The society games are to begin about two weeks after the Christmas holidays are over and one shall be played each Saturday night thereafter until one society has won three games. These society games will, of course, be the big events of the season and will practically close the season.

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Cases from last issue have been dismissed, as they have been very carefully treated.

Cases now under treatment: "Mun'st say 'ain't." "Tain't right." "This is John the farmer's plow." "Moses was the daughter of Pharaoh's son." "I saw you sweeping today in Spanish class."

The English Language Again.
We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes;
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.
Then one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese,
Yet the plural of mouse would never be meese.
You may find a lone mouse, or a nest of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hiee.
If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
Then cow in the plural may be cows or kins;
But a bow, if repeated, is never called bine;
And the plural of vow is vows, never vine.
—Selected.
M.D. and Ph.D. of D. L. C.

New Student: "Shall I join the Calliopean Society?"
Lowry (a newly married man): "I would ye were almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds."

**DEATH-HEADS
DEFEAT WHITE
COUNTAINS**
Intersociety Clubs Display Brilliant Work. Passwork Perfect.
Score 31-12

The basketball season was officially opened here Friday, the 17th. The Intersociety Death Heads made their debut in this school's athletics and bagged the decision to the tune of 31-12. The game was featured by the fast and accurate passwork of the Death Heads and by the deadly shots of their forwards. The Death Head passwork was almost perfect and it is the best that has been displayed in the D. L. C. gym. Too much praise concerning it can hardly be given.

Parham and Campbell were tied for high scoring honors with 10 points each. Thurman came next with 8 points. Thurman and Brown were the best bets for the White County Club.

J. Boles, Page and Crowley played excellent in their guard roles. (Of course the writer starred also, but modesty forbids him mentioning the fact in these columns.)

The line-up was as follows:
Death Heads, 31—Parham, F., 10; Bourne, F., 4; Campbell, C., 10; Boles (C.), G., 6; J. Boles, G.
White Co., 17—Thurman, F., 8; B. Crowley, F.; Brown (C.), C., 4; Hamilton, G.; D. Crowley, G.
Substitutions: Death Heads, Page for J. Boles, Dodd (2) for Campbell, Campbell for Bourne. White Co., Pullias for B. Crowley.

**COSMOS DEFEAT
TENN. TEAMS**
In Two Games Local Teams Lose to Their Neighbors. Games Featured by Close Guarding

The Cosmopolitan team defeated the Tennessee team in a double-header here Saturday, 23-11 and 11-4. The girls played well and deserve much praise for the fast game that they played. The game was featured by the close guarding of the Cosmo girls as they completely smothered out the Tennessee girls' offense.

Tennessee, 4—Beesley, F., 2; Goodwyn, F., 2; Kinnie, C.; Tittle, G.; Broome, G.
Cosmos, 11—Bains, F., 4; Morgan, F.; Dixon, C.; 2; Landers, G., 4; Lewers, G., 1.
Substitutions: Soyars for Goodwyn, Soyars for Beasley, Beasley for Broome.

The boys' line-up was as follows: Tennessee, 11—Gleaves, F., 4; Mason, F.; Campbell (C.), C.; L. Boles, G., 2; J. Boles, G.
Cosmos, 23—Bourne, F., 8; Burford, F., 4; Warren, C., 9; White, G.; Puckett, G., 2.
Substitutions: Brown (5) for Campbell, Thurman for Mason, Page for L. Boles, L. Boles for J. Boles, Mason for Thurman.

Lillian Cox: "Have yuo 'Lamb's Tales'?"
Vaughan: "This is a library, not a butcher shop."

Toline: "What makes so much water in a watermelon?"
Gertrude: "Because it's planted in the spring."


Pearl Smith: "I dreamed I died last night."
Lornie Sims: "What woke you?"
Pearl: "The heat."

"If you are looking for sympathy, you can find it in the dictionary."—Jay Bird.

Garner: "I'm thinking very seriously of taking a wife. What advice could you offer me?"
Wood: "I'd be careful whose wife I took."

Hale (to small boy): "Do you know where little boys go when they fail to put their nickels in the collection?"
Boy: "To the hot dog stand."

Priestly: "Don't you think talkative girls are the most popular?"
Kinnie: "What other kinds are there?"

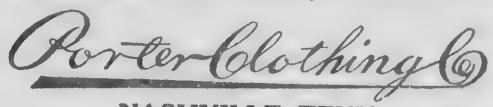
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"TRUE LOVE NEVER FAILS"

SHORT STORY

"Wilson," said Owen Henderson, as they rode in a car over the country highways of a certain county in Tennessee. "do you think Bettie cares as much for me as she does for Romie Conrad?"

Wilson Thurman bowed his head as if in thought. In a few moments he lifted his eyes to those of Henderson and remarked, "It remains to be seen, old boy; but one thing is sure: there is a way you can tell. Ask her the question which proves a woman's love."

"By jove!" said Henderson, turning on more gas as they reached a stretch of good road, "I'll do it tonight."

Two years before this time Henderson, Thurman and Conrad had finished college at F—. Bettie Garrison had been a student there, but lived five miles away. Conrad and Bettie were lovers; and when he finished college, he had a promise from her that one day she would be his wife. He left for Texas where he became associated with his brother in business. Henderson began going with Bettie when Conrad left, and had grown quite fond of her. From childhood they had been associates, and Owen had often dreamed that some day she should be his. Conrad left, promising to return in two years to claim Bettie for his own.

Thurman and Henderson were now on their way to B—, the home of Bettie Garrison. Bettie had invited Lelia Lawrence, a friend of hers, to her home on this occasion, and it was to be with Lelia that Thurman was accompanying Henderson. Bettie knew it was time for Conrad to return, so she was at a loss to know what she should do. She had given her promise to Romie, yet her love was for Owen. It was the same old story of a hasty answer to a question which should have received deliberate attention.

As Henderson and Thurman were riding along toward their destination, Bettie and Lelia were finishing their toilet and soon were seated in the comfortable Morris chairs in the parlor. Bettie's face bore signs of worry; her eyes seemed to gaze into the future, and her voice was trembling.

"Dear, what shall I do?" she said to her friend, Lelia, who was as a sister to Bettie, came and sat on the arm of her chair. She had noticed the sad look in her friend's eyes and wished to help her. "Are you not happy, Bettie?" she began. "Just think, Romie is perhaps almost here now and comes to claim you for his own. How anxious you must be to see him again! He has made good in business, I hear. Only yesterday a headline in a Texas newspaper read, 'Conrad Made Head of Giant Firm.' With such bright prospects for the future, it seems that you should be the happiest girl in America."

Bettie heaved a sigh. "You fail to understand. True happiness cannot come through money. I admire Romie for his efforts and rejoice that he has made a success in the financial world, but there is another side to the question. I love another. Forgive me, dear, for saying this, but there is no love in my heart for my finance. True that we were lovers at school, but I have loved another from childhood and have only recently discovered how deep-bedded that love really is. It is true love and can never fail. You may call me unwise if you wish, but let me say frankly that I cannot and will not marry the man to whom I am engaged."

"But you have promised yourself to him. Surely you will not disregard your promise!"

"If necessary I shall; but let us make some music and forget such unpleasant things."

The girls made their way to the piano, and soon the strains of "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," were wafted through the door into the silence which reigned without.

Thurman and Henderson had in the meantime finished half the distance from their home to B—. Part of the remaining distance was through a dark ravine. Recent rains had made the road almost impassable. Further than that, this ravine was known to be the rendezvous of a dangerous band of robbers who had more than once committed dastardly acts, yet had always eluded officers sent against them. Their deeds of violence were known almost invariably to have been performed on dark nights and at a time when the roads were in bad condition. This prevented the escape of the victims, and at the same time allowed the robbers to get away.

The car bearing the two young men came near the darkest spot in the ravine. Henderson, who was at the wheel, showed signs of uneasiness. He asked his companion, "Have you ever heard of any strange events connected with this place?" Thurman, who had been away for two years, answered in the negative. "Then hold up until the end," instructed Henderson, grasping the steering wheel firmly with both hands and at the same time sending the car forward at full speed. So intense was the darkness that their eyes could not see on the sides of the road. Only in front could they see to guard from any danger. Thus it was that they did not observe the movements of two masked men who leaped from behind trees into the light produced by the car. Each man carried a gun and a flashlight.

"Stop that car!" they yelled as they pointed their weapons at the faces of the two men. Henderson at once brought the car to a sudden stop. "Boy, we are in for it now," he murmured under his breath. "Hold your nerve," whispered Thurman as Henderson prepared to leap from the car.

The bandits came nearer, but when they were within two feet of the car, Thurman and Henderson

made sudden leaps for the men. Henderson ripped the mask from the face of his opponent just as the latter fired, sending a bullet through Henderson's arm. He recognized his assailant. "In the name of heaven, Reese Dumas, is it you?" he gasped as the robber sent a bullet through his other arm, causing him to fall in an unconscious heap against the base of a nearby tree.

Thurman's antagonist had fired and missed, but raised his gun and delivered a heavy blow on Thurman's head which rendered him unconscious. The enemies had triumphed. They were exultant. Dumas, after a short conversation with his colleague, pulled a telegram from his pocket and read, "Place one-half mile from station between rails by 8:30 p.m.—R. C."

He jerked out his watch and glanced at it. "Seven-fifty," he ejaculated. "We must hurry!"

They bound the two men, pitched them in the car and drove away by an unfrequented roadway. In a few minutes they had the two men placed on the railroad track only a short distance from the station. Both men were unconscious and could not understand the nature of the great danger to which they were exposed. For ten minutes they lay in an unconscious state tied to the track. The bandits had taken special care to tie the hands of each behind him and fasten the hands to the railroad ties. Thurman first regained consciousness, and at once took notice of the condition in which they were placed. He began forming plans for releasing himself and his friend. He was tied with a rope of sufficient length to allow his reaching the iron rail. He began drawing the rope across the iron. Thurman knew that it must be time for the fast train, so he worked the more rapidly. When almost exhausted, he gave a lurch forward and broke the remaining strands of the rope.

Just at this time he heard a whistle far in the distance. The fast train! Henderson must be freed! He had recovered his senses and was making desperate efforts to break the rope. Thurman came to him and said hurriedly, "Old boy, we are in great danger. The train is due now, and we must hurry." With several swift movements he untied the cord, and both men were free. Henderson's arms were paining him terribly. In his haste for escape he had chanced to pass his hand across a small piece of paper. This he put in his pocket without a comment.

"The end of this affair is not yet," he remarked as they made their way down the track to the little station. "I recognized one of the ruffians and know him to be an intimate friend of my rival, Romie Conrad."

"Let us report the affair to the officers before we present ourselves at the home of your friend," said his companion as they neared the station.

The fast train was late. One of its passengers seemed very much worried over the delay. He was a tall man with dark hair and had the general appearance of a well-bred gentleman. He occasionally glanced from his window as the train sped on. The locomotive whistled. Only two miles more, and he would be with the one he loved.

Meanwhile the two girls in the Garrison home had grown tired of singing and were discussing the long delay of Henderson and Thurman. "Something must have happened," mused Bettie. "Owen is always on time, and I know he would not disappoint me."

The sound of a whistle was heard. "Oh, Bettie," said Lelia, jumping from her chair, "let's go down to the station. It is only a few steps, and Wilson and Owen must come through there to get here. Perhaps Romie is on that train."

"But I have no desire to see him." "Never mind. Let's walk down anyway. The walk will do us good." Bettie at last consented, and the two girls walked down the street to the station. The lights from the train could be seen in the distance. The girls chanced to see two shabbily dressed men walking toward the station. As the men walked under a light, Lelia said, "One of those men is Reese Dumas. He is a warm friend of Romie's, you know, and he no doubt is expecting your fiancé home tonight."

"But look!" exclaimed Bettie. "They are hiding behind the building as if to escape some one. Surely we are in no danger."

The cause of the hiding was not as the girls imagined. It was for protection. Thurman and Henderson had reached the town and secured a posse of officers and citizens and were at that time nearing the station. They had caught sight of the criminals and were pursuing them. They at length surrounded the station. The frightened girls ran into the waiting room and closed the door.

The train came thundering in. A man stepped from the train to the platform. The girls, seeing him walk with a stately air toward the door of the waiting room, moved into a corner of the room out of view of one entering from the platform. Just as the man from the train pushed open the door, the door on the opposite side of the room burst open, and Thurman and Henderson rushed in, followed by several officers who were leading two prisoners.

The girls were trembling with fright. Bettie whispered to her friend, "Oh, Lelia, that is Reese Dumas! I am sure Romie is involved in this affair."

The newly arrived man started forward and yelled, "Dumas, what in the name of reason does this mean?"

"It means the pen for both of us," was the reply of the bandit.

An officer stepped forward. "Mr. Conrad, you are under arrest for an attempt at murder," he said as he clamped the handcuffs on the wrists of the man.

"You lie!" exclaimed Conrad angrily. "I came here to claim my bride, and here I am greeted with handcuffs. It is more than I can understand!"

"It is all very simple," suggested

A SMALL BOY'S DICTIONARY

A bird is a swallow that flies. A potato is to eat with meat. Village means one sees everybody pass.

A garden is to walk in. An armchair is to sit in. A circus is where one sees things. A dog is to be had by one. A clock is to see the time. A knife is to cut meat. Milk is something like cream. Kiss is if you hug and kiss somebody.

Nail is something to put something together.

Open is if the door is not closed. Nut is something with a shell good to eat.

Pickle is something green to eat. Cute is what some girls think they are and ain't.

Quarrel is if you begin a little fight.

Ring is what you wear on your finger.

Tall is if a tree is very big. Ugly is what girls say boys are. Vain is if you always look in the glass.

Saw is if you see something, after you see it you saw it.

Brain is what you think with in your head, and the more you think the more crinkles there are.

Death is when you left off breathing and the heart stops also.

An elephant is an animal with a snout.

Jam is what most boys like. A pocket is a shelf to carry bugs and marbles in.

Love is like an onion. We taste it with delight, but when it's gone we wonder whatever made us bite.

A librarian is a book-keeper.

A STUDENT'S SCHEDULE

My motto: "When the alarm clock rings, shut it off and go back to sleep."

Schedule:

6:15—the rising bell rings;

That's the time my sleep begins.

7:15—breakfast is done;

My roommate asks if the milkman's come.

7:30—a period of study, they say;

I don't believe it—I have all day.

8:00 A. M.—brings the first recitation;

Usually I'm late without explanation.

8:45—I've a class in Church History;

Why I'm not there is an unsolved mystery.

9:30—time for all to have chapel;

I'll be "campused" if I'm not careful.

10:00 A. M.—I have a little rest.

It's English period. I can't pass the test.

10:45—then it's Education;

I cut the class and miss the foundation.

11:30—starts a period I adore;

I borrow some money and visit the candy store.

12:15—I have a big lunch

That it's just about time to go to lunch.

12:45—is my Bible study class;

I fool around and wander in last.

1:30—brings embarrassment in expression;

I didn't know we'd been assigned any lesson.

2:15—I have mathematics;

I confuse it all with electrostatics.

3:00 o'clock comes; it's then P. M.;

If not playing ball, I'll be found in the gym.

3:45—the game has begun;

You can hear yells for my home run.

4:30—the game's in suspense;

The ump calls me out for hitting o'er the fence.

5:15—and I have about enough;

Besides the bell rings for the evening stuff.

6:30—next a period of study;

I make noise and prove myself nutty.

7:15—and my light goes out;

I'm then asleep without any doubt.

So this is my schedule, don't you see?

A little work to do is a bad thing for me.

Owen Henderson stepping forward, "You induced these men to lie in wait for me and tie me on the track for the south-bound train to grind to pieces."

"It can't be proved," stormed Conrad. "It can't be proved."

"Here is the proof," Henderson took from his pocket the paper he had found while endeavoring to free himself from the track.

Conrad glanced at the paper and read: "Place one-half mile from station between rails by 8:30 p.m.—R. C."

"I am caught in the deed," he confessed, "but let me tell you this: When I have served my term in the pen, Bettie Garrison shall be mine. She will remain true to me."

"I shall marry no man who will do such deeds as you," came a voice from the corner of the room.

Conrad could not so much as speak as the girls emerged from their hiding place. The officers led him and the two crooks away and left Thurman and Henderson with the girls. As the four walked up the street to Bettie's home, Henderson said to her, "Bettie, the night has been very trying on us. Are you happy over the way things have ended?"

"Why should I not be? I have with me yet the one I love. Is that not enough to make one happy?" the girl asked with a smile.

Thurman and Henderson rode home late that night. For some distance they rode in silence. At last Henderson said, "Well, Wilson, I have asked the question which you said prove a woman's love, and it has been answered to my entire satisfaction."

"True love never fails," said his companion philosophically.

STRENGTH OF CHARACTER

There is a structure which everyone is building for himself. It is called CHARACTER, and every aspect of life is a stone in its development. If day by day we be carefulment, to build our lives with pure, noble, upright deeds, at the end we shall stand as fair temples praised by God and man. But as one leak will sink a ship, and one flaw break a chain, so one mean, dishonorable, untruthful word or act may forever leave its impression and work its baleful influence upon our characters. It is of vital importance, therefore, that the right kind of material be used in the building of this structure.

Character is not inherited from parents, nor is it created by external advantages. It is no necessary appendage of birth, wealth, talent, or situation. It is the result of one's own endeavors. It can not be obtained by simply demanding it—it must be earned. In the development of a pure and forceful character, personal exertion is the first, second and third virtue.

Our mental faculties are given us, but our characters we make. The full measure of all the powers, alone, necessary to make a man is no more a character than a handful of seeds is an orchard of fruits. Plant the seeds and tend them well and they will make an orchard. Cultivate these powers and harmonize them well, and they will make a noble character.

Thus the formation of great characters is the result of much patient labor, endeavor, and restraint.

Truthfulness, integrity and goodness are qualities which lie at the very foundation of a manly character. He who possesses these qualities combined with strength of purpose, carries with him a power which is irresistible. He is strong to do good, strong to resist evil, and strong to bear up under difficulties and misfortunes. When Stephen of Coloma fell into the hands of his base assailants and they asked him in derision, "Where now is your fortitude?" "Here," was his bold reply, placing his hand over his heart.

It is in trials and difficulties that the character of the upright man shines forth with the greatest luster. And when all else fails, he takes a stand upon his integrity and his courage. Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings and a strong command over them.

Now it is here that we sometimes make a great mistake. We mistake strong feelings for a strong character. A man who commands all before him, before whose frown the members of his family tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake—because he has his will obeyed and his own way in all things—we call him a strong man. Such a delusion! The truth of the matter is that he is a very frail creature. It is his temper and passions that rule. Thus he, mastered by them, is weak.

Now note the contrast. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult, only grow a little pale and then reply quietly? This is a man spiritually strong. Or did we never see a man in anguish stand, as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? That is strength and bravery. He who, with strong passions, remains chaste; he who keenly sensitive of wrong, with manly powers of indignation within him, can be provoked, and yet restrain himself and forgive?

These are the strong men—spiritual heroes.

As the angels ministered unto Christ after He had gained the great victory over Satan upon the Mount, so it is today when one puts temptation under his feet that purer thoughts, nobler resolves, and higher aspirations descend like angels to strengthen and refresh the will.

A person's reputation is largely the result of the opinions formed about him by his fellowmen, but his character is what God knows him to be. It is what he honestly thinks of himself on serious meditation after retiring at night. If his conscience is clear before God, although the world may be saying all manner of evil against him, he is very apt to sleep as peacefully as a little child. On the other hand, if his conscience disturbs him, although the world may be praising his name in song and story, he is very apt to spend a restless night. Therefore, it is very obvious that we can not always rely upon individual reputation.

A pure character is the noblest possession that a man can desire. It is an estate in the general good will and respect of men; and they who invest in it, though they not become rich in this world's goods, will find their reward in esteem and respect fairly won. This is the loving favor which is commended as better than silver or gold. And what affords higher or more permanent happiness than the good will and unsuspecting confidence of one's own fellowmen? It is not money, nor is it mere intellect that governs this world—it is moral character; it is intellect associated with moral excellence.

The development of a character admirable in itself requires high ideals and a lofty aim to bring it to its perfection. The foremost purpose of David Lipscomb when he founded this institution, was to instill into the hearts of young men and women high ideals that they, by developing noble characters in this world, might with unwavering faith in God, prepare for the one above. What higher and nobler motive could this godly man have had than this?

All that exalts, ennobles and dignifies humanity; all that confers solid peace, real joy and soul-felt satisfaction; all that good men and angels love and admire in human creatures is blended in the beauty and glory of a truly pure and genuine character. —G. L. CARVER.

STUDENT WRITES ABOUT MUCH-DISCUSSED QUESTION

Says Use of Piano in Society Meetings Would Be Called Praising God with Instruments of Music

"WORDS LAST FOREVER"

POET'S CORNER

"DAY DREAMS"

Last night dreams fluttered by, as I sat in the gathering gloom; With a golden thread I was weaving a song in a silver loom. A-weaving the ghost of an echo of a rare and lovely strain, As glad as a child's soft laughter, as sad as a cry of pain.

They followed my gorgeous fancy—my bark that idly goes From a land that no man sees to a land that no man knows. My busy fingers faltered, as they hovered above my head, And the wheel of my loom did slacken—I had broken my golden thread.

Then my soul leaped up to hold them—my dreams soiled and sweet, And the golden song unraveled, and the thread lay at my feet. Each day I strive to weave it—this song that my soul would sing.

But I break my loom, and tangle my thread and the tensions cling. If they would but stay and teach me—if my dreams I could only hold,

I would weave in my loom of silver a beautiful song of gold. But I strive in vain. They follow where the bark of my fancy goes. From a land no man sees to a land that no man knows.

—Clayton L. James.

"KEEP DIGGING AWAY!"

Here is a lesson meant for all—For old and young, for great and small;

Let's needed each day: "Start at the task you have at hand, And do that work the best you can."

Keep digging away!

The task may seem so very hard That you let that your work retard.

That's not the way. But fight the job with might and main,

With force of hand and force of brain.

Keep digging away!

Thousands will say it cannot be done And point out dangers one by one.

Just let them say, Although they say 'tis useless work, Ignore the tal and never shrink.

Keep digging away!

When others fail, you want to quit; Don't let that bother you a bit.

Succeed you may If only you possess the will, Yet stay right with the job and still

Keep digging away

Dig deep and strike a richer stream, The grasp of which you often dream

By night and day. And even when you have the prize, Dig after one of larger size—

Keep digging away

H. T.

The Question of Opposition.

The teacher was giving a drill in the meaning of words and their opposites.

"Now, tell me," she began, "what is the opposite of misery?"

"Happiness!" said the class in unison.

"And sadness?" she asked.

"Gladness."

"And the opposite of woe?"

"Giddop!" shouted Georgie Kinnie enthusiastically.

J. C. LAWSON

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The Mean Thing.

Blink: "What do you consider the best years of a woman's life?"

Blank: "Oh, the first five years she's 18, I should say."—Exchange.

Thrift

"Thrift is the great fortune maker," said Andrew Carnegie, and his life proved it.

The right-using of all the values of life is thrift. This is as true of your energies as it is of your money and material wealth.

The student who employs his time and his strength constructively is almost sure to become one of the successful and dependable men of his community.

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We are especially interested in the young men and women of the South, and would be glad to have you listed with our great number of patrons who are saving in this way.

Thrift is one of the great lessons of life. System is necessary to success.

A. M. BURTON, President

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Robert Neil

"The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament showeth his handiwork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
and night unto night showeth knowledge."
—Ps. 19: 1, 2.

THE BABBLER

"What would this babbler say"—Acts 17:18

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,
And the man that getteth understanding.
For the gaining of it is better
than the gaining of silver,
And the profit thereof than fine gold."
—Prov. 3: 13, 14.

Vol. 5

DAVID LIPSCOMB COLLEGE, NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER 21, 1924.

No. 4.

SENIOR CLASS PLANS TO PUBLISH COLLEGE ANNUAL

Business Managers and Editors Elected and Begin Work.
May Change Name from "Backlog." Annual Will Appear Several Weeks Before School Closes.
Expenses to Be Diminished

The senior class of David Lipscomb College has fully decided to publish an annual this year. In regular meeting plans were discussed and submitted to the faculty and approved. The work on the annual progresses rapidly.

Managers and Editors Selected

The class selected as Business Manager J. Roy Vaughan. Mr. Vaughan is very competent for discharging the responsibility placed upon him. As an advertising committee he selected Alex Burford, Elmo Phillips and Allen Wood. These men are now at work securing advertisements from the business men of the city.

Miss Myrtle Baars was elected as editor of the new annual. The task is quite a hard one, yet she is equal to the task. She has for her assistant Herman Taylor. The management is sparing no labor and time seeing that the work is placed in the hands of competent printers and photographers. The editors are carefully planning the makeup of the book, trying to be fair with every department, and being careful that the best interests of the school are represented in every phase of the work.

Work on Annual Progresses

It is planned to have the new annual off the press several weeks before the college year closes. Advertisements are to be set up and collected for by the Christmas holidays, clubs and classes are organizing, photographers are to begin work in a few days, and plans are under way to present to the students a nice annual at a moderate price.

Management Makes Plans

Prof. E. H. Ijams was selected as faculty adviser. His worth in this capacity is well known by all who know him. The changing of the name of the annual from "Backlog" to some more appropriate name has been under discussion, yet no definite action has been taken. The contracts for printing and photographing have not as yet been given to any company, but all will be complete by the time this comes from the press. Mr. Campbell has been selected by the junior class to assist Mr. Vaughan in the business management of the annual. They are making plans for cutting down expenses on students for pictures and engraving as much as possible. The management announces that the annual will contain some one hundred and fifty pages.

"Business is all write with me," mused the editor-in-chief of The Babler as he began at 1:30 a.m. to write an essay on "The Follies of Youth."

Kappa Nu, Kappa Nu, Kappa Nu!

MEETING ENDS SUNDAY NIGHT

Interesting Themes Were Discussed.
Wallace Pleased His Audiences

The series of meetings at this place which began Monday night, November 3, ended Sunday night, November 9, 1924. Foy E. Wallace, of Texas, who did the preaching, distinguished himself as a preacher of no mean ability. His sermons were well prepared and presented in such a way as to reach the hearts of those who heard. He had a very impressive manner of speaking which gained for him the strict attention of the audience, especially of the student body.

As a result of the week's meeting fifteen were baptized and four restored and the congregation edified and built up in many ways. The meeting was especially beneficial to students, as it produced new ties of relationships between students which make associations more pleasant.

Among the subjects discussed during the week by Brother Wallace were "The Second Coming of Christ," "The Prodigal Son," "The Beginning of the Gospel," "The New Testament Conception of the Church," "The Man of the Bible," "Reconciliation," "Prepare to Meet Thy God," "The Gospel Platform," "Showers of Blessings," "Paul and Governor Felix," and "The Lord's Day and the Lord's Supper." Each of these was presented in Brother Wallace's characteristic way and left its imprint upon the minds of those who heard.

Brother Wallace spoke in very complimentary terms of the student body of David Lipscomb College and expressed appreciation for the opportunity of having been here. He left Sunday night for his home in Texas, carrying with him the respect and esteem of the entire student body as well as entire Nashville congregations. His Sunday afternoon sermon, "The Second Coming of Christ," appears elsewhere in this issue.

Hale: "If you were in my shoes what would you do?"
Prof. Turner: "I'd shine them."

Teacher: "What part of speech is 'nose'?"
Pupil: "None; you speak with your mouth."

Sappho, Sappho, Sappho!

CLUB ACTIVITIES VERY RIFE THE PAST WEEK

Organization of Different Clubs and Classes Progresses as Plans for Annual Are Made and as Interest in Athletics Holds Sway

The last two weeks have witnessed the organization of numerous clubs and classes at David Lipscomb College. The work on the new annual has hastened organization of many clubs and classes, and the desire for athletic contests has influenced students to band together. Among the many clubs to be organized recently are "West Tennessee," "Middle Tennessee," "Alabama," "White and Warren Counties," "J. U. G." and "Royal Order of Lonely Celibates."

Middle Tennessee Club

From the hills and vales of Middle Tennessee comes the students to D. L. C. who have formed themselves into a club called the Middle Tennessee Club. This group of young men and women come from God's own country, from the garden spot of the entire universe to go to school to a school that in many respects has no peer. So coming from the best country to the best school, great things are expected to result from their activities in David Lipscomb College.

This group met November 14 and elected the following officers:
Andrew Mason, President.
Walter Campbell, Vice President.
Thelma Soyars, Secretary.
Allen Wood, Athletic Manager for Boys.

Cecil Clark, Editor.
Ann Beasley, Athletic Manager for Girls.

There are about one hundred in this club, among these many of the leaders in school activities and of the best athletes. Among these: Herman Taylor, editor in chief of the "Babblar"; Myrtle Baars, senior editor; Eleanor Frazier, exchange

(Continued on page 2.)

"SECOND COMING OF CHRIST"

Is Subject of Sunday Afternoon Sermon by Foy E. Wallace, of Texas

FOUR QUESTIONS

"Is He Coming? When? How? What Will Take Place?"
Gives Predictions of Men Concerning Coming

COMING IS SURE

The text of Foy E. Wallace's Sunday afternoon sermon, "The Second Coming of Christ," was taken from Acts 1. As an introduction it was stated that the subject has been one of much speculation, but the Bible teaching pertaining thereto is for exhortation and not for men to speculate upon. Four questions were taken as an organization for study: (1) Is He coming? (2) When is He coming? (3) How is He coming? and (4) What will happen when He comes?

As answer to the first question the testimony of witnesses was given. Christ said He is coming (John 14: 1-3); angels testified of the return of Christ in the like manner as He ascended (Acts 1:11); the inspired Paul wrote that He shall appear the second time. (Heb. 9:28.) His first coming was to the sinner, but the second coming is for the saint.

In order to make clearer an answer to the second question, Brother Wallace compared what men have said on the subject with what God has said. In 1843, William Miller, of the Second Adventists, set the time for Christ's second coming as 1844. His followers made preparations for receiving the Christ, but the time came and Christ did not come. Miller claimed a mistake had been made, and set the time for 1845, but with that time no Christ came. "Pastor" Russell, originator of the "Millennial Dawn System" in 1912 prophesied that Christ would come on October 15, 1914. So firmly did his followers believe this that

(Continued on page 2.)

SENIOR HIGH WIDE AWAKE

Class Numbers Twenty-One Members Who Are Anticipating Great Things

Previous issues of The Babblar have carried the roll of junior and senior classes of David Lipscomb College. To give recognition to all it has been agreed by the staff to print the roll of other classes. Here is given the class roll of the Senior High School. This group consists of twenty-one wide-awake boys and girls who are looking forward to next May with as much anticipation as the College seniors.

The list includes:
James H. Boles, McMinnville, Tenn.
Lillian Burton, Nashville, Tenn.
Raymond Brinkley, Nashville, Tenn.
Homer Dudley, Moorhead, Miss.
Sam McFarland, Lebanon, Tenn.
Corinne Christine Harwell, Nashville, Tenn.
Emaline Hembree, Bridgeport, Ala.
Sterling Jones, Nashville, Tenn.
Armstrong Jones, Franklin, Tenn.
Ruth Jordan, Smyrna, Tenn.
Christine Martin, Nashville, Tenn.
Frances Neely, Nashville, Tenn.
Carl Pace, Cuba Landing, Tenn.
Todd Porter, Williamsport, Tenn.
Nellie Potts, Trenton, Tenn.
Corinne Smith, Mount Hope, Ala.
Emerson Simpkins, Nashville, Tenn.
Foy R. Sweeney, Nashville, Tenn.
J. Elmer Taylor, Kelson, Tenn.
Elizabeth Taylor, Nashville, Tenn.
George Warren, Tifton, Ga.

Who will win the game?
Hurrah for the Kappa Nus!
Hurrah for the Sapphos!

GETTING OUT YOUR PAPER

Getting out a paper is no picnic. If we print jokes, folks say we are silly.
If we don't, they say we are too serious.
If we publish original matter, they say we lack variety.
If we publish things from other papers, we are too lazy to write.
If we are rustling news, we are not attending to business in our own department.
If we don't print contributions, we don't show proper appreciation.
If we do print them, the paper is filled with junk.
Like as not some fellow will say we swiped this from an exchange.
So we did.—Exchange.
"Amen and Amen!"—Ed. Babblar.

JNO. L. RAINEY FILLS PULPIT

Preaches Sunday Morning and Night, Nov. 16, 1924, at This Place

"WALKING WITH GOD"

Is Thought of Morning Sermon. Night Theme: "Jesus the Great Reconciler." He Meets All Qualifications

"CALLS FOR PEACE"

John L. Rainey filled the pulpit at David Lipscomb College on Sunday and Sunday night, November 16, 1924. He delivered two very impressive sermons in a very impressive manner. The Sunday morning sermon was regarding Companionship With Christ, or Walking With God. The text used was Psalms 1. That man can walk with God was shown from Scriptural quotations. In every walk of life the Christian has a companion—an unseen guest. Old Testament people had God for a companion; the present generations have Christ for a companion.
Accounts were given of Enoch and Noah, characters who walked with God. Gen. 5:24 gives a short biography of Enoch. Yet in that sets forth a principle about which centers much importance. The clause, "and he died," which followed biographies preceding Enoch's was discontinued, for the faith of Enoch caused God to translate him. Noah walked very closely with God—did all that God commanded him. Elijah of old stood alone with God. The point made in this connection was that it is yet possible for man to walk with God.

Certain requirements must be met before God accepts one as a companion. God's way must be pre-eminent in all things. The walking must be "after the spirit," by the "gospel rule" and "in the light." Christ promises later that they shall walk with him "in white." The lesson was closed with Whittier's words.

(Continued on page 2.)

LAST MONTH'S HONOR ROLL

Shows Fifty-Six from College and Thirty-Six from the High School

The Honor Roll for the month ending November 8 shows an increase over that of the preceding month. The requirement for admission to the Honor Roll is the presence of three A's on the student's grade card.

Honor Roll for College:
Myrtle Baars, Lorena Barber, Anne Beasley, Alice Blair, Dorothy Breeding, Lillie Mae Brown, Gladys Bryson, Marie Caldwell, Nell Carver, Hazel Dennison, Jewell Edmondson, Robert Fox, Eleanor Frazier, Lady C. Gaither, La Nelle Goodwyn, James Greer, Ethel Hardison, Jimmie Ruth Harrell, Ray Harris, Ennis Hughes, Erlene Harville, Clayton James, Bernard Johnston, Miriam Jones, Nannie Dunn Jones, George Kinnie, Andrew Mason, Maudie Morgan, Louise McAbee, Thelma McMan, Louise Northern, Lucy Owen, Frank Perry, Mamie Russell, Lorine Sims, E. G. Smith, Pearl Smith, Thelma Soyars, Herman Taylor, Robert Terry, Mary Tittle, Franklin Thomas, A. Fee Thomas, Leslie G. Thomas, Robert Thurman, Ruth Underwood, Roy Vaughan, Owen White, Joyce Whitelaw, Coral Williams, Allen Wood and Walter Campbell.

Honor Roll for High School:
Marie Brinkley, Lillian Burton, John Clifford, Ronald Clements, Edward Craddock, Oscar Crisman, Ollie Cuff, Kathryn Cullum, Luther Deacon, Forrest Deacon, Harold Deacon, Basil Hall, Lila Eugenia Hammer, Corinne Harwell, Ruth Hayes, Lillian Hertzka, Armstrong Jones, John P. Lewis, Sam McFarland, Gerald Montgomery, Frances Neely, Harriette Orndorff, Dixie Owen, Clyde Pruett, Nellie Potts, Enola Rucker, Fred Scott, Hooper Scott, Ruth Tallman, Richard Tallman, Elmer Taylor and Thomas Little.

WAYLaid IN THE MAIL

Dear Mother: I am writing you to explain the grades on my report card. I am glad that I have no "A's," for that means AWFUL. I really would be ashamed to have a "B," which means BAD. You can see then why I am so proud of the "C's," which signify CORRECT. The two "F's" I have are for FINE. So you see, Mother, my report is one of which you can be justly proud.
Your studious and loving daughter,
F. L.
—Exchange.

Question!
What act of heroism has the editor of The Babblar performed that merits the "dear" which students have been prefixing to his name?

FORENSIC ACTIVITIES TO BE ENLARGED THIS YEAR

Debates Will Be Local, Yet Plans Are Made for an Extensive Program. Committees Have Been Appointed and Are at Work Planning Campaign. List of Debaters Speaks Well for David Lipscomb College

REGULATIONS ARE AMENDED

Student Council Sees Fit to Make Additions to Certain Regulations of School Life

Since the last report of the activities of the Students' Council, several amendments have been adopted by the Council and passed upon by the student body and faculty. Circumstances arise which call for added restrictions, as the original constitution does not cover every phase of student life.

Amendments adopted to date are:
1. No extra electrical appliances shall be used after ten o'clock at night.

2. No profanity or discourteous language in any form shall be tolerated.

3. Except in cases of sickness, no dishes or table ware shall be taken from the dining room.

4. All students are expected to abide by the spirit of the by-laws and constitution.

5. No promiscuous trespassing on the girls' campus is allowed.

6. Playing on the campus is prohibited until three o'clock in the afternoon.

7. All male high school and college boarding students are expected to become members of one of the two young men's literary societies within one month after matriculation.

8. Throwing water from room to room, from windows, or in the halls of the dormitory is forbidden.

9. No rule of the faculty shall be violated.

10. A committee of three men—one selected by the student body, one by the faculty, and one by the Council—shall nominate candidates for the Student Council. This Council shall be elected one week before the expiration of the fall and winter term.

Due to a vacancy made in the Council by the resignation of George Warren, the boys of the student body met in mass meeting Tuesday night, November 11, to fill the vacancy. Three men were nominated for the position—Sam McFarland, Homer Dudley and Hooper Scott. After a second ballot Sam McFarland was elected and immediately began his duties as councilman.

Students are co-operating in good form with the Council, and life at Lindsay Hall is very pleasant. Regulations are being complied with to the letter. Professor Priestley, chairman of the Council, reports the work of the Council after each meeting. His method of reporting is now the calling of names of offenders from chapel platform.

EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT APPEARS IN PROGRAM

Splendid Selection of Short Stories Given by Students of Expression. Much Talent and Preparation Are Manifested in Presentation of Program

SOCIETIES PLAN JOINT PROGRAM

To Be Given Monday, November 24, 1924. Program to Feature Thanksgiving Numbers

The four literary societies in joint program have prepared for Thanksgiving numbers to be given Monday evening, November 24, at 8 o'clock. The program consists of the following numbers:
Song by societies, led by Elmo Phillips.
Devotional, President Boles.
Violin solo, Gwendolyn Moss.
Thanksgiving reading, Harriette Orndorff.
Vocal quartette, Emerson Simpkins, Harvey Phillips, James Greer, Homer Dudley.
Piano solo, Toline Russell.
Jokes, C. J. Garner.
Music, College Band.
Vocal solo, Maudie Morgan.
Thanksgiving story, Frances Phillips.

"Courtship of Miles Standish"—Prologue, Frances Greenlee; Miles Standish, Walter Campbell; John Alden, Roy Vaughan; Priscilla, Eleanor Frazier.

Hail, Kappa Nu!

Hail, Sappho!

We're for you, Kappa Nu!

The forensic program which David Lipscomb College has been adhering to for some years past will be continued this year with some few changes. The student body in chapel meeting, November 18, voted to continue the debates with various schools and colleges.

Forensic Activities to Be Local
The contract for triangular colleges, David Lipscomb, Abilene and Harper, has expired and will in all probability not be renewed, as it is thought best to confine forensic activities to places nearer home. The expenses for such debates have been very great; each of the three colleges stands for the same principles and know of each other. In order to advertise D. L. C. in other colleges—colleges in Tennessee chiefly—the debates this year will be confined to Tennessee schools and colleges.

Forensic Committee Appointed
Another distinct feature of the forensic program is the separation of the high school from the college. Committees have been appointed, one to arrange with high schools for debates with David Lipscomb High School, and the other to arrange for debates between this and other colleges.

President Boles, chairman of the College Forensic Committee, appointed Herman Taylor, George Kinnie, James Camp, Leslie Thomas and Myrtle Baars for members of the committee. This committee has sent letters to colleges asking for debates. Among these colleges are Burrill at Spencer, Bryson at Fayetteville, and T. P. I. at Cookeville. Others will be added as the committee sees fit.

The High School Forensic Committee, with A. G. Freed as chairman and H. C. Hale, John P. Lewis, Gerald Montgomery, George Warren and Elmer Taylor as members, will send challenges to high schools for debates. No set rules for debates have been discussed, but details will be worked out and questions framed by a special committee. President Boles has appointed a committee with R. P. Cuff as chairman, and Clayton James, C. J. Garner and Sam Tatum as members, to work in conjunction with the other committee for arranging and drafting questions for discussion.

Probable List of Debaters
David Lipscomb College stands well equipped for a broad forensic schedule this year. There will be quite a list of men to try out for the different teams. Among the probable debaters from the college department are James Camp, Clayton James, Walter Campbell, Sam Tatum, Roy Vaughan, Clarence Garner, Herman Taylor, Leslie G. Thomas, Earl Pullins, John Hovious, Henry Carter, Ennis Hughes, Merwin Gleeves, George Kinnie, Conrad Copeland, Leslie Carver and Bruce Crowley.

The first public entertainment of the year was given by the Expression Department Monday evening, November 17, 1924. Harding Hall was well filled and all seemed to enjoy the splendid program, which consisted of eight short stories. The Expression Department is the largest special department in school and is steadily growing under the instruction of Miss Ora Crabtree.

The program presented Monday evening was as follows:
"Mr. Pottle on Pagentry," Harriette Orndorff.
"The Most Beautiful Dream in the World," Thelma Soyars.
"Handbook of Hymen," Joyce Whitelaw.
"Angeline at the Seelback," Thelma McMahan.
"They've All Got Something Wrong with 'Em," Lillian Burton.
"On Board the Victory," Martha Owen.
"Those Funny Little Pigtails," Mary Parker.
"The Land of the Blue Flower," Frances Greenlee.
Each number was well rendered, showing excellent talent and preparation.

"Common Sayings"
H. C. Hale: "You know full good and well."
Oma Morton: "I don't appreciate that."
La Nelle Goodwyn: "You're a dumb-bell."
John P. Lewis: "Now, then."

Thomas Tittle: "Brother Murphy, why does a fish have scales?"
Prof. Murphy: "So you can weigh him as soon as you catch him."

THE BABBLER

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BURLESQUE
GREEK LESSON

Given to Show the Point of View of Many Toward Ancient Language

By A. B.

Professor enters and raps on desk.
Professor: "Order, order!"
Tim: "I'll take a ham sandwich and a cup of coffee."

John: "I prefer ice cream and cake."

Professor: "Before we begin the Greek lesson let us take the roll."

Polly: "No one ordered a roll. How can you take it?"

Professor (calling roll): "Tim Tamer!"

Tim: "Professor, I couldn't come today."

Professor: "And why not, please?"

Tim: "I was absent."

Professor: "Let us proceed with the Greek lesson."

Tim: "Let me ask a question first. Do Greek adjectives of the Kappa declension reduplicate by prefixing epsilon to the end of each word."

Professor: "We'll come to that later, Jerry; decline the verb 'ago.'"

Jerry: "Agomen—agate—I goose ye." (Rams fist in Tim's side.)

Professor: "Good! Miss Sally, what is 'good gift' in Greek?"

Sally: "Don't know what a gift would be in Greek, but in America a watch, a pair of kid gloves, or a nice box of candy would make a good gift."

Professor: "Well, Jerry, what is the word for 'man'?"

Jerry: "Please, sir, he never gets a word."

Tim: "Professor, I'd like to ask another question. If a postpositive preposition comes at the first of a sentence, would the accent on the unaccented syllable be recessive?"

Professor: "Yes, the acquisition of all past tenses are liquidated and should be conjugated in the second system. Miss Polly, what is 'in the market place'?"

Polly: "Corn, beans, bacon and cabbage. On the north side was the table of shewbread, and on the south side was the golden candlestick."

Professor: "Fine. In what mood do we usually find 'horse'?"

John: "In a very contrary mood, sir."

Tim: "Professor, I'd like to ask another question. If the protasis has the subjunctive and the apodosis has the future indicative, should not the Methodists have their Epworth Leagues?"

Professor: "Assuredly. Can you tell me, Miss Polly, where the noun 'stratia' is found?"

Polly: "Yes, sir. In the dictionary. It can be found in a vertical column beneath the last footnote."

Jerry: "Professor, I don't understand the full conjugation of the noun 'Kuros.' Am I to gather that the principal parts 'Kuros', 'Kuroser' and 'Kurosest' represent probation, cohabitation and constellation, and that when used with his neuter predicate elide with a tense suffix?"

Tim: "I figure that in such case a postpositive noun should be alternated with a long ultima in order to form a compound relative adverb. But I want to ask a question. In case a nominative, accusative genitive is supplied by a subjunctive aorist of indirect discourse, should the enclitic retain its emphatic formation?"

Professor: "Who is ready to answer?"

Polly: "I don't think so, for a verb of the second declension is usually preceded by a conjunction of undoubted and ambiguous origin."

Professor: "Before we conclude the lesson let us recapitulate. What have we learned?"

Tim: "That the verb stems are not affected by the addition of a Greek paradigm to the preceding suffix, and that a review of the imperfect is formed upon the augmented present stem."

Professor: "Prepare next lesson."

Prof. Priestley: "What nation owns Samoa?"

Ethel Nash: "Some more what?"

"SECOND COMING OF CHRIST"

(Continued from page 1.)

for two years they kept their children out of school. The set day was spent in worship, but no Christ came. He remodeled his theory then and set a new date, this time 1918. The war came on and Russell prophesied the Battle of Armageddon and the coming of Christ at the end of the war. The war ended and Christ did not come. Russell was succeeded by Judge Rutherford, author "Millions Now Living Will Never Die." They have now set 1925 as the time of Christ's second coming. "These theories," Mr. Wallace said, "are speculative and the originators are either ignorant, dishonest or infidels. As to when Christ is coming, men do not know; angels do not know, Christ Himself does not know. Only God knows. (Matt. 24:36.)"

In answer to the question, "How is He coming?" several quotations were given. He is coming as He went away (Acts 1:11); He is coming with clouds (Rev. 1:7); He is coming in flaming fire and with His angels (2 Thes. 1:7, 8); He is coming in the glory of His Father (Matt. 16:27); and He is coming unexpectedly (1 Thes. 5:1, 2).

There has been much speculation as to what will happen when Christ comes. Some have said Christ will reign for a thousand years. Brother Wallace disputed this claim and presented very clearly proof that when Christ comes the Kingdom will be delivered up to the Father and no millennium follow the coming. Also, when Christ comes the living will be changed and the dead raised; the living shall be caught up in the air; the elements shall melt; a new heaven and a new earth shall appear; the dead shall all be raised and the judgment take place. Brother Wallace gave exhortation to all to be ready for the coming, as no one knows when He shall appear.

JNO. L. RAINEY
FILLS PULPIT

(Continued from page 1.)

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, it might have been." An invitation was extended.

Brother Rainey's Sunday night sermon was concerning "Jesus, the Great Reconciler." Reconciliation would not have been needed had there not been a separation. This separation took place in the Garden of Eden and required the coming of the Christ, who became mediator between God and fallen man. Christ was the mediator of a new and better covenant enacted upon better promises. His blood speaks better than that of Abel. The blood of Abel cried from the ground for vengeance; the blood of Christ cries from Mount Calvary for peace.

The qualifications for such a mediator or reconciler Brother Rainey stated to be five:

(1) A knowledge of the cause of separation between God and man. Christ possessed this knowledge as He was present at creation and was familiar with Old Testament Scripture.

(2) A relationship between both parties. Christ was human and divine—as divine as His Father and as human as His mother.

(3) A knowledge of the lives of the estranged parties. Christ was present with God in eternity and lived with man for a third of a century.

(4) A state of richness and poverty. Christ was rich with the Father, and upon earth was so poor He had no home and was buried in a borrowed tomb.

(5) A temptation such as is common to man. Christ had these necessary qualifications and was and is therefore the Great Reconciler between God and man. His terms of reconciliation are given in His word and must be complied with by man.

A TOAST

By HAZEL DENNISON

To the Kappa Nus all over the land,
Who have organized this society and worked hand in hand,
Here's to the bravery, fidelity and worth,
Their dear smiling faces and hearts full of mirth.

The girls of the society are generous and true,
Lifting the fallen, giving help where it's due.
Whatever their trouble, be it great or small,
Not a shadow of it on you will fall.

Here's to the teachers who unflinchingly have stood
By the side of these girls of true sisterhood.
Here's to their faithfulness and comradeship true,
And deeds of kindness not a few.

Here's to the Kappa Nu and for all that it stands,
Keeping in touch with others o'er the land.
We honor them all, and lest we forget,
We're safe in saying they're a jolly good set.

Brother Stroop: "What is the best conductor of electricity?"

Coral: "Why—er."

Brother Stroop: "Correct."

Elmo: "I wish I could revise the alphabet."

Myrtle: "Why?"

Elmo: "I could get 'u' and 'i' closer together."—The Optimist.

Priestley (in Bible class): "What did the rainbow which Noah saw mean?"

Karl King: "It ain't gonna rain no more!"

Clayton James: "How did you get that cut on your head, Fox?"

Fox: "Must ha' bit myself."

James: "But how could you bite yourself up there?"

Fox: "Must ha' stood on a chair."

CLUB ACTIVITIES VERY
RIFE THE PAST WEEK

(Continued from page 1.)

editor; Hazel Dennison, Kappa Nu editor; Allen Wood, Lipscomb editor; Andrew Mason and Leo L. Boles, sport editors; Sam McFarland, high school editor.

Look out for Middle Tennessee!

"David Lipscomb! We are here!"

The W. W. Club Organizes
Saturday afternoon a new club was organized by the students from White and Warren Counties. To avoid discussion as to which county, White or Warren, should come first in the name of the club, they simply named it W. W., leaving every one free to call the one first which they wished.

The club was organized principally for athletic purposes, but it will probably be heard of also in other fields of activity.

The following officers were elected:

James Camp, President.
James Boles, Vice President.
Dorothy Breeding, Secretary and Treasurer.

Andrew Mason, Editor.

The members of the club are: Misses Dorothy Breeding, Gertrude Russell, and Coral Williams, and Messrs. James Camp, James Boles, Allen Wood, William Brown, Andrew Mason, Leo Boles, Graves Williams, Bruce and Damon Crawley, Clyde Hale, Robert Thurman, Roger Russell, Ellis Walker, Henry Carter and Ed Hamilton.

Miss Breeding is an advanced student in the college and is also one of its teachers; Mr. Wood is Lipscomb editor of the "Babbler"; Mr. Boles and Mr. Mason are sport editors of the "Babbler"; and all the members of the club take a leading part in the school activities.

Royal Order of Lone Celibates

Rather incidentally met four brave knights of Lindsay Hall on Saturday night, November 15, 1924, to discuss plans for promoting the general welfare of the boys from a social viewpoint. Not that these knights are of the kind who shun the fairer sex, but because of lack of initiative they banded into a royal order of lonely celibates. None are of the age at which men are called by the obnoxious epithet of "old bachelors," yet Clyde Hale was chosen as grand bachelor. In his acceptance speech he made clear that his interest would therefore be toward the point where men cease to be Royal Celibates. John P. Lewis was chosen because of his bachelor-like qualities as vice grand bachelor and made an acceptance speech so interesting and appreciative that Herman Taylor rocked himself to sleep on the spring bed upon which he had prostrated himself. Only two members remained, so Herman Taylor was chosen as chief bachelor scribe and Roy Vaughan as bachelor host and housekeeper.

Not a member failed to secure an office, and not an office failed to be well filled. Grand bachelor Hale set forth the purpose of the four as being a steady onward rush in making most of present opportunities while so many people fail because of faint heart. Hence, the adoption by the four of the motto, "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," and the flower, bachelor's button.

Other members may be taken in upon their compliance with initiatory rites and upon a promise to uphold the dignity of the four charter bachelors. Nothing was said in the first meeting regarding dates, but it is considered by the four to be best for the pupil to associate as much as possible with the fairer sex, so as to curtail the present enormous supply of old bachelors and at the same time diminish the rapidly increasing number of old maids. Chief host Vaughan promises well to take care of the situation and thus be an aid to others who may feel slight embarrassment when brought face to face with the grim realities of the social world.

APPEARANCE OF
ANOTHER CLUB

Five Girls Band Together and Call Organization "J. U. G."

Club

On Friday, October 17, five girls met in the Sun Parlor on the second floor in Avalon Home and formed what is known as the J. U. G. Club.

Now, these girls intend to stick together and be as one, as they have thus far done. Probably every one knows the members, as you never see one unless you see the five, but will name them here: Frankie Charleston, Skeesex Broome, Chris Martin, Gene Thomas, and Tommie Dickerson.

Most of all of the clubs have a president, but this one is an exception to the rule. No rules were written, because every member understands and loves each other. It was mutually agreed that no other person should join this club.

These members are to meet once every two weeks, the first meeting being given over entirely to business, while the other one is for the big feast, where we will have lots to eat and heaps of fun.

Our rules are to divide all eats, have a good time no matter where you are, keep secrets, be a good sport and try to love at least one person. The last rule is especially easy for us to do, as we are already loving one another.

We are just wondering how one would recognize Gene if she wasn't talking of Ambrose—and Frankie if she wasn't a typical 1925 flapper—and Skeesex if she wasn't writing notes to A. B.—and Chris if she was quiet for two minutes—and Tommie if she wasn't always eating.

—CLUB ED.

Le Nelle: "Maggie, have you swept under the bed?"

Joyce: "Yes, everything."

"MELODRAMA OF SADNESS"

By CLARKE and WOOD

PROLOGUE

To the Dear Public: In the gym of D. L. C., where ball is wont to be played, scenes take place that us human beings has yet attempted to portray. And now, filled with a burning desire to make a real contribution to present learning of the world, we, with above mentioned desire, and without hope or wish of any personal publicity or glory, very meekly and humbly bequeath the following to our posterity:

INTRODUCTION TO FIRST STRUGGLING EPITOME

Balcony filled with deranged spectators earnestly and anxiously awaiting the fray. Among those, Prof. Cuff, eagerly watching door for small figure.

Bill Mason, with wonderful foresight, arranging two chairs in secluded corner.

Elmo frantically and sadly pacing the floor.

Stampeding Buffalo team now enters, clad in armor of mail decorated in panarama of brilliant colors to warm up for rapid contest of basket ball.

Electrified rooters mischievously squeal: "Irish taters, sweet taters all over their lip."

Buffaloes, Buffaloes, Zip! Zip! Zip!

Roaming wampus cats now take position clad very nearly like galloping buffaloes except their pearl earrings and lavaliers.

Their rooters extemporaneously squall:

"Feed 'em pork chops!
Feed 'em zip.
Whampus cats, Whampus cats,
Slipity hip! Meow!"

Referee's whistle fractures dim silence.

Bill Brown seizes ball, glances into balcony, hurls said ball through gymnasium window. Parham attempts to scratch head, collapses and is internally injured, but displaying matchless courage, refuses to quit game. Gets much sympathy from supporters.

Ball returned. Boles secures ball, reveals beautiful form. Casts ball at goal; on missing, dogmatically expostulates that goal dodged.

Burford dribbles down court, treads on banana peel, hits floor.

Burford: "Mr. Referee, he tripped me."

Referee: "Continue the rapid struggle."

Burford: "I'm captain of this team, am I not?"

Referee calls foul for delaying rapid contest.

Whistle again fractures atmosphere.

Prof. Cuff has found small figure and monopolizes chairs which Mason so carefully arranged. Seems to be hugely entertaining himself.

Mason, however, occupies box seat on stairway and persuasively converses with his companion. In the meantime Elmo has succeeded in finding the object of his affection. They decide to take seats, but the chair being absent, Myrtle suddenly takes seat on floor. Peals of laughter from spectators.

Serpent dance led by Oma Morton and Ennis Hughes amidst thundering applause takes place on court. Leading couple draws many flattering remarks from audience.

Oma: "I hope Hazel is looking at me."

Hughes: "I hope Roy Johnson is looking at me."

Second Struggling Epitome

Once more awe-inspiring scene of mighty warriors waging terrific battle is before our eye balls.

J. Boles retrieves ball and not unlike a steam engine charges down floor. In onrush Page's thumb is wounded. Boles passes to Fox, who stoops and drops ball in goal.

Fifteen zips heard above for "Shorty" Fox, led by Mr. Dixon and Miss Sims.

Brown, like Romeo of old, gets ball at risk of life, only to hurl ball through window.

This dissatisfies Boles, who protrudes lower jaw, much to fear and dismay of supporters.

Bell clangs and struggle ceases.

Teams congregate about Ophelia Jones, score keeper, inquiring about score. Boles rejects score, maintains that said Jones has been taking nap. This gives Jones a "Payne."

Spectators slowly file down stairway. Uncommon quiet and pallor overspread court. House is now empty except for Mason, who has to be informed by Brother Boles that the game is now over.

"Of course other couples were in their places, But we only portray the most desperate cases."

Epilogue

The setting sun is disappearing below the horizon, but its golden shafts still pierce the sky. The day is almost done. To us it has been a milestone along the melancholy trail of life—a day in which a gigantic task has been attempted, and we feel, though compassed by our human limitations, that this daring attempt has not resulted in total failure. No more the sun is seen. The shafts one by one have been plucked away by an unseen hand. The day is done.

"Othello died upon a kiss."
Fatal medicine!
(Boys, beware.)

Passenger: "What makes this train so slow?"
Conductor: "If you don't like it, get off and walk."

Passenger: "I would, only I'm not expected until train time."

Prof. Cuff: "Certain students were not here for the last monthly tests. Mr. Crawley, you were not here—any excuse?"

Crawley: "Yes, sir, I was absent."

Dodd: "What do you think counts most in this world?"

Gleaves: "The adding machine."

"POET'S CORNER"

By CLAYTON L. JAMES
"WORK AWAY!"
L. C. J.

Work away and build a stone
That shall stand when you are gone.
Ask not if others see
The meaning of your masonry.

Polish the gun and dig the well,
For what? For whom? I cannot tell
The stone may mark a boundary line,
The well may flow, the gun may shine.

It is reward enough for you
To polish them well and set them true.
Of the future, no one can tell
Work fellow students and so farewell.

"IF"

L. C. J.

If when the evening shadows fall
around me,
I can look into my soul and say:
I have been true to the best that is in me,
And have lived as I should live today.

I will be glad though difficulties press upon me

And doubt and grief oppress and weigh my soul,

And felt that some time, though the way be weary,

I yet may reach a noble, long-sought goal.

For beauty, I am not a star;
Many far handsomer there are,
But my face, I don't mind it,
For I'm behind it.

It's those in front I jar.

FAMILIAR LINES

The boy stood on the burning deck
His fleece was white as snow;
He stuck a feather in his hat,
John Anderson, my Jo!

"Come back, come back!" he cried in grief,
From India's coral strands,
The frost is on the pumpkin and
The village smithy stands.

Am I a soldier of the cross
From many a boundless plain?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
Where saints immortal reign?

Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon
Across the sands o' Dee.
What is so rare as a day in June—
My country 'tis of thee!

Of all sad words of tongue and pen,
We're saddest when we sing,
To heard the lion in his den—
To set before the king.

Hark! from the tomb a doleful sound,
And Phoebeus gins arise;
All mimsy were the Lorigrouse
To mansions in the sky.
—My apologies to the muses.

If an S and I and an O and a U,
With an X at the end spell See,
And an E and a Y and an E spell I,
Pray what is a speller to do?

Then if also an S and an I and a G
and an H E D spell cide,
There's nothing much left for a speller to do

But to og and commit siouxe yesighed.

—ANONYMOUS.

"I'm having a rattling time," said the dog with a can tied to his tail.

"Many a woman is born to blush unseen"—a colored woman.

"Turning points in life"—street corners.

Motto of a man who doesn't pay his debts, "Never give up."

PHRASEOLOGY OF LIFE.

Information, speculation, fluctuation, ruin.

Dissipation, degradation, reformation or starvation.

Application, situation, occupation, restoration.

Concentration, enervation, nerve prostration, a vacation.

Destination, country station, nice location, recreation.

Explanation, observation, fascination—a flirtation.

Trepidation, hesitation, conversation, simulation.

Invitation, acclamation, sequestration, cold libation.

Stimulation, animation, inspiration, new potatoes.

Demonstration, agitation, circulation, exclamation.

Decoration, acceptance, osculation, sweet sensation.

Exultation, preparation, combination, new relation.

Is the phraseology of life.

HA! HA!

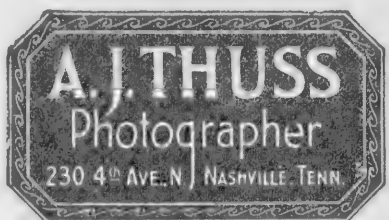
ECONOMICS

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KAPPA NUS AND SAPPHOS
CLASH TOMORROW NIGHT

First Game of Series for Loving Cup to Be Staged in Gymnasium Saturday Night. Both Teams Are in Good Trim. Interesting Contest Is Predicted

In the tense autumn air the muffled shouts of students may be heard in the gymnasium. The referee's whistle blowing at irregular intervals and the swift pounding of rubber-shod feet on the hardwood floor all bear witness of the immense preparations and strenuous workouts that the Kappa Nu squad and the Sapphoan quintet are daily going through with.

Coach Priestley has been working hard with the two teams and declares that both are in the best possible condition for the initial contest for the "Jordan" cup, which contest is to take place tomorrow (Saturday, November 22) night. This cup is to become the property of the society that first wins the series three times. The Kappa Nus won the first of the series, having last year won from their sister society 3 to 2 in a hotly contested series. Both teams this year are strong and only time can tell what the outcome of the contest will be.

The probable line-up for the opening whistle Saturday night follows:

Sapphoan: Landers, Barber, Kinzie, Morgan, and O'Neal or Edmondson.

Kappa Nu: Goodwyn, Soyars, Dixon, Beasley, Lewers, Owen, Williams and Bains.

Boost the Kappa Nu Team!

Boost the Sappho Team!

Yell for your team!

"A BOOKSHELF TALE"

"Wee Willie Winkle," a very curious little boy, lived in a "Hamlet" near the famous "Robinson Crusoe." Wee Willie's uncle, "Julius Caesar," had told him so many exciting stories that he decided one day to run away and duplicate "Gulliver's Travels." He bought what he needed from "The Merchant of Venice" at "The Old Curiosity Shop."

He slipped down the street and into "The Little Minister" and missed being caught only by "The Rape of the Lock." He hid behind the garden wall. He soon heard voices and on investigation found "Romeo and Juliet" in the garden. But he did not fear them, for he knew love was blind.

On the "Twelfth Night," while making a regular "Pilgrim's Progress," he came to "The Deserted Village." In the dead silence of the night he heard the cry, "Excelsior." He thought of "The Skeleton in Armor." He shook off his fears and said, "Pippa Passes," but alas! it was only "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere" that had caused the disturbance.

A few more miles of travel brought him to "The Village Blacksmith." Wee Willie asked where he might obtain work, and the blacksmith told him of "The Building of the Ship." Next he must find a boarding place.

He walked down "Main Street" until he came to "The House of Seven Gables" in front of which was "The Marble Faun." Here he secured a room and soon fell in love with "Maud Muller," the daughter of the house.

Now this was Wee Willie's first love affair, but he was not as ignorant as one might expect, for he was familiar with "The Courtship of Miles Standish." He was a fluent speaker and could tell in an interesting way, "How the Old Horse Won the Bet." In fact, he was "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

One fateful day he took "Maud Muller" riding in the "One Horse Shay." He had planned a joyful occasion, but alas! it proved a "Last Occasion," for Wee Willie discovered that Maud was a "Deerslayer," and now according to Wee Willie, "Love Lies A-Bleeding." He had not been a successful "Philaster."

We're for you, Sappho!

Kappa Nu! Kappa Nu!

Sappho! Sappho!

Rah! Rah! Kappa Nu!

Rah! Rah! Sappho!

Win, Kappa Nu, Win!

Win, Sappho, Win!

ATHLETIC
SCHEDULE
FOR YEAR

Committee Sets Time for Athletic Contests at D. L. C. Rules Regarding Contests Given

The society athletic committees of D. L. C. have met and arranged a schedule of all athletics for the entire year. The principal sports in D. L. C. are basketball, baseball and tennis. After some discussion, however, it was decided that volleyball should be added to these this year.

The boys' schedule follows:

Basketball

Inter-society basketball among the boys will not begin until after the Christmas holidays. The first game is to be played on Saturday night, January 17, 1925. One is to be played on each succeeding Saturday night until one team has won three games. This will determine the championship for the year.

Volleyball

Contests in volleyball will probably begin on the Saturday night following the last basketball game. This is not absolutely fixed, however. By agreement of the captains, these games may be played at other times than Saturday night. The team that wins two games out of three gets the championship in this sport.

Baseball

The first baseball game shall be played on Tuesday, April 7, 1925, if it doesn't rain. A game shall be played on each following Tuesday until three games have been played. Two games out of these three determines the championship. In case any game is rained out, the managers and captain shall agree on the earliest possible date for the playing of this game.

Tennis

Society tennis will probably begin on May 5. These tennis games shall be played on successive days, if the weather permits. Each society shall have two tennis teams. Each of these teams shall play the two of the other society, which will make four matches. Another match shall be played by a picked team from each society. This makes five matches in all. Two out of three sets shall constitute the first four matches, and three out of five shall constitute the last match. The society winning three out of these five matches secures the championship.

The date for any contest may be changed by agreement of the teams, captains and managers.

Boost your team Saturday night!

Be loyal!

Kappa Nu!

"AN ODE TO
JUNIOR COLLEGE"

Oh, Junior, please listen to me. I'm not teasing; it's just a plea. The Seniors will tell you, no doubt, just what it's all about. It's funny why they call you green; it's ridiculous and simply mean. The best student in a school is often enviously called a fool. Don't worry, Juniors—weep no more. Study hard, and don't get sore. Play the game and defend your school; then I am sure that they will not call you a fool. There's English, trig, and Latin too. But, listen kids, it's no bugaboo. Don't let them get the best of you. Simply answer back as if you knew. There's four long years that's simply—heck, buried in trig up to your neck. But don't forget, and keep in mind that D. L. C. diplomas will be very fine. Now listen, Juniors; take a Senior's advice. There's never a good without a price. Think hard, and maybe scratch your head. But now I'll stop—nuff said.

According to One's Outlook

Roy Selby: "Lookout the bunny!"
J. G. Hunter: "See the rabbit!"
Alex Burford: "Notice the animal!"
Clayton James: "Observe the quadruped!"

"Giggle, gaggle, gobble and git" is a historic sentence of old and excellent wit.

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STUDENT SEES NIAGARA FALLS

Interesting Description Is Given of One of the Wonders of the World

By Homer McKelvey

I am sure that many of the readers of the Babblers have not had an opportunity of seeing Niagara Falls. I had the pleasure of seeing it in August and thought that a description of it would be of interest to the readers of the Babblers.

The Indian meaning of the name is "Thunderer of Waters." By means of the wonderful trolley system encircling the gorge, it is possible to visit every point of interest. This system, for a distance of over twenty miles, continually presents to the eye an ever-changing panorama of wonderful scenery. Human mind can conceive nothing more marvelous than the grandeur of Niagara.

On our arrival from Buffalo we boarded a Niagara Belt Line car and were carried to the American approach of the great steel arch bridge, one hundred and ninety feet high, spanning the Niagara River a few hundred feet below the falls and over this remarkable structure to Canada. As the car slowly moves over the bridge, one of the grandest and most perfect views of the falls is gradually unfolded, and in its course for nearly one mile up the river on the Canadian side this magnificent view of the American and Horseshoe Falls is ever present to the eye, always from a new point of vantage, until the car reaches Table Rock, almost at the edge of Horseshoe Falls. At this place we got off and stayed about two hours. From this point may be seen the Canadian Rapids above the falls and the wild and plunging waters in the mad rush before leaping into the chasm. The height of the Canadian Falls is 150 feet; width, 2,450 feet; estimated volume of water passing over the falls, thirteen million cubic feet per minute.

We went in the tunnel that goes one thousand feet behind the falls. To see that great volume of water falling just a few feet away and to be struck in the face by the spray causes a sensation one cannot forget. We rode "The Maid of the Mist," the little boat that goes up to the falls from below.

The Canadian electrical power plants are located near Table Rock. These afford many interesting and instructive features. At Table Rock the car describes a loop and returns down the Canadian side of the river toward Queenston, skirting the brink of the cliff for a distance of nine miles, always within plain view of the river and gorge. On approaching the great railway bridges (Michigan Central Cantilever and the Grand Trunk Steel Arch), about two miles distant from the falls, the still waters of the lower river again become turbulent until the Whirlpool Rapids is reached. Continuing along the high bank a splendid view of the great whirlpool is obtained. Here the car stops at both terminals of the Aerial Cableway across the whirlpool. By taking the trip on the aerocar one is afforded a splendid close-up view of the whirlpool and surrounding scenery. The whirlpool covers sixty acres and is two hundred feet deep. The current of Whirlpool Rapids is twenty-seven miles per hour; depth, 150 to 200 feet. The course of the river at this point taking an abrupt turn, the quaint villages of Queenston and Lewiston loom into view, and the river on its way to Lake Ontario may be seen for several miles. On its way to Queenston Heights, the car passes the new hydro-electric power plant, and then a turn in the route suddenly reveals the magnificent panorama of the lower Niagara River and the surrounding country for miles to Lake Ontario.

At Queenston Heights may be seen the great monument 185 feet high erected to the memory of the British General, Sir Isaac Brock, who fell in battle here in the war of 1812. A gradual and easy descent from the Heights brings the car to the approach of the Lewiston Suspension Bridge. Here is the village of Queenston, and just across the suspension bridge is the village of Lewiston. These villages are at the head of navigation on the lower Niagara River and ports of call for steamers from Toronto. From here the car starts back, running close to the water's edge nearly all the way. This ride up the gorge is so wonderful in its scenic feature as to defy all description. A short time after leaving Lewiston the Devil's Hole is passed. This spot is prominent in the annals of Niagara frontier history, a British caravan and a company of soldiers being ambushed and massacred by the Indians in 1763, the entire company being driven over the cliff to death.

On the way up a closer view of the whirlpool is obtained, and at a turn in the river the rapids suddenly loom into view, churning, foaming, tossing and forming a scene that holds one spellbound with amazement, admiration and awe. This is one of the most striking spectacles of the visit to Niagara.

Soon Niagara with all its beauties sinks into restful dimness as the car pulls into the city of Niagara Falls. Niagara is truly one of the wonders of the world.

"Well I vow
I ain't got nuthin',
I never had nuthin',
I don't want nuthin'
'Cept you.
I ain't seen nobody,
I ain't loved nobody,
I ain't knowed nobody,
I ain't loved nobody,
That's true.
But if you'll love,
I'll love you.
If you want money
Though I won't do—
Cause I ain't got nuthin',
I never had nuthin',
And don't want nuthin'
'Cept you.

WARREN ARGUES HIS POINT

Says Sun is 2,700 Miles from Earth. Explains Eclipse of the Sun.

The sun is approximately 2,700 miles from the earth.

On March 21 and September 24, at the time of the equinoxes, the sun is directly over the equator in the same longitude as Bordeaux, France. Readers may draw an isosceles triangle A B S and C the mid-point of A B, the base.

Bordeaux is the point one-half way between Greenwich, England, and the equator (C) and is 23½ degrees north. The distance from Greenwich to the equator is 5,400 miles, or the distance from A to B, thus making the distance from C to B 2,700 miles.

Looking toward the sun at noon on a clear day and in a clear sky, when there is no refraction of light, it has been calculated that the sun's rays, B S, makes an angle of 45 degrees with the horizontal A B. Now if a perpendicular be dropped from the sun (or S) to the earth (or C), the mid-point of the horizontal A B, angle B C S, will be a right angle. Then the triangle B C S will be an isosceles right triangle. Since angle C B S is 45 degrees, angle B S C is 45 degrees. One geometric theorem states the sides of a triangle opposite equal angles are equal. From that we get B C equal to C S. Now B C is 2,700 miles long; and since B C is equal to C S, the distance of the sun from the earth must be 2,700 miles, approximately—surely not more. Q. E. D.

The Eclipse of the Sun

The Bible tells us that the sun travels. And its course is from one end of the heavens to the other. (See Ps. 19:4-6.) The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he ariseth. (Eccles. 1:5.) The sun does not really go down; it merely goes beyond our sight and appears that way. An aeroplane may appear to be landing in a distance, when in reality it is rising. It is obvious enough, and the Bible tells us that the moon travels and not the earth; so why should we Christians pay any attention to anything else.

When the moon is between the sun and the earth we have an eclipse of the sun. (But the critic will say: "Yes, but the earth rotates and eclipse only occur at certain intervals.") Let us calculate a little. On a race track we place a bicycle, an automobile and a motorcycle. Start them off at the same time. We notice they do not make the loop in the same length of time; but after making several loops they are in a line again and still traveling. The time during which the three are in a line could represent the sun, the moon and the earth. Hence we note a possibility of an eclipse of the sun and yet the sun and the moon be traveling. The sun and the moon travel in a circuit similar to a spider web, coming closer to the center each round, until they come within about 10 degrees of the center, and then they begin outward again. Hence, this accounts for the seasons, tides and six months' darkness and six months' light in certain places.

An eclipse of the moon is only some dark body between the earth and the moon.

MARKED HOBBIES OF LINDSAY HALL BOYS

Charles Smith—Tinkering with radio and electrical appliances.
George Warren—Arguing.
Harvey Phillips—Smiling.
Brown and Russell—Possum hunting.

Jackson—Sleeping.

Leslie Carver—Mimicing dog family.

Bruce Crawley—Studying college algebra.

Ellis Walker—Playing football.

Emmett Page—"Endeavoring to effect frequent communication with Home for Feeble Minded."

Greer and Montgomery—Early rising, disturbing much needed sleep of others.

Philip Parham—Eating.

Elmo Phillips—Asserting vocal organs.

John P. Lewis—Taking long and meditative walks on Granny White boulevard.

Clarence Garner—Traveling.

Campbell—Keeping late hours.

Ed. Bourne—Quarreling.

James Camp—Loyalty to civil laws.

Henry Carter—Disagreeing.

Allen Wood—Avoiding girls.

Andrew Mason—Hunting girls.

James Hollingsworth—Keeping silent.

Clayton James—Looking dignified and emitting flow of "high sounding" phrases.

Allen Harwood—Producing elegant and heart-rending melodies on saxophone.

Carl Pitts—Scuffling.

Alex Buford—Dictating.

George Kinzie—Going to town.

J. G. Hunter—Getting frequent shaves and haircuts.

Ikey Hooper—Looking pleasant.

Robert Fox—Immensely enjoying his own jokes.

Clyde Pruett—Trading.

Clyde Hale—Concealing mirth.

Bruce Finney—Visiting room of Wood and Mason frequently.

Owen White—Courtin' ladies.

Basil Hall—Keeping up with sport page.

Thomas—Studying French.

Jeewell Harville—"Pumping up."

Ennis Hughes—Asking questions.

Roy Johnson—Looking innocent.

Cullen Dixon—Constant use of solemn expression.

Harvey Dodd—Frequent visits to Smyrna.

Roy Selby—Removing food from dining-room preparatory to midnight feasts.

D. L. C.—1935

A New Corps of Teachers Carry On the Good Work

One hazy autumn afternoon, as I was lying across my bed, allowing my mind to wander into those unknown realms of the future, into which many try to delve, but with small success, I was gently wafted into a deep but troubled sleep.

As I slept, I dreamed; dreamed of the future; dreamed of the future of my alma mater, and if some of my present schoolmates and classmates, with whom I daily walk, talk and associate. This was my vision:

D. L. C. is now one of the leading four-year colleges of the South. It has added new courses, constructed modern buildings and installed convenient equipment, until students flock there from all parts of the United States. This success, however, is mainly due to two causes: One is the high standard of Christian life and character that the college has always held up to students, and the other is the very efficient corps of teachers who now guide and instruct the students through the tortuous pathway of school life.

In my vision I walked into the cozy little office of the new administration building, Elam Hall, and saw, sitting at his desk, Prof. Herman Taylor, Ph.D., President of the college. After a hearty handshake and a long talk over old times, he invited me to a faculty meeting. Here I received the surprise of my life, for the room was filled with familiar faces, even though they were older than when I had last seen them. It took me some time to go around the room exchanging greetings and renewing old acquaintances, but after about a half hour I finished.

The following is the faculty that I met:

Prof. J. Roy Vaughn, Ph.D., Vice-President of the College and principal of High School department.

Prof. Clarence Garner, A.B., head of the department of Bible.

Prof. Ennis Hughes, Ph.D., head of the department of English.

Prof. Leo L. Boles, B.S., Sc.D., head of Science department.

Prof. Bruce Crawley, Ph.D., head of Mathematics department.

Prof. Elmo Phillips, B.S., Social Sciences.

Prof. A. Cecil Clark, A.B., B.S., Sociology and Philosophy.

Prof. Leslie G. Thomas, Ph.D., head of Ancient Language department.

Miss Eleanor Frazier, A.B., Psychology.

Prof. James Camp, M.A., head of History department.

Prof. James H. Boles, A.B., B.S., head of Commerce department.

Miss La Nelle Goodwyn, A.B., head of Modern Language department.

Miss Joyce Whitelaw, A.B., Expression and Public Speaking.

Miss Mary E. Bains, A.B., Art.

Miss Myrtle Baars, A.B., Piano.

Miss Hazel Dennison, A.B., Associate Piano.

Miss Gwyndolyn Moss, A.B., Violin.

Miss Mildred Formby, A.B., Home Economics.

Miss Freda Landers, A.B., Associate Home Economics.

Mr. Steve Cave, Athletic Coach.

Mr. Joe McCanless, Band Director.

Mr. Taylor was just about to hire me on the faculty as assistant janitor, when my roommate woke me and told me to get up and write an article for The Babblers. This is the best I could do. "Bill."

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"THE RODEO"

By VIRGINIA DARE PEARSON

Peggie lived in a western county in Texas, but had been attending an eastern college for the last four years. She was known by her western friends as a stunt broncho rider and was better skilled in the use of her lariat than her teacher, her dad, of course.

She was expected to arrive on the 5 o'clock train and her dad and mother were at the station an hour before the train pulled in. To their great disappointment, Peggie wired that she had decided to stop with one of her college friends. They were very much surprised for they knew how eager she was to reach home after being away so long.

When they were within three miles of their home, they saw a cloud of dust coming in their direction. They recognized their riders and knew they were coming to meet Peggie. The riders came to a halt when they saw only the mother and father. The horses were brought close together and the men talked earnestly for a few minutes. Then a big, brawny fellow left the group and galloped to meet the newcomers. He was from Tanchor ranch and was known as "Big Jim." He and Peggie had known each other for some time and had corresponded all the time she was away. He was very much in love with this little blonde and had ridden some distance to meet her.

The parents told the news and explained it as best they could. The girl was a great favorite among the cowboys and especially was she admired and loved by her father's riders. They were disappointed because she did not come, but said little. They reined their horses toward the coral with doubtful shaking of the head. One said, "I was afraid that schooling would change Peggie and now I know it has."

Another answered, "We will know more about this," boys. I still believe Peggie is the good sport she was when she left."

"Well, it is the first time she has ever failed to do what she said she would."

All the preparations they had made for her home-coming were a mockery instead of talking of her, they changed the subject to the events that were to take place on the next day. This was to be an exciting time. It was the annual rodeo and everybody had been preparing for it for weeks. Each ranch, within certain limits, would be represented. The contests were numerous and showed that true sportsmen had planned the program. It consisted of shooting matches, riding and roping.

The day was ideal and the ranchmen made a striking picture in their elaborate garments. Their broad-brimmed Stetsons were decorated with bright-colored scarfs and blue steel and nickel flashed in the sun from the prominent scabbard at their hips. As they moved from place to place, their spurs, fastened on their boots, jingled and made music to a lover of the sport.

It was a restless, waiting crowd. The strain was hard on all but the tension was highest among the ones entering the contests. The ranch owners were also anxiously waiting to see what the end of the day would mean to his ranch.

The most noted figures were discussed by the crowd. "Big Jim" was there. Frank Cane from Lazy A (was coming. Bob Wake was there and could eat more ginger-cakes than he did when he won the title of "Ginger-Cake Bob." Wild Horse Phil could not ride this time. Many other familiar riders were talked about as they were seen mingling with the crowd or preparing for the races. The most puzzling rider was a young, slender, unknown figure that had registered for the last feat and then had disappeared.

Time passed quickly when the contests were begun. Soon they were calling for riders for the last ring. This was the event that every lady was the most interested in. They were to rope the cow, throw it, and tie it. They were crowding, pushing, trying to see the ones entering. Every hat was thrown high as "Big Jim" rode within the circle. He had won most of the victories of the day for Tanchor, and the neighboring ranchmen admired his skill and courage. They were preparing to see him win this also when the slender figure reappeared. Questions were asked about this stranger, but nobody could answer them.

The riders were mounted, the cows brought in, and every thing was ready for the final show-down. The ponies were stamping and restless. Finally they began to circle around the bunch of cattle. One lasso was thrown and missed. Then another. The next, one fell true, but the rope broke and the cow was freed. "Big Jim's" time had come and he whirled his rope. Everybody was breathless. "Jim" had waited for a good chance to catch the largest cow. This was a long-horned, spotted bull. He saw as the animal dodged and the rope fell on his back. The unknown cowboy was ready with his lariat and caught the cow as it whirled. The pony braced himself and 2,000 pounds of beef tumbled to the ground. The people whooped and then became very quiet as several cows were down and the tying was to begin. The stranger tied his so it could not move and stood up so the crowd could see that he had won by tying his first. They were cheering, applauding and yelling when he did the unexpected. He released his cow and as it rose, grabbed the long-horns and mounted. The steer was as much surprised as the people and stood still for a second. Then he began bucking and lunging. As he did this the rider's hat came off and the hair that had been concealed under the sombrero fell around his shoulders. "Big Jim" recognized Peggie and screamed. He dashed up beside her and just as the steer came to the ground he swung from his pony to the cow's back and both rode across the plains on the enraged animal. When they were firmly seated,

"BOBBY"

A Highland family of some dignity, but not rich means, had as visitors some English relations for the first time. Great was the anxiety and great the efforts to make things wear a respectable appearance before these assumedly fastidious strangers. The lady contrived to get up a very good dinner, but either from some defect in her set of servants or an indulgent disposition, she allowed her son, Bobby (a small boy), to be present instead of sending him to the nursery. But little was she aware of Bobby's power of torture.

Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bees collected treasurers sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but
sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude.
—Gray.

THE BABBLER

"What would this babbler say"—Acts 17:18

I've heard of hearts unkind, kind
deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning.
—Wordsworth.

Vol. 5

DAVID LIPSCOMB COLLEGE, NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER 5, 1924.

No. 5.

THANKSGIVING BANQUET WAS PLEASANT EVENT

FIRST GAME OF SERIES WON BY KAPPA NU TEAM

Emerges from Game Victorious by Score of 9-4. Game Characterized by Good Play and Intense Interest. Sapphos Down But Not Out

The first game of the Kappa Nu-Sapphonean series, played on the evening of November 22, resulted in a victory for the Kappa Nus by a score of 9-4. The game was characterized by fast play on the part of the teams and intense interest and enthusiasm on the part of the spectators. The balcony of the gymnasium was decorated on the one side with Kappa Nu pennants and colors and on the other side with the Sapphonean banners and colors. All was in preparation for the thrilling contest which followed.

Oh, the delectable ambrosia of victory! Oh, the bitter, bitter pill of defeat. When one is drunk the other must be swallowed. Victory and defeat go hand in hand. One is never found without the other. And so it was on Saturday night, November 22, in the first Kappa Nu-Sappho basketball game of the season. The Kappa Nus emerged from the game with their unstained banner raised on high, proclaiming their victory. But this was not the first victory that they have won. In years gone by they have been winners in many contests, and it is through these victories that they have learned the true sportsmanlike spirit. That has been and always will be a characteristic of D. L. C. girls. They harbor no ill-feelings nor do they fling any unkind taunts. Both winners and losers display a real ladylike and sportsmanlike attitude.

But what of the Sapphoneans? Although they were outplayed, one must not disparage the noble efforts that they exerted before they would bow their heads to the inevitable and acknowledge defeat. They were greatly weakened by the loss of Landers, who was out with a sprained ankle, but nevertheless they fought with the greatest degree of courage and determination until the last whistle had sounded the deathknell to their hopes of victory. Then and only then did they give up. They were beaten that time, but within them there still burns that old fighting spirit that they have always shown, siring them on and inspiring them to redeem their name from the slough of defeat and to yet reach greater heights of accomplishment in future contests.

The brilliant floor play of Dixon and the accurate goal-shooting of Beasley, both Kappa Nus, were two outstanding features of the game. But there was not a slacker on that team. Every member of the Kappa Nu quintet contributed her part to the glorious victory which they won. (Continued on page 2)

HOUSEWIFE'S PROBLEM IS NOW SOLVED

In Kappa Nu Debate Misses Brown and Blair Prove Worth of Dish-Pan

Recently the Kappa Nu Literary Society witnessed a very heated debate on a serious and important question: Resolved, "That the Rolling Pin is More Important in the Home Than the Dish-Pan." While the debaters were speaking a serious atmosphere prevailed throughout the room. The program committee was very thoughtful in deciding on the affirmative and negative speakers but after much deliberation they decided on Misses Lillie Mae Brown and Alice Blair for the negative, and Misses Annie Laura Alsop and Gladys Bryson for the affirmative. The judges of this debate were Misses Lucy Owen, Anne Beasley, and Pearl Smith. They rendered their decision in favor of the negative side. The affirmative's strongest point in the use of the rolling pin was that of keeping "Peace in the Family;" in this case the rolling pin was used only by the wife. The negative destroyed this argument on the grounds that it was brutal and the wrong means to any good end. Since the negative won the debate, their arguments will be given.

The first speaker, Miss Brown: "Honorable Judges, Kappa Nus and worthy opponents: I am going to prove to you that a Dish Pan is of more importance in the home than a rolling pin. This question has caused me many long hours of investigation and study. In view of all this I feel that what I have to say deserves your undivided attention."

"Now, there are many, many advantages of the dish pan. But I have confined my extensive study to the practical uses, and my colleague will show you many others."

"At the present time 'among most of us poor mortals' there is a crying need for economy. Let us spend money for nothing that we can get along without. And I mean to show you that people can live and die and be just as happy if they have never seen a rolling pin, because it is not an essential in housekeeping." (Continued on page 2)

TEXAS PAPER LAUDS BREWER

Charles R. Brewer, Noted Singer and Evangelist, Directs Fine Arts at Abilene

IS LEADING ARTIST

The Optimist Opines That Director Brewer Is One of the Leading Artists of Texas. Secured Education Under Difficulty

TAUGHT AT D. L. C.

Students of David Lipscomb College who remember Charles R. Brewer note with interest the account of his life as given in the Optimist of Abilene Christian College. Prof. Brewer was head of the Department of English in this institution from 1914 to 1922. Through courtesy of the Abilene Christian College News Service the following article, taken from the Optimist is printed:

Charles R. Brewer, Director of the Department of Fine Arts, is one of the leading exponents of the art of public speaking and expression in this section of the country. Students of the institution perhaps have not realized the class of artists that make up the Fine Arts Department of Abilene Christian College, or that Director Brewer is one of the leading artists of the department. His achievements are more remarkable when it is found that they were not attained with ease but that they have been accomplished by personal effort and energy.

Brother Brewer was born Jan. 17, 1890, in a two-room log cabin on a hillside farm in middle Tennessee. At the age of eight, Alabama became his home and for ten years he (Continued on page 2)

CLASS OF '24 IS LOCATED

Group of Twenty-Eight Members Is Busily Engaged in Various Activities

Of last year's senior class seventeen are teaching, two are preachers, five are students, one is a salesman, and one is in business for himself. Some have not been definitely located by the editor. Those located at present are as follows:

Beatrice Seibold is teaching in Scottsboro, Alabama.

Dot Neely is working with Life and Casualty Company of this city.

Mary Prater is teaching in White County, Tennessee.

Maidell Howell is teaching in Aubrey, Arkansas.

Irma Hooper is teaching in Atlanta, Georgia.

Ernestine McRae is teaching in Evergreen, N. C.

Joe Kid Brown is teaching in Benham, Ky.

H. J. Priestley, President of the class, is head of the Elementary Dept. at D. L. C.

Robert Key and Dulcie McDonald have not been definitely located as yet.

Barney Morehead and Tommie Leeper are teaching in Fountain Creek, Tennessee.

Clarence Young is attending Vanderbilt.

George Thorogood is attending Sewanee.

Smith Chambers is preaching in Florence, Alabama.

Mary Tittle, Dorothy Breeding, and Alois Herndon are teaching and continuing class work in David Lipscomb College.

Samson Lester is a teacher in Burritt College, Spencer, Tenn.

H. F. Pendergrass is preaching in Sherman, Texas.

Odell Ward is taking work in the Engineering Dept. of the University of Kentucky at Lexington.

Ruby Crutcher is at home at Lewisburg, Tenn.

Kate Gilbreath is taking work in Feabody College.

Clarence Garner is completing his third year's work in his Alma Mater.

O. S. Moser is teaching in North Carolina.

Russell Yowell is principal of the high school at Hillsboro, Tenn.

J. C. Greene is a traveling salesman for Williams Printing Company.

Howard Payne is in the mercantile business at Dunlap, Tenn.

Note to Alumni

The editor of the Babler wishes to get in touch with all alumni of D. L. C. All alumni are asked to send address and present occupation to the editor. It is especially desired to secure a list of students who have married students of this school. Any assistance in locating graduates of the institution will be appreciated.

"THE NATURE OF CHRISTIANITY"

Theme of Discourse Delivered Here by W. M. Yowell Sunday Morning, Nov. 23

ARGUMENTS ANSWERED

The Kingdom Grows from the Word of God into a Mighty Tree Whose Branches Extend to All Nations and Peoples

MUST PLANT EARLY

W. M. Yowell's discourse Sunday morning, November 23, was concerning the nature of Christianity. His text was taken from Matt. 13:31, 32. Prof. Yowell stated in his introduction that the reason so many people fail to appreciate Christianity is because they do not understand the nature of the kingdom. Much stress is placed upon faith, repentance, baptism, love, etc., to the neglect of proper teaching regarding the fundamental nature of Christianity.

According to the speaker's analysis, there are but two classes of opponents of Christianity: (1) Those who say that Christianity is too big for them; and (2) Those who say that Christianity is too little for them. Involved in this analysis is a fundamental principle of school life as well as of Christianity.

Mr. Yowell set out here to answer both classes of opponents by giving an analysis of Christianity. Some say they can't live up to Christianity and that the life of Christ is beyond reach of them. Others get beyond the pale of Christianity and reach the point where they consider Christianity too little for them. Answering these arguments, the kingdom was likened to an oak, grown from a small beginning to a grand tree whose roots (Continued on page 2)

SOPH HI IS LARGE GROUP

Class Numbers Thirty-Six, Representing Six States. Scott Is President

Previous issues of the Babler have carried the rolls of different classes of David Lipscomb College. According to agreement, the staff here presents the Sophomore High, the third largest class in school. All are talented young men and women. This group consists of thirty-six members, representing six states and Canada. The members are looking forward to a successful year's work, having elected Hooper Scott, President; Luther Deacon, Vice-President, and Miss Kathryn Cullum, Secretary-Treasurer.

The roll:
Vaden Allen, Cleveland, N. C.
Vernon M. Spivey, Nashville, Tenn.
Chester Estes, Halesville, Ala.
Sam Smith, Jr., Maurensville, Ala.
Forbus Harville, Moulton, Ala.
Jewell Harville, Moulton, Ala.
Ruby Garner, Bakersville, Mo.
I. L. Hooper, Marietta, Ga.
John A. Jackson, Semo, Ontario, Canada.

W. A. Rappolee, Denton, Ky.
Luther Deacon, Chaplin, Ky.
Kathryn Cullum, Nashville, Tenn.
Thomas Tittle, Murfreesboro, Tenn.
W. H. Corum, Castalian Springs, Tenn.
Jas. F. Hollingsworth, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Andy T. Ritchie, Jr., Madison, Tenn.
Marie Brinkley, Nashville, Tenn.
Harold Deacon, Nashville, Tenn.
O. B. Crisman, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Kurfess Pullias, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Hooper Scott, Nashville, Tenn.
Robert Neil, Brentwood, Tenn.
Lucile Hall, Nashville, Tenn.
Elizabeth Cullum, Nashville, Tenn.
Mary Anderson, Oneida, Tenn.
Enola Rucker, Nashville, Tenn.
Dixie Owen, Brentwood, Tenn.
Harold Beckwith, Nashville, Tenn.
Mildred Broome, Memphis, Tenn.
Harriette Orndorf, Nashville, Tenn.

Walter Stewart, Murfreesboro, Tenn.
Richie Mae Dean, Nashville, Tenn.
Chester Jones, Nashville, Tenn.
Horace Locke, Nashville, Tenn.
E. O. Agie, Nashville, Tenn.
Carl Pitts, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Roy Vaughn: "I have electricity in my hair."
Herman Taylor: "You ought to have. It is attached to a dry cell."

He: "Do you think you could learn to love me?"
She: "I'm afraid not."
He: "'Tis as I feared—too old to learn."

GIRLS ARE ENTERTAINED IN VERY ROYAL MANNER

Gymnasium of D. L. C. Is the Scene of Mighty Festivities. Delicious Three-Course Dinner Served and Special Programme Rendered

GEO. KLINGMAN TALKS TO THE STUDENT BODY

Noted Educator and Scholar Present at Chapel Period. Talks of the Bible

A recent visitor of note was George A. Klingman, who spoke at chapel period November 26, 1924. Mr. Klingman was for several years a teacher in Abilene Christian College and spoke very appreciatively of the spirit of interchange between that college and David Lipscomb College. His labors are now located in Toronto, Canada.

Mr. Klingman's lecture dealt principally with his thankfulness for one thing—The Bible. He mentioned the fact that many do not appreciate the Bible but at a school where it is taught and studied, respect for that Book grows. That this is true was demonstrated by a concrete example: A young man entered college where Mr. Klingman was teaching and asked to be relieved from taking a class in Bible. He was informed that he must either take a class in Bible or hunt another school. The young man reluctantly consented yet refused to buy a book. His interest began to grow and in a few days he came to the teacher and asked to be permitted to name the Books of the Bible.

That the visitor was a Bible student and scholar was evident to the student body. He told of his early training—how his earliest recollection was sitting at his mother's knee listening to Bible stories, practically all of which he could relate at the age of four; how he was sent off to the preacher for training, being confined and christened and spending seven years trying to find any authority for such practices as the confirmation and christening.

It is generally known especially among the brotherhood that Mr. Klingman is master of several languages. This can be better appreciated when one knows how he mastered these languages. Preparatory to this work he was told upon entering college at Lexington, Kentucky, that he would have to memorize all the New Testament and perhaps all the Old Testament. This work and continued application has (Continued on page 2)

USUAL WEST TENNESSEE SPIRIT IS MANIFESTED

In First Meeting Officers Are Chosen and Good Will Prevails. Clayton James Chosen President; Miss Goodwyn, Vice-President

DAY STUDENTS' ORGANIZATION

Group Promises Much Competition in Athletic Activities of the College Year

The day students assembled in Harding Hall Wednesday, November 26, for organization. Interest was strong among all the students. They plan to give other clubs in school some heated competition in basketball and tennis.

The following officers were elected:
President.....Emerson Simpkins
Vice-President.....Lois Cullum
Secretary.....Mary Moniffee
Treasurer.....Ernest Smith
Sergeant-at-arms.....Randall Martin
Athletic Managers.....Leo L. Boles
Editor.....Lillian Burton
Lucy Owen

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'I've flunked again.'"

Prayer of girls of Avalon Home:
"O Lord, give us clean hearts, pure hearts, and sweethearts."

Gwendolyn Moss: "Have you read 'Romeo and Juliet'?"

Toline Russell: "I have read 'Romeo,' and am thinking of reading 'Juliet' soon."

Latest in romance: Nellie Potts made answer in the affirmative to Mr. Hunter's question.

The gymnasium of David Lipscomb College was the scene of much merriment and feasting on the evening of Thanksgiving. The occasion was the annual entertainment of the girls by the boys of the institution. At eight o'clock on Thursday evening the jovial youths and maidens fair gathered for a happy time.

"Gym" Beautifully Decorated
The gymnasium was artistically decorated with school colors, purple and gold. Strips of paper hung from the framework of the building, meeting in the center of the basketball court. The baskets were wrapped in purple and gold. On each backboard was written in large letters the word "Welcome." There were four rows of tables, each extending the entire length of the room. On these were miniature turkeys (full-sized products being unavailable), fruits and candies. The souvenirs of the evening were tiny blue and pink baskets, filled with nuts. The boys were given the blue baskets, the girls received the pink ones.

Three-Course Dinner Served
A three-course banquet was the feature of the evening. The first course consisted of chicken, cranberries, celery and such like; the second course was a fruit salad; the third was brick cream and cake. These courses were immensely enjoyed by all. Several famous couples acting in the capacity of waiters and waitresses, did excellent work in serving the courses. During the feasting an excellent program was rendered.

Features Toasts and Songs
Clayton James, in very eloquent language, gave a toast to the girls, describing them as blooming young American womanhood. The response was given by Miss Mary O. Jones. A toast to the faculty by Ennis Hughes was answered by President Boles. Toasts were given to the senior and junior girls by Messrs. Burford and Campbell, respectively. Miss Whitelaw responded to the senior toast; Miss Brown answered the junior toast with a significant sentence, "They are the dearest boys in the world."

A quartet, composed of Messrs. Greer, Kirk, Dudley and Ritchie, gave two appreciative numbers, "Chicken Song," and "Beware of the Girl With the Auburn Hair." Interesting features of the program were two musical readings by Miss Nellie Potts. The Lindsey Hall Glee Club produced a real sensation when they sang, "We Ain't Gonna Walk No Mo'," to the tune of "It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo'." This (Continued on page 2)

INTERESTING PROGRAM TO BE GIVEN BY MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Students of Music to Appear in Brilliant Recital Monday Evening, December Eighth. Talented Pupils Are Scheduled to Recite, Insuring Attractiveness

The Music Department announces an interesting program to be given Monday evening, December 8. Miss Lorine Simms will play McDowell's Scotch poem, a tone poem inspired by the following verses:

"Where the old gray castle projecteth
Over the wild raging sea,
There at the lofty and arched window
Standeth a woman, beauteous but ill,
Softly transparent and marble pale,
And she's playing her harp and singing,
And the wind through her long locks
Forceth its way,
And heareth her gloomy song,
O'er the wide and tempest-tossed sea."

Miss Ruth Underwood will play "In the Swing," and Miss Enola Rucker "The Song of the Bathers," two characteristic pieces by Paul Wachs, a modern French composer.

Miss Robbie McCannless will play the "Ballet" music by Schubert-Gani, which is an attractive arrangement of this beautiful music. Miss Miriam Jones will play "The Dance of the Wood Nymphs," by Kussner, a bit of perfect grace in lovely swaying melodiousness and dainty captivating rhythm.

"The Clown," by Rachmaninoff, a delightful and clever bit of humor, filled with color, rich in contrasts and shading, will be played by Miss Nellie Conlee.

"To Spring," by Gounod Keche, a dainty, captivating composition, suggestive of the beauties of springtime, will be played by Miss Mary Blankenship.

Miss Hazel Dennison will play the brilliant and fascinating "Villanelles," by Raff.

CALLIOPEANS BEGIN CONTEST

Society Offers Medal to the Winner in an Annual Event. Preparation Well Under Way

One of the latest developments, showing progress in literary work of the Calliopean Society, is the inauguration of an annual declamation contest. This contest is known as the Calliopean Declamation Contest, held annually in honor of the Founder of the Society, Prof. H. Leo Boles, now president of David Lipscomb College. A gold medal known as the "Boles Medal" is given to the winner. Any member of the Calliopean Literary Society of David Lipscomb College is eligible. The exact date has not been selected but is to be some time during the winter quarter.

The Calliopean Society has always been a leader in literary work. Special attention has been given to debating this term, by giving every third Monday morning session wholly to debating. Already some of the members are preparing for the oratorical contest.

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom.—Bible.

Little Miss Louise Burton will also appear on the program in two charming little pieces.

Misses Maudie Morgan and Hazel Dennison will appear in vocal numbers, which promises to add to the attractiveness of the program.

THE BABBLER

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“LET US GIVE THANKS”

As the evening shadows of another year slowly gather and as the hand of Time gently and silently begins to lower the curtain over the scenes of this year we pause amid the regular duties that are ours and looking down the aisles of the past we see our loyal, true, brave forefathers of the long ago, with bowed heads and reverent spirits, lifting their hearts in a prayer of thanksgiving to their God, thus instituting the first Thanksgiving.

Although the year had been characterized by hardships, sorrows and suffering, they found cause to be thankful to the Giver of all good gifts for the harvesting of their crops and for the many mercies he had shown to them. We can picture in our minds the little band of Pilgrims as they sedately went to their humble place of worship and can hear the echo of their fervent prayers as it comes to us through the centuries of time. Their prayers were sincere, because they came from earnest, thankful hearts, and as they winged their way through the portals of heaven to a just God, knowing their sincerity, answered their petitions.

From that first Thanksgiving to the present time we have followed the example of those noble heroes of the past and have what we call Thanksgiving Day. But is it literally a day of thanksgiving? Do we stop amid the pleasures of the day and thank our Father for his many blessings and for the wonderful love He has showered upon us?

Each year that has passed since the first Thanksgiving has brought more blessings and comforts than the preceding one, still we are not as grateful for our numerous blessings as was the little band of Pilgrims.

To most Americans, and especially to the youth of our land, this day of days means no more than a juicy browned turkey and the other good things that accompany such a royal dish. It never enters our mind to thank God for the privilege of enjoying such a treat.

As the cold November rain begins to fall and the north wind, with his December and cold snows of winter are to soon follow, we should be thankful that the harvest time has come and gone, that we have the cellar brimming over with tempting things to eat, that our barns are overflowing with golden ears of corn and sweet smelling hay, that the crisp autumn air comes to our nostrils laden with the aroma of the dainty eats that are to grace our Thanksgiving feast.

Are we, the students of D. L. C., thankful that we are permitted to attend such an institution? A school where we not only build up our intellectual mind but our spiritual being as well. Let each of us give the Guardian of our souls thanks for the privilege of being at David Lipscomb College.

As we give thanks for our blessings we must not forget those who do not have cause to be as glad and sunny as we are; those who do not enjoy the happiness and pleasures that each day fill our lives, for after all the best thing thankful hearts can do is to make some other heart thankful.

If we have met disappointments and those whom we have trusted have betrayed our confidence, we should still be grateful that loyal friendship still is, that honesty and fidelity and existing facts. That they are the very foundation facts of life and they will no more fail life than the river will fail to reach the sea.

As the Thanksgiving of 1924 comes to us laden with its blessings without number, let us each silently pray: "Oh, Lord of hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Ethel (at social): "Is your watch going?"
James: "Yes."
Ethel: "How soon?"

"How do you know God made the street cars?"
"The Bible says he made all crawling and creeping things."

Prof. Cuff: "What are the three words most frequently used in English?"
Irene Burch: "I don't know."
Prof. Cuff: "Correct."

FIRST GAME WON
BY KAPPA NUS
(Continued from page 1)

and they all deserve credit. Beasley secured six of their nine points, Goodwyn two, and Dixon one.

Barber caged both goals for the Sappho's, and although heavily guarded, played an excellent game. Dickerson, who was taking the place of Landers, did her part well, and gives promise of becoming one of their best guards. Kinnie played a good game at center, matching Dixon in her fast floor work.

The line-up follows:
Kappa Nu—Soyers, l. f.; Goodwyn, 2, r. f.; Dixon 1, c.; Lewers, r. g.; Beasley, 6, l. g.

Sapphonian—Barber 4, l. f.; Edmondson, r. f.; Kinnie, c.; Morgan, r. g.; Dickerson, l. g.

Referee, Priestley; umpire, Jones; timekeeper, Clark; scorers, Wood and White.

HOUSEWIFE'S PROBLEM
IS NOW SOLVED
(Continued from page 1)

Many substitutes can be made for the rolling pin, a plain old quart bottle may be successfully used if the dough must be rolled. But one may pinch off the biscuits in the desired size and they will be just as good, because the palatableness of the biscuit depends on what is put in it and not by beating it with a rolling pin. But if it must be rolled and you can't possibly find a bottle then roll it with the dish pan. Just use a little soap and water and wash off the bottom of the pan, then proceed to lift it up and down on the dough and then see if you don't have a nice cake of the desired thickness.

"The dish pan may be successfully used as a dough-tray. Many people are not able to afford a nice wooden dough tray, so why not use the dish pan?"

"The dish pan may be used for a wash basin or a foot tub and for small children it may be used as a bath tub.

"All these I have convinced you of, and have said nothing of its use as a dish pan, and I ask my opponent to show me a civilized home anywhere where the dishes are not washed at some time. I have proved to you that the biscuits can get along just as well without the rolling pin and if health is maintained the dishes must be washed.

I think that I do not need to make any plea for the decision of the judges. I think they will be thoroughly convinced."

The second speaker, Miss Blair: "Honorable judges and Kappa Nus: After giving this question my deepest consideration, there is no doubt in my mind but that the dish pan is of far more importance in the home than the rolling pin. But I realize that my task is to prove this to you. My colleague has shown you the various uses of the dish pan as long as it remains a whole dish pan. But first I would like to clear your mind of some of the things that my opponent may have led you to believe. My colleague has already shown the unmercifulness in using the rolling pin to maintain order.

"First, there is the play advantage. The instinct for play must crop out and be satisfied in one way or the other. The rolling pin can't be successfully used for play. A child wants noise and there can be no noise in a rolling pin. But watch the interest on the face of the child when a dish pan is handed him. It can be used as a drum and for many other things. A smile creeps over the child's face when a dish pan is handed him for he knows he can have lots of fun with it. He can not only use it as a drum but can put rocks in it and tie a rope to it and pull it around and use it as a wagon. When it gets old and has holes in it he can use it as a sand-strainer. Now isn't that much better than having to pay twenty-five or fifty cents for a sieve at Kress'?

"Aside from amusement, there are some practical uses of the dish pan. If it is a worn out enamel dish pan, it can be ground up in splendid chicken food. If it is a tin dish pan, it can be bent into a good funnel. It takes an aluminum pan forever and a day to wear out, but when it does, you can make a convex mirror out of it and can place it in a park or in your own front yard and furnish amusement to the passersby. It can also be used as a flower pot. Some of the prettiest flowers are seen growing in tin dish pans. This is much more economical than buying an expensive flower pot. A flower pot must have holes in the bottom of it in order for the flowers to grow well, so why not use an old dish pan for that purpose?

"The dish pan is more important in the home as a settler of bees than a rolling pin. When the bees arise in a swarm all one has to do is to beat on the dish pan and the swarm is settled. One could beat on the rolling pin for ages and the bees would see no melody at all to induce them to stop.

"Take the used dish pan again, even if holes have come in the bottom, drill a large hole in the center and you have a wonderful and inexpensive electric light shade. A rolling pin would not make a shade for a grasshopper on a cloudy day.

"For the regular Xmas sereade the dish pan has no equal. The music produced on such an instrument is both interesting and effective. Not only that, it may do missionary work. In its effectiveness, it may cause another of its kind to come forth laden with fruits, cakes and nuts. In this respect, the rolling pin shrinks into insignificance.

"Now, honorable judges, I'm sure that you can't help but see that the advantages of the dish pan are far greater than that of the rolling pin."

Tractable.

"Do you think the climate where you are going will agree with your wife?"

"It wouldn't dare do otherwise."
—Legion Weekly.

TEXAS PAPER
LANDS BREWER
(Continued from page 1)

lived in the historic city of Florence, from which place his family moved to Nashville.

Brother Brewer was only ten years old when his father died, and thus a great hardship was placed upon his mother, whose responsibility it was to care for herself and eight children. There had been ten children in the family but two had gone on before their father.

Thus can be realized the great difficulty under which Bro. Brewer labored to gain his education. His first public schooling was in Florence, Alabama. Then, in order attended, comes David Lipscomb College where he received his B. L. degree in 1914. Next comes Vanderbilt University, Peabody College, the University of Texas and the School of Expression. Except for the first college mentioned, the attendance was during summer sessions. From 1914 to 1922, he was head of the Department of English at the David Lipscomb College.

Brother Brewer has been preaching fourteen years and has done evangelistic work in Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana, Alabama, Missouri, Texas, and Maine. At present, he is working on his Master's degree, which he hopes to soon add to his B. L. and B. A. He has done lyceum and platform work.

In 1922, Abilene Christian College was fortunate enough to get Bro. Brewer as a member of the College of Fine Arts, of which he became director this year. It is his present ambition to so arrange the work and credit as to make it possible for one to major in this field. He is especially adapted to his chosen work. Not only is he a recognized authority in English, pronunciation, etc., but he has cultivated a rich, melodious bass voice that is very pleasing to hear at all times. When singing in college he could sing in next to the lowest note ever reach by man.

Brother Brewer married Miss Robbie Ward, daughter of Dr. J. S. Ward. Dr. Ward was a former teacher of his in the University of Kentucky. He and Mrs. Brewer are now among the best known and most loved residents of Abilene and the happy parents of a male quartet.

“NATURE OF CHRISTIANITY”
(Continued from page 1)

permeate the soil searching for food and gaining the strength necessary to hold the tree in an upright position. The tree of Christianity spreads abroad its branches to all nations, its roots reach back to the patriarchs of old, strengthening and upholding them in their work; and so mighty is the tree of Christianity that it does more good than any other institution. With the grandeur of the Kingdom shown, Bro. Yowell said, "I would now ask the scoffer, 'Is the Kingdom too little?'"

But there are those who see Christianity in its full development and say that it is too big for them. To this the speaker said, "If the great oak is too big, look at the little sapling; if the sapling is too big, look at the small sprig; if the sprig is too big, look at the small acorn." The power of the giant oak resided potentially in the little acorn—just so the power or seed of the kingdom resides in the Word of God. Many fail to see the power of the kingdom just as they fail to see the power of a small acorn. The power must be determined by the fruits borne. Christianity must not be expected to become full grown overnight.

Further analysis was made of the nature of Christianity by showing how the seed grows. The seed—The word—germinates and begins growth in the heart and then permeates the thoughts making them more like the Heavenly Master. There are means of determining the growth. Just as the life-period of a plant may be judged, so the Christian shows evidence of growth. There is, also, no let-up in growth. The tree assimilates what it has secured, growing stronger when it seems to us that growth has ceased. There must be a time of assimilation for the Christian yet the time of sleep becomes a very dangerous time. The growth of the Christian consists in studying the word of God and in worshipping Him in song and in service.

Mr. Yowell's final lesson of the morning was the importance of planting early in life. Growth in youth can be made more rapidly than in old age. Following this lesson an invitation to start work in the master's Vineyard was extended.

GIRLS ARE ENTERTAINED
IN ROYAL MANNER
(Continued from page 1)

song was composed by two noted Babblers correspondents, "Gaston" and "Alphonso." The song has been pronounced one of the greatest sensations of the season.

The Adjournment

Following a short after-dinner speech by Herman Taylor, President Boles very agreeably surprised the students by announcing that the rising bell would not ring next morning until seven-thirty, and that classes would not convene until after chapel period. This pleased all, as a busy day and a still busier night had been spent. The hour of adjournment was ten-fifteen. All went to their homes with hearts a-flutter for more reasons than one and lay down to pleasant dreams, awaking next day with renewed zeal.

Economy

An Austrian, a professor at Heidelberg University, left the following instructions in his will:

"I desire a third-class funeral, same to cost not more than eight florins, thirty kreutzers, because I do not like to spend a lot of money on things from which I derive no pleasure."
—Sans-Gene (Paris).

BRAVE KNIGHTS
ENTERTAIN THE
FAIR LADIES
By CLARK AND WOOD

Prologue: To whom it may concern: On the morning of the 27th the sun hesitatingly and blushingly arose from that mysterious realm we know not of. A new day was born. A day in which this terrestrial globe was to witness many strange things. At one place in particular was this so and it is this that we cautiously and carefully portray that even he who runs may read. With thusly arranged introduction we now metaphorically proceed.

First Humiliating Encounter

Loyal Knight and brave and gentle ladies and fair of D. L. C. are scientifically seated at table awaiting food consuming contest.

Toasteater frantically arises from chair and summons Knight James to floor.

Knight James: "Ladies fair of D. L. C.: Day and night you are in my thoughts, when aurora blushing like a bride arises from her saffron colored couch, when the jaybird pipes his tuneful lay in the apple tree by the spring house, when the chandelier's shrill clarion heralds the coming morn, when the awakening pig arises from his couch and gruntheth and goeth forth for his morning refreshments, when the drowsy beetle wheels his droning flight at sultry noontide, when the lowing herds come slowly home at milking time I think of thee. And my heart like a piece of gum elastic stretches across my bosom. My love for you is stronger than the appeal of a street beggar or the raven locks of an unshorn Sampson. Away from you I am as melancholy as a sick rat. So long life to the ladies fair of D. L. C."

Knight James instinctively takes seat among a very multitudinous applause of ladies fair.

Lady Ophelia Jones now Raises Tumbler: "Here's to the Knights of D. L. C. Every time I think of you my heart flops up and down like a churndasher and sensations exquisite joy caper over it like Spanish needle." (Interrupted at this point by thundering applause from Knight brave.) Ophelia gracefully collapses into seat.

Knights and Ladies indulge in rapturous masticating of provisions.

Toasteater: "The quartette will now render the soliloquy of gloom."

Quartette:

"A question now I want to ask
Why have a rule like this
When some of the faculty make
It a point never a walk to miss."
Prof. Cuff looks at Romeo Priestley and laughingly says: "Ha! Ha! Priestley the comic statement is all on you."

Second Humiliating Encounter

Toasteater summons Knight Burford to floor.

Knight Burford: "Here's to the Senior Ladies of D. L. C. You are fairer than a speckled pullet, sweeter than a Yankee doughnut fried in sorghum molasses. Your hair is like the main of sorrel horse sprinkled with sawdust, your forehead is slicker than the elbow of an old coat, you are candy kisses, pound cake, sweetened coffee, zip, and scrambled eggs, all together." (Knight Burford takes seat amid ear drum bursting applause of ladies fair.)

Lady Whitelaw responds: "Here's to the senior knights of D. L. C. I have been dying to fly to your presence and pour out the burning elements of my love, as the thrifty housewife pours out hot chocolate. May your homely looks and scattered brain, dip a tumbler into the sea of life, and come forth laden with sweet ointment." (Lady Whitelaw takes seat amidst flourish.)

Mason's mouth stands agape while Lady Potts gives reading. Grasps his hand across his heart and exclaims: "Be still fluttering heart and cease repining."

(A few of the ladies reluctantly munch their sallet.)

Bro. Boles stops hilarious mirth by rescuing silverware which Garner had been secreting in his clothes.

Rainey: What do you mean by this, scholar?

Garner: What do you think this are now. I didn't come down here for nothing.

Rainey: You don't think you can get away with stealing silverware do you scholar?

Garner: He can who thinks he can. (Garner reluctantly puts silverware back on table.)

Third Humiliating Encounter

Toasteater summons Knight Campbell to floor.

Knight Campbell: Your nose is from a chunk of Parisian marble, and your mouth is puckered with sweetness. Your laugh rings in my ears like the bleat of a stray sheep on a hillside, on a cold, damp, dreary, rainy, drizzly day. Sometimes I hear the Junebugs of despondency buzzing in my ears, and feel the cold lizzards of despair crawling down my back, then I long for you. Oh, here's to the ladies fair of D. L. C. (Empties tumbler.)

Lady Brown:

As I wander down the roadside
As I walk along the way.
As I clamber to the hill tops
As I rake the new mown hay,
Ah! I want you by the roadside,
Ah! I want you along the way,
Ah! I want you on the hill top,
And to help me rake the hay.
(Takes seat amidst mischievous applause.)

Quartette: "The End of a Perfect Day." (Knight Garner is excluded in this song.)

Bro. Boles: We bid you good night.

Epilogue: On the evening of the 27th the moon hesitatingly and blushingly arose to gaze upon a world that had witnessed many strange things. Especially at one place was this true. And this we have humbly attempted to portray.

(Suggestions for Christmas. Shop early and delay the rush.)

“THE POET’S CORNER”
Conducted by Clayton L. James
ODE TO WEST TENNESSEE

My feet are treading the city streets,
But my heart is far astray,
Over these chalk white hills
Where my own sweet home waits warm and gay,
Where the scene of her plans is keen and sweet,
That flies on the wind away.

I hear the noise the busy town
And the crowds that pass me by;
But my thoughts are away o'er the distant hills
As song birds that homeward fly.
I am one with those western scenes,
The wind and the autumn sky.

And ever the western winds do blow
From the land of yesterday,
Where the silvery cones of my western home
Fragrantly bend and sway.
Oh, my feet are treading the city streets,
But my heart is far away.

L. C. J.

CHANGING SCENES

As I gaze out my window upon our front lawn
I dream of the Summer days that are now past and gone.
The trees are all bare, where they once were so green,
And scarcely a leaf can even be seen.

The Summer days have gone when the grass was kissed with dew.
Now Jack Frost takes its place as Nature planned it to.
The Summer flowers, all beautiful and bright,
Have fallen asleep for the long winter's night.

The birds' sweet songs that we loved to hear
Have flown to the South other souls to cheer.

But this is a time we should be thankful for,
As all the other seasons God gave us are
For this is the time the plants assimilate
What Nature's rich soil permitted them to take,
This is the time to enjoy the toil Of faithful farmers that tilled the soil.

We should be thankful that toiling is o'er
And we can enjoy the ripe golden store.
The birds and the flowers will all come again,
May the Lord spare our lives till the next coming Spring.

—Gertrude Russell.

DO WE EVER STOP AND THINK?

Do we ever stop in this busy life,
In our tedious journey of toil and strife,
To think of life in its deepest sense,
To think where our souls will go from hence?

Do we ever frown at toil and care
And fall by the wayside in despair?
Or do we keep our mind centered on that one great goal
That one day will be the Home of the Soul?

Do we think of God in His majesty there
On a throne bedecked with jewels rare,
Where we'll all be free from toil and care?
Oh friend, do you some day want to go there?

Then let us pause in our daily affairs
And forget our helplessness and despair;
Remember the great God who rules over all
Will be our Father when this great world shall fall.

—Bernice Burton.

“WHAT THANKFUL FOR?”

Oma is thankful that she has a free hearted will.
Hazel is thankful that she has her old lady still.
Nanny Dunn is thankful that she doesn't have to run.
Martha is thankful that she has lots of fun.

Fankie is thankful that she went home Thanksgiving.
Trixy is thankful for the joy of living.
Bro. Boles is thankful for his good student body.

We are all thankful for the Thanksgiving party.

—Ethel Hardison.

GEO. KLINGMAN SPEAKS TO STUDENTS
(Continued from page 1)

made him one of the foremost Bible scholars of the country.

Mr. Klingman's injunction to the student body was to get the many good things offered each day. Students were told that the Bible and Bible names could be learned more easily than the line-up of a base ball team of which so many can name with ease. Mr. Klingman read a poem of his own production relative to the Bible—the Book of the Ages—showing how it has been subjected to the higher critic and the infidel and with all stands the greatest Book of the day. Though much abused, it is a treasure to many and could be reproduced in Hebrew and Greek were every copy on earth destroyed.

“FIRM FRIENDS WRITE LETTERS”

"Alphonso" Informs "Gaston" of the Success of Their Song and Tells of D. L. C. Life

D. L. C., Nov. 29, 1924.

Dear "Gaston":

Mr. Taylor won't give me much space for a letter this time, since our sing will occupy a good part of a column. Oh, boy, I wish you could have been here for the banquet. Several of the boys sang our song and it sure did make a hit. However I caught hard luck on every side. That verse that referred to some of the faculty never missing a walk, caused no little confusion between Prof. Cuff and Prof. Priestley. They seemed to think we were publishing them too much. Prof. Priestley shook his fist at me and vowed vengeance as he left the banquet that night. Next morning he caught me in the little closet under the stairway in Harding hall, and backed me in. It was dark and gloomy in there and I wished for you. After a while some good Samaritan came along and hearing my noise opened the door. Prof. Cuff hasn't caught me yet, but I am keeping my eye on him. I think he is afraid to do much (because I ate dinner at the same place he did Thanksgiving and he is afraid that I will tell how much he ate.

I have just come from the Social. Things looked about the same as usual, only Skipper was talking to a different young lady than he is usually seen with. I can't help but feel for you these Saturday night. I'm not attempting to say I had a pleasant evening, that's always understood. I also thought of another young man who happened to be in the city this week end. He is as warm a friend as I have, but as bad as he might have longed to be in my place tonight and as well as I would like to favor him, I could not refrain from remembering the answer of Priscilla to John Alden and so acting. That Texas girl you fell for, asked for your address. I guess she will answer your questions. Oh, boy, I envy you.

Your old friend J. Roy was asking about you recently. Write to him some time.

Your pal,
"ALPHONSO."

(Note: This is probably the last of the correspondence between two intimate friends as both are to be in school together the remainder of the school year. As to their identity, one may learn from the editor-in-chief of the Babblers or the President of the Senior Class. The staff expresses appreciation for the work which "Gaston" and "Alphonso" have done. Editor.)

“WE AIN’T GONNA WALK NO MO’”

By “Gaston” and “Alphonso”
Sung to Tune of “Ain’t Gonna Rain No More.”

Oh, we ain't gonna walk no mo' no mo'
Ain't gonna walk no mo'
The faculty ruled that in this school
We ain't gonna walk no moor'.

Happy days are gone forever,
Those Sunday afternoons
When boys and girls did walk together,
Oh, how they used to spoon!

Chorus.

I asked my friend who was so blue
On last Sunday afternoon:
"What on earth is the matter with you
That you're up here in your room?"

Chorus.

I saw a girl out on the lawn
Sitting on a bench alone;
Every time I looked at her
It seemed I heard her moan:

Chorus.

A question here I'd like to ask:
"Why have a rule like this
When some of the faculty made it a point
Never a walk to miss?"

Chorus.

Our Sunday walks were much enjoyed
We'd like them every day,
But, oh, it almost broke my heart
When I heard my sweet heart say:

Chorus.

Winter's come and the days are drear,
The winds howl around my door,
But what do I care if it rains or snows
If we ain't gonna walk no mo'?

Chorus.

Winter's come and the days are drear,
The winds howl around my door,
But what do I care if it rains or snows
If we ain't gonna walk no mo'?

THANKSGIVING

T is for turkey, the queen of the table on Thanksgiving Day.
H is for holiday, that makes us all feel happy and gay.
A is for apples eaten around the fireside.
N is for nuts the squirrels like to hide.
K is for kitchen that is filled with such adorn.
S is for salad that helps fill the quota.
G is for giving which is more blessed than to receive.
I is for Ijams whom everyone loves, I believe.
V is for vitamins that make us hale and hearty.
I is for ice cream that we had at the party.
N is for November, the last month of the fall.
G is for grace that should be paid by all.

—Ethel Hardison.

At 315 Church Street

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"EXPERIENCES OF A DIME"

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Abode Is Given

I was born in 1871 and I've seen things as interesting as any could be, but the happiest time I ever had was the life I led at David Lipscomb College.

First of all, Mr. Editor, I will be frank in telling you that I am only a little dime, and, judging from past experiences, I fear that soon I shall be thinner still.

For a while after I was born I was unconscious. The first thing I remembered was Frank Jones' father saying sternly, "Frank, why are your grades so low this fall?" Frank reached in his pocket and clanked my side against a lonely penny and said, "Well, Dad, you know things are always marked down after the summer rush is over." Then he grabbed his lunch, placed his signature and some marks which I could not translate to a note and left. Immediately I heard the chug chug of a motor and Frank was saying to some one, "Here's the six cents you loaned me for carfare." Suddenly I was snatched away and carried up, up until I was seasick, I soon found that I was in the hand of Mr. Fox. That must surely have been my end, but straightway Mr. Fox gave me away in exchange for some chewing gum.

I was very happy in the tin box, where I was placed by Conrad, but soon a clawlike hand reached for me and with several other dimes I was in the possession of a very beautiful young lady. She met Bill Mason in the hall, and from their conversation I gathered that her name was Nellie. Bill said, "Nellie, may I have a place in your heart?" Nellie must have been very surprised, for she jerked her hand from her pocket, causing me to fall to the floor. Before I had rolled out of earshot I heard Nellie's voice, "Yes, Bill, if you will pay the rent."

On and on I rolled until I heard a voice as that of Atlas of old calling to Hercules to come back. This gave me such a fright that I fell forward on my face and lay very still. No, it was not thunder, it was "Tater Hunter coming from the English room singing "It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo'." I was beginning to rejoice in my newly found freedom when the owner of that terrible voice picked me up between finger and thumb and cast me into the utter darkness of his pocket. I was very lonely, my only companion being a hole in the farthest corner of the pocket.

Hunter was so overjoyed at finding me that he burst once more into song. This time his mighty voice shook the foundations, which were holding me up, and I rolled through the hole to freedom once more.

Days passed that are too dreadful for me to relate, for, after falling from Hunter's pocket, I was carried off to the trash pile, where I remained many days in cold and rain, until I was found by a chubby little boy. Straight to the barber shop I was carried. "All right, Fatty Holmes," said the barber, "you owe me fifteen cents." So with friend nickel I left Fatty and took up my abode with the barber.

Believe me, the barber shop is no desirable place to live, for much gossip is carried on there. The other day this remark was made, "That 'Lorena Barber sure is some girl. I am so desperately in love with her that I can't even remember to write to my girl back home." It won't last long, though, because the old love will overthrow the new and Lorena will be jilted." Owen White proved to be the speaker and I had found a new home in his pocket. This being Saturday night I was not destined to live long in my new abode. I went to live with Leslie Carver Sunday morning in exchange for the Nashville Banner.

Where would I land next? Carver mounted his wheel and away we sped to the "dog" wagon. "One hot dog," said Carver, as he thrust me on the counter. I longed to be back among students at D. L. C. "Give me change for a half dollar," called a familiar voice, and I came out to journey to D. L. C. with my old friend Jimmie Byers. What! Am I seeing things? I moved around slowly and found myself face to face with the picture of Mildred Formby on the face of Jimmie's watch.

"I'll bet you a dime the 'Dead Heads' win," said Jimmie to Freda at a ball game. Jimmie lost and I went to live with Freda. I started to town Monday with Freda, but I was compelled to go down into a dark pit among many of my fellowmen. There I remained until about ten o'clock Monday night, when I was again in the hands of a D. L. C. student—Walter Campbell. Perhaps it would be best not to tell why Campbell was in town this late in the night. Anyway about midnight there was a "good night," and "I'll see you soon," we were on the Waverly car headed for home. On our way from the car he pulled his watch from his pocket and I came along also. Before I hit the ground I heard him exclaim, "2:30." There I was about midway between the dormitory and administration building, shivering in the cold.

Early next morning George Kinie came strolling along the walk and picked me up. As soon as I was securely hidden in his pocket I came

"SOME OF OUR SENIOR GIRLS"

Mary Ethel is her name,
Her beauty is her fame.
Eating is her cultured hobby.
She can be beat by "nobody!"

Gertrude Russell is another
Whose presence we cannot smother.
Every where the students throng,
Always Gertrude comes along.

Frankie Northern is so meek
She's most never heard to speak,
Or who has ever seen her frown?
Always smiles she hands around.

Freda is the frolic girl,
Her yellow hair she loves to curl.
The boys love her because she's a "sport."
The teachers love her for her good "report." (?)

Toline is a girl who plays the piano,
But why she loves "Chick" we don't know.
We heard that she was beautiful
Now we know the rumor is truthful.
(To be continued)

"WATCH"

A watch may cost very little and yet keep perfect time. It does not depend upon the kind of metal of which it is composed but upon the works on the inside. The watch may be the source of a comparison from everyday life. We have to depend upon the face of the watch for the time of day. So we depend upon the soul of man for his very thought. Let us decipher the word "watch" and gather some thoughts from that one word.

The letter "w" may signify that we should watch our words. We read in Prov. 15:1, "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." Great things have been started with very few words. Take next the letter "a" and find that we must watch our actions. An old adage says "Actions speak louder than words." If we have a grievous feeling toward anyone, having acted harshly toward them, and our actions will show that our thoughts are expressed.

Next, we should watch our thoughts. I believe that thoughts lead one astray. "As a man thinketh so is he." Thoughts are precious gems and should be guarded with every care. The next brings out an important thought: Watch "character." A person may work for a lifetime to build up a character and do some wrong deed and lose every vestige of character.

Everything required for character making must be watched very closely. Then, the habits must be watched. If a habit is formed, it soon has a person in its grasp. Habits are gold; get the best of them. Summing up: We should watch our words, actions, thoughts, characters, and habits for these make up the individual.

—J. G. Hunter.

QUERIES

Who are the two largest ladies in the United States?

Ans. Missouri and Mrs. Sippi.

When is a newspaper like a delicate child?

Ans. When it appears weekly.

Why does a miller wear a white hat?

Ans. To keep his head warm.

What ship carries the most passengers?

Ans. Courtship.

When was paper money first mentioned in the Bible?

Ans. When the dove brought the green back to Noah.

How long did Cain hate his brother?

Ans. As long as he was Abel.

At what time of day was Adam born?

Ans. A little before Eve.

Why was Eve made?

Ans. For Adam's Express Company.

Why did Adam bite the apple Eve?

Ans. Because he had no knife.

Why is a good husband like dough?

Ans. Because a woman needs him.

She Didn't Keep a Horse.

"How about some nice fresh horseradish?" said the grocer to the bride.

"Oh, no, indeed! We keep a car."

in contact with a note which read,

"Dear George, what makes you treat me so? Every night I cry myself to sleep thinking about you. Who's sorry now?" I was reading this very eagerly when George reached for it and began reading it himself. After reading carefully, he placed the note in another pocket over his heart. I went to the dining hall with George and heard a boy called Priestly say,

"Lanelle, you know the reason I like you so much is because you are so jolly. I'm sure to marry a girl who can take a joke."

"Don't worry," replied Lanelle, "the girl who gets you will have to take a joke."

When I left Kinie I went to Ennis Hughes along with a smiling jiney for which Ennis agreed to write an English theme for George. I am now hidden away in a remote corner of R. P. Cuff's wallet and from all indications I shall be there until Gabriel blows his trumpet.

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SCHOOL HAS MANY VISITORS

Holiday visitors have been somewhat numerous this year. Among the many who were here for Thanksgiving or for the week-end were:

George Thorogood, of Cowan, Tenn.
Smith Chambers, of Florence, Ala.
Cy Young, of Vanderbilt University.
Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Morehead, of Fountain Creek, Tenn.
Mr. Oscar Parham, of Franklin, Tenn.
Miss Irma Hooper, of Marietta, Ga.
Miss Maidell Howell, of Aubrey, Ark.
Mrs. John Goodwyn, of Dresden, Tenn.
Miss Vertreese Cawthon, of Mt. Juliet, Tenn.
Mr. Earl Stepp, of Vanderbilt University.

"WILL THE BIBLE DO?"

In these days when the world is so full of doctrines and "isms" and "scisms," the people who are really interested in the welfare of their souls—and all should be—should follow only the Bible as their book of religious faith. In it and it alone we find the only reliable explanation of man, his origin, mission and destiny. Following religious teachings and doctrines not contained in the Bible leads into sin and spiritual death. The world has been warned that there will come all kinds of teachers with their commandments and doctrines, trying to pervert the right ways of the Lord. In this connection please study 2 Tim. 4:34. "For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables."

God in His wisdom looked down the stream of time and saw that fake teachers would arise; and with their sweet flowing words would try to entice the people of God from the straight and narrow path. There are people today who are doing this very thing, hence this article. Why do they persist in leading men astray? Because they are trying to substitute man's way for God's. They want some form of worship to hide behind to make the world think they are the "all in all," and incidentally to proselyte great numbers to their ranks, who after becoming members with them are two-fold more children of the devil than before. They do not take the word in its simplicity and purity, but are adding continually the thoughts and plans of man. Although most of them claim to believe the Bible to be the all-sufficient rule in religious doctrines, strange to say they practice an entirely different theory.

For ages God has warned men of the great danger of adding to or taking from His word. Speaking through Moses on this subject he said, "Ye shall not add unto the word which I command you, neither shall you diminish aught from it; that ye may keep the commandments of the Lord your God which I command you" (Deut. 4:2). Speaking through Solomon, He also said (Proverbs 30: 5, 6), "Every word of God that put their trust in him. Add thou not unto his words, lest he reprove them, and thou be found a liar." If Old Testament laws—temporal in rule and sealed by the blood of animals—were sacred, and if Jehovah would not allow man's ways to be added to his laws, how much more sacred should we regard the perfect and everlasting law of God, given through Jesus, the word that was in the beginning with God, and sealed by the blood of His Only Begotten Son. The mission of Jesus was to separate the true from the false. The last warning given by inspiration of God says clearly that taking from or adding to the word of God will bring one under the eternal condemnation of God. Read Rev. 22:18, 19.

From the foregoing the conclusion can be reached easily and immediately that it is worse than death to add or take from the word of God. Thoroughly adapted to every condition of man is the Bible. Why persist in risking man-made theories and creeds when the salvation of the soul is at stake? All the teaching done on religious subjects should be drawn from the Bible, and Bible teachers should never try to press their opinions on others. For if they do they are virtually adding to the word and deserve the condemnation which God pronounces on all such.

But how can one know whether a man is preaching the truth? Only in one way; by studying. Paul teaches Christians to study (2 Tim. 2:15). "Study to shew thyself approved unto God a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." In this Scripture he gives the reason for all Christians to study; also the text to be studied. Why would a Christian waste his time studying man-made doctrines when he can be studying that book of faith which is without a flaw—the word of God? John 5:39 says, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; for they are they which testify of me." In this the Scriptures are the only book of faith people are commanded to search for the religious knowledge; and if they go beyond and search something else they tread on dangerous grounds. Since the Bible makes no mention of offering prizes, certificates, etc., even for the study of the word, much less for the study of some man-made book of doctrines, people should be thoughtful and slow to pay attention to such inducements. Lessons on every religious subject the Christian chills breath warns us that bleak needs to know are found in the Bible. If not, it must be admitted that man's wisdom is greater than God's. Therefore let us all study and read the Bible more, that we may go on unto perfection and receive the reward offered by God, which is eternal life. Roy Johnson.

PAGE FROM A CO-ED'S DIARY

November 28th, 7:30 A. M.
"Tis the day after Thanksgiving, And all through our 'dom,'
Not a girlie is stirring,
And everybody's calm."

Everyone else is at breakfast (except the sleepy-heads), so this is a wonderful opportunity for us to write down some events of the past and present. But, "with opportunity comes responsibility," said the preacher, and we are terribly frightened when the word "responsibility" is mentioned in our presence.

The state of calm which is prevalent in Avalon Home just now is a rather unusual thing—at least Miss Delk sometimes makes us think that this is her opinion. However, we are not exactly responsible for our lack of pep just now, after the excitement of last night, for we are still oppressed by that "day after the night before" feeling. Who could help losing their head when they are gathered around a festive Thanksgiving board, and are confronted by chicken for the first time since—er, since they had chicken last! Then we were entertained by a celebrated quartette which sang a song of chickens with so much feeling that the selection would have done justice to a chicken-hungry Alabama coon.

10 O'clock A. M.
Evidently the holiday spirit should die out as quickly as it sprang up for our president has suggested that we should know our lessons as well as usual! And if we cannot suppress our feelings any other way we can remind ourselves that exams are only three weeks distant. Then to offset this, its only twenty eight days till Christmas!

P. S. What a day!!

A GEORGIA LANDSCAPE

Kenesaw Mountain, two miles from Marietta, Georgia, and not far from the Dixie Highway, is a very beautiful and picturesque mountain. In autumn the sun shines upon the different colors of the leaves of the trees and makes the landscape show up in its splendor.

This mountain is about seven hundred feet high and is oblong in shape at its base. It is divided into two parts connected by a strip of about two hundred yards which lies between the two peaks. The larger peak has upon it a look out tower from which can be seen with the naked eye, upon a clear day, the city of Atlanta, twenty miles away, and Stone Mountain thirty-eight miles away.

This mountain was a strategic point during the Civil War. The battle of Kenesaw Mountain was a battle in which the South fought desperately but was doomed to failure. For two days the South held the mountain. A Southern soldier, who had given up hope, chiseled the words "Prepare to meet thy God" in a large slab of rock on the mountain.

This mountain is noted for its quantity of hard rock which is being removed to pave the highways of Georgia or being shipped to other states. The state of Georgia has begun the building of a public road to the top of Kenesaw Mountain at the cost of one million dollars.

Another pleasant Georgia scene is the cotton field in bloom (with the old darkies going down the rows, their sacks on their backs singing their old-fashioned songs. It is great to be a Georgian. I. L. H.

Saved!

President Wallace W. Atwood, of Clark University, said in a recent address:

"I think we Americans will be both foolish and obstinate if we continue to remain isolated from the rest of the world that needs us. Did you ever hear the story of Mr. Doolittle?"

"Mr. Doolittle was very sweet on the new schoolmistress and finally mustered up courage enough to propose to her. She refused him gently, saying:

"Do you imagine I, who am a college graduate, could marry a man so benighted that he carries a horseshoe in his pocket, believing that it will bring him good luck?"

"A man of more bettle than Doolittle might not have taken this as a flat refusal, but Doolittle did. Angriely he drew the horseshoe from his pocket and laid it gently across his knee.

"Well, old man," he said, patting it affectionately, 'I guess nobody ain't going to doubt your powers after this.'"

Wood: "What is wrong with Clark that he has his head tied up?"
Mason: "I think a thought must have struck him."

"You say your husband was insured for \$5,000 life insurance?"
"Life insurance nothing; he carried fire insurance. He knew where he was going."

Jno. P. Lewis: "I had a funny dream last night."
Campbell: "What was it?"
Lewis: "I dreamed I was eating shredded wheat, and when I woke up half the mattress was gone."

He Didn't Want a Raise.
"Pat," said his master, "your wages are now 25 cents an hour, are they not?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I intend to raise them to 30 cents an hour in the future." "Stop a minute, sir," exclaimed Pat. "If I lost two hours will I lose 60 cents?"

Fifty-Fifty
An impecunious guest had not paid his bill for several weeks. "Look here," said the manager, "I'll meet you half way. I'll just forget half of what you owe."

"Right, you are," was the reply, "and I'll meet you. I'll forget the other half."

"THE WINNING HIT"

There were three rival baseball teams, belonging to three respective country schools. These were federated in a sort of league. During the early part of each school year, there is a series played to determine the championship. The incident which is about to be related, happened on the seventh of August, during the last game of the 1924 series.

The day, which was Friday, dawned clear and with the sun shining unmercifully on the broad baseball field. The two schools between which the match was to be played only had a half day's session that day and the players were turned loose at twelve o'clock to get some practice. The game was to begin at two-thirty and Possum Hollow had to travel at least three miles to the playing field. But the two teams, Possum Hollow and Dourne's Knob, were lined up on the field by two o'clock to get the final warming up before the game. Two-thirty finally came and the umpire at the plate called the game and the bombardment or pitchers' battle began. One young man (we'll call him Bill) was catching for Possum Hollow, and Scruggs, Possum Hollow's star pitcher, was in the box, and the batteries were complete. Dourne's Knob chose to bat the first inning and Possum Hollow took the field. But Scruggs was equal to the emergency and took three men up and three down and Possum Hollow came to bat seeking vengeance. By arrangement of batting order Bill's time at bat came third. His two predecessors were now resting on first and second bases respectively. As he stepped up to the plate with his bat he heard a clear, feminine voice from among the spectators yell: "Come on Bill, I'm bettin' on you." And deep down in his heart Bill resolved he would "come on."

The first ball the opposing pitcher threw was a slow drop. Bill gripped his bat handle and swung with all his might as the leather sphere sailed squarely over the base. There was a sharp crack as wood met leather and as Bill raced down the base-path he saw the ball sailing far over the leftfielder's head. The two runners on base preceded him across the plate and he easily trotted around the four bases. It was a home run!

This now put the score at three to nothing in Possum Hollow's favor. But Bill was next seen to immediately walk over to where a certain young lady was sitting and was heard to say: "Margaret, I did it for you."

He was rewarded with the answer: "Thank you, Bill."

Bill now returned to his position, for his side had been quickly retired after his home run. During this inning Bill's crucial test came. A runner rested on first and another on second base. The batter up bunted a short roller which stopped just a few feet from the home base. Bill raced to pick it up and as he did so he heard the coach yell: "To third!" But somehow he did not heed the warning and threw straight to second, getting his man. The ball was immediately relayed home killing the man coming from third. It was a freak double. This time when he went to the sidelines to get a drink, he was chilled with the icy words which Margaret greeted him. "Hey, to third!" she cried mockingly. Bill turned red in the face and stammered: "I will next time."

"Next time may not come," was the answer.

He now returned gloomily to his position. His rival with Margaret was playing third base and now his chances to rise in her favor again were foreseen. So Bill determined he would not be downed. Somehow a Dourne's Knob runner had safely reached second base and was being carefully watched by Bill and somewhat dreadfully watched by a certain third baseman. The batter then up knocked a liner to the pitcher, who, making a weird mistake threw straight home. Bill immediately shot the ball to third, to head off the incoming runner, with deadly accuracy and terrific speed. Bill purpose of so much speed was rather unique. His rival on third had a very thin glove and Bill figured to make him drop the ball and thereby register an error against himself.

The ball sailed straight as an arrow to third, struck the baseman's glove, and rolled to the ground. The runner continued toward home. The baseman reached frantically after the ball and shot it home. Bill made a wonderful catch and tagged the runner as he tried the hook slide. The runner was out and the rally failed.

But now the tide had changed with Bill and he has enjoyed uninterrupted popularity with a certain young lady ever since. And this is why he called this the "Winning Hit."

—W. H. Corum.

THE DINING ROOM FORCE

Question: "What would D. L. C. do without the 'bread carriers?' And what would the 'wagons' do without Miss Mary Delk, the kindest of matrons, to supply them?"

Characteristics
Betsy Kirk's never acting in a sensible way.

Leona Stubblefield's always hurrying keeping her tables well supplied. Harriette Orndorff's calling "Mary, is Mrs. Boles' toast ready?"

Bertie De Priest's production of a rivalry between Clayton James and Vernon Spivey.

Margaret Lever's never on time in the morning.

Elizabeth Sellers' talking with all the boys.

The impossibility of Hazel Hyde's getting two plates of biscuits.

Erlene Harville's fussing (?) so much.

Martha Lewer's training in sweeping.

Catherine Johnson, the belle of the dining room, whose tongue is used for a clapper.

—One of the Girls.

CLIPPINGS

Couldn't Feaze Ethel.

Ethel had her quick wit working that minute. She was sitting, after the Christmas dinner, with a gallant captain in a charmingly decorated recess. On her knee was a diminutive niece, placed there for less conveniences. In the adjoining room, with the door open, were the rest of the company. Finally the little niece was heard to say in a jealous and very audible voice: "Auntie, kiss me, too."

"Certainly dear," returned Ethel. "But you should say twice, dear; two is not grammar."

But That's Different.

Faith and Works had a battle when a little Scotch lad greatly coveted a fine Jersey cow belonging to the minister of the local church. "Do you believe in prayer?" said the good little boy to the minister. "Most certainly I do," was the reply.

"But," insisted the questioner, "do you believe if I prayed hard enough God would give me a cow like yours?"

"Certainly, if you had equally good reasons for possessing a cow and your faith was sufficiently strong."

"Then," came the immediate rejoinder, "you give me your cow, and you pray for another."—Selected.

A New Meaning for U. S.

"Jim, I see that your mule has 'U. S.' branded on his right hind leg. I suppose he was an army mule and belonged to Uncle Sam?"

"No suh, dat 'U. S.' don't mean nothin' 'bout Uncle Samuel. Dat's jess a warnin'." Dat 'U. S.' jess stand fo' Unsafe, dat's all." — Arkansas Banker.

Dangerous to Write Legibly.

"Your handwriting is very bad, indeed," said a man to a young college friend who was more addicted to sport than study, "you really ought to learn to write better."

"Yes," returned the young man; "it's all very well for you to tell me that, but if I were to write better, people would be finding out how I spell."—Exchange.

Johnny Knew.

Parent—"Who is the laziest boy in your class, Johnny?"

Johnny—"I dunno."

Parent—"I should think you would know. When all the other children are industriously writing or studying their lessons, who is it that sits idly in his seat and watches the rest, instead of working himself?"

Johnny—"Teacher."—Exchange.

Laudable Ambition

"I wanna vote for me cousin Dinny," remarked the large Irish woman to the election judge in the thirty-first precinct on the occasion of casting her first ballot.

"What's he running for?" queried the judge.

"Wat's he runnin' fer?" repeated Norah. "Why, ter beat the dirty little spalpeen that's runnin' ag'in him, av course!"—American Legion Weekly.

The Bitters Bitten

A couple of city motorists, riding near a farm orchard, stopped the car, got out, climbed the wall and gathered half a peck of rosy apples. To complete the "joke" they slowed down as they went by the farmhouse and called out to the proprietor:

"We helped ourselves to your apples, old man. Thought we'd tell you."

"Oh, that's all right," the farmer called back, "I helped myself to your tools while you were in the orchard."—Boston Transcript.

Some Kick.

A draft of Missouri mules had just arrived at the corral, and one new buck private made the common but sad mistake of approaching too near to the business end of one of them. His comrades caught him on the rebound, placed him on a stretcher, and started for the hospital.

On the way the invalid regained consciousness, gazed at the blue sky overhead, experienced the swaying motion as he was being carried along and shakily lowered his hands over the sides, only to feel space.

"My gosh!" he groaned. "I ain't even hit the ground yet."

Prof.: "Sir, you lack ambition, incentive and backbone. You are hopeless. Do you know that when Sir Isaac Newton was your age he had contributed two great science books to the world?"

Ellis Walker: "Yes, and when George Washington was your age he was President of the United States."

Thomas: "Have you heard anything about a machine for telling when a man is lying?"

"Sure."

Thomas: "Ever seen one?"

Lowry: "Yes, I married one."

Officer: "Don't you know this is a one-way street?"

Smith: "Well, officer, I'm only going one way, am I not?"

First Stranger: "Didn't we meet in Quebec?"

Second Stranger: "Never been there."

First Stranger: "Funny; neither have I. Must have been two other men."

Saint Peter (to applicant): "You say you were editor of the Babbl'er?"

Applicant: "Yes, sir."

Saint Peter: "Take the elevator."

Applicant (stepping into elevator): "How soon does it go up?"

Saint Peter: "Up? It doesn't go up; it goes down."

Mary Tittle: "Dot, who wrote 'Franklin's Autobiography'?"

Dot Breeding: "I forgot, but it seems that it was Julius Caesar."

SLY SAYINGS OF HOME EC. GIRLS

Emaline Hembrey: "Frankie, he he, have you got to take out that seam? Ha ha."

Frances Neely: "No, goose; I just am trying to count the crooks."

Ruth Jordan (sniggering): "Ollie, you are just like Brother Cuff."

Ollie Cuy: "All right, I'll tell him to go out and bow to all the trees for his compliment."

Dixie Owen: "Mrs. Owen, does Mr. Owen like pickles?"

Mrs. Owen (absent-mindedly): "Well, Dixie, he used to say he liked me, but I guess you better ask him now."

Corinne Smith: "Ohee, I could just eat my weight in that."

Ruth Tallman: "Oh, that is too much. Why, don't you say my height?"

Ricie Mae Dean: "I really got one seam straight because Mrs. Owen told me so."

Corine Harrell: "That's nothing; she'll tell you anything. She told me that my dress was no pinker in color than I was green in sewing."

Frances Greenlee: "Oh, Mrs. Owen, what are we going to cook today?"

Mary Ethel Baines (imitating Mrs. Owen): "All right, girls, let's take o u r recipe—Cheese Chevrolet. (Souffle.)"

Mrs. Owen: "Frankie, when is a man very happy?"

Frankie Northern: "Mr. Owen said when they were bachelors."

Mary Overton: "Eloise, I wish you would comb your hair."

Eloise Sutton: "No, Mary, I can't comb it until I go home Christmas, because Mrs. Owen said strictly—get no trash in our cooking."

Lorena Barber (trying to be poetical): "Watch your step, get some pep—Oh, this hateful seam!"

Margaret Carter: "I'm just wild about this custard."

Frances Phillips: "I knew you were wild, but I didn't think about what you cooked being the cause of it."

Lillian Burton (failing to think): "How many colonies does this egg-shell have?"

Thelma McMahon: "Just three less than your finger nails. That's on account of the dirt under them."

"Ain't it fine"

Ain't it fine when Sunday comes
And the little sacks they give us,
To discover peanut butter
And good old-fashioned vanilla wafers?

Ain't it fine when Monday comes
And we're summoned into lunch
To discover steaming cabbage
And good old-fashioned Irish potatoes?

Ain't it fine when Teusady comes
And we have to go to school
To discover all the teachers
Giving tests "just for fun"?

Ain't it fine when Wednesday comes
And we get our test returns
To discover that we didn't flunk,
But made exactly what we earned?

Ain't it fine when Thursday comes
And you're feeling kinda blue
To discover that the postman
Brought a letter all for you?

Ain't it fine when Friday comes
And the week is nearly gone
To discover that one more day
Brings us one week nearer home?

Ain't it fine when Saturday comes
And we have a date to fill
To discover that some one
Thinks the same thing of us
"still!"

Grabbing a Bargain

Smith, in an ancient car, chugged painfully up to the gate of the fair grounds. The gate keeper, demanding the usual fee for automobiles, called out:

"A dollar for the car!"
"Sold!" shouted Smith, with a happy smile of relief.

And She Said—

A customer, finishing his meal, approached the pretty cashier, and asked: "Are the waiters here attentive to you?"

"Sir-r-r?" the maiden said, with flashing eyes.

"Oh, no offense, I assure you. I saw on the bill of fare: 'Please report any inattention of waiters to cashier,' and I thought if they were inattentive to you, I would report them, that's all."

A Deep One

Hunter: "Hooper, I want to ask you a question."

Hooper: "All right."

Hunter: "How Long is a china-man?"

'Tis sweet love,
But O how bitter,
To loev a girl
And then not gitter.
—Georgia Yellowjacket.

Hooper Scott: "A donkey was tied to a rope six feet long and eighteen feet away there was a bundle of hay, and the donkey wanted to get the hay. How did he manage to?"

Hovious: "He gave up."

Scott: "Oh, no he just walked up to the hay and ate it."

Hovious: "But you said it was tied to a rope six feet long."

Scott: "So it was. But, you see, the rope wasn't tied to anything."

Thrift

"Thrift is the great fortune maker," said Andrew Carnegie, and his life proved it.

The right-using of all the values of life is thrift. This is as true of your energies as it is of your money and material wealth.

The student who employs his time and his strength constructively is almost sure to become one of the successful and dependable men of his community.

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We are especially interested in the young men and women of the South, and would be glad to have you listed with our great number of patrons who are saving in this way.

Thrift is one of the great lessons of life. System is necessary to success.

A. M. BURTON, President

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WE BUY AND SELL SECOND-HAND FURNITURE

"The wave is breaking on the shore,
The echo fading from the chime;
Again the shadow month o'er
The dial-plate of time!"
—Whittier.

THE BABBLER

"What would this babbler say"—Acts 17:18

Enola Rucker
"Broken the bondman's chain, and
gone
The master's guilt, and hate, and
fear,
And unto both alike shall dawn
A New and Happy New Year."
—Whittier.

Vol. 5

DAVID LIPSCOMB COLLEGE, NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER 19, 1924.

No. 6.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

"SHOWERS OF BLESSINGS"

Is Subject of December 7 Sermon by
Prof. Turner, of Depart-
ment of Science

NAMES BLESSINGS

"Best Book, Best Law, Best Institu-
tion, Best Characters, and Best
Home," Night Sermon
of Decision

RUTH'S DECISION

Prof. G. T. Turner took for his theme on Sunday morning, December 7, 1924, a very appropriate theme, "Showers of Blessings," as a much-needed rain was falling at the time. He introduced his subject by speaking of the many temporal blessings this age enjoys, which make life more pleasant. All these, he said, make us wonder what God is and why we are the recipients of all these good things. In answer to that he suggested that we can not understand all things but can know that God's ways and thoughts are above those of man.

The showers of blessings which Prof. Turner discussed were the good and perfect gifts—indeed blessings within themselves. The first of these was the blessing which God has sent to his people in giving them the best Book the world has ever known—the Bible, with its best stories, surest science, and prettiest literature.

In this best book is contained the best law ever known. It is a law which is perfect. Mr. Turner considered the Law of Moses—how that the Ten Commandments form the bases of civil law. But that law was not perfect, so God gave man a new and perfect law—the New Testament.

A third shower of blessings was brought to light in that God has given the best institution the world has ever known—the church. The church ranks as far above other orders and institutions as the heavens are higher than the earth. Its cost is more than the cost of any other institution. It cost the blood of Christ and has been bathed in the blood of martyrs of all past ages. Since the church was purchased at so great a cost it is more valuable than any other institution.

As another blessing God has given the best characters the world has ever known. No characters of history can compare with Bible characters. Pharaoh is smoldering in the dust of an Egyptian tomb; Belshazzar, Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon had their days, yet the memory of the men of the Bible is as fresh today as ever. Abraham will forever be known as the "Friend of God;" Moses will be remembered as the meekest man; David will live as "a man after God's" (Continued on page 2)

"THE OLD YEAR"

Very soon the solemn tones of the bells which ring out the old year will sound far and wide, ringing out of existence the year nineteen hundred and twenty-four. The events of that year soon will have taken their places in the pages of history. Let a survey of the year's work be taken and see what has been done. Have any kind words been spoken? Has some heart been eased? Have any heavy burdens been made lighter? If so, the year has not been spent in vain.

Father Time has reaped another year. The deeds of children of men have been stored away bearing their fruits of honor or dishonor for years to come. Yet with the close of each year one can but realize that time is swiftly passing away. Years pass as moments and are gone, carrying with them the records which later must be faced.

NEW COUNCIL GIVEN REINS

At Opening of Winter Term, New Councilmen Will Direct the Affairs at D. L. C.

According to a provision of the Constitution of the Student Government of D. L. C. new councilmen were elected one week before the closing of the winter term, Wednesday night, December 10, 1924. A nominating committee composed of three men selected from the student body those young men who were best qualified for the position. Twenty-four men were selected and from these nine were elected by the student body.

The following men were elected and will serve on the council during the winter quarter: Graves Williams, Chas. P. Smith, Sterling Jones, Ennis Hughes, Walter Campbell, Merwin Gleaves, Homer Dudley, Clyde Hale, and Andrew Mason. These men will take the reins of government immediately upon arrival after the holidays.

The first council has adjusted regulations very favorably for the incoming administration. Their work has been very satisfactory, considering the difficulty under which they labored.

Prof. Priestley was elected chairman of the new council. His work in such capacity could not have been surpassed and he promises well a successful administration for the winter term.

A LETTER TO SANTA

Dear Santa Claus do read
our song
And learn what we would
say;
For Christmas day will soon
be here.
Please don't miss us that
day.

Oh fill our matron's baskets
full
Of patience; and love so
blind,
That serve it will for a cur-
tain true
For the girls to hide behind.

Mister Cuff, you bring for
him
Please sir, a Ph. D.;
For now he is in love, which
may
Prolong his next degree.

And dear old Brother Owen
too
Whose world is all in math,
The Fourth Dimension de-
tails clear
Would brighten much his
path.

Kindness, endurance, a good-
ly voice
For the head of our dear
school;
He likes to talk but not to
walk,
And hands us the golden
rule.

Of Latin honor and Greek
fame
Bring Brother Rainey such;
And Brother Priestley, well
he's young
A "dear" who won't fuss
much.

Singer Murphy he'll be glad
Of pointers he will need;
And precious gems of wis-
dom bring
To our dear Brother Freed.

To Brother Yowell, a pale-
faced man
Some "Uncle Billy" salad;
And Brother Turner vita-
mins

To make him sing a ballad.

A phonograph for Brother
Stroop
Or some phonetics would do;
And Teacher Ijams a case of
A's
As A's with him are few.

We love our lady teachers to
As well as all the rest.
Select nice gifts from ar-
tist's fields,
I think they'd like them best.

And Santa dear we'd ask
right here
Lest we too soon forget,
Please bring the writers
what we need,
Some gumption, grace, and
grit.

For all the other girls and
boys
That live at D. L. C.
Please bring them hopes and
high desires
That they may happy be.

Santa will you not forget
The poor, the sick, the lame?
If you should leave us out
for them
We'd love you just the same.

Now Santa as you've been
so kind
To read this lengthy rhyme,
We hereby give you heart-
felt thanks
And hop you'll come on
time.

(A collaboration by two
noble Seniors.)
L. C. G. and E. L. S.

"THE NEW YEAR"

But hark! The sound of
other bells is heard ushering
into existence a new year—
a year with its pages white
and clean, ready for all to
write thereon—a year filled
with new duties, new bless-
ings and new responsibili-
ties. Shall those pages be
stained by some ignoble act?
Shall those new blessings be
enjoyed? Shall those new
duties be performed and
those new responsibilities
borne? If so, the New Year
may be well spent.

With the reaping of each
old year comes the birth of
a new one. The year nine-
teen hundred and twenty-
five comes bearing wonder-
ful opportunities, making
one thankful for its every
moment. Let all face the
new year determined to
leave its pages unsoiled, its
three hundred and sixty-five
days filled with honorable
deeds, kind words and pure
thoughts, and no vestige of
shame or dishonor stamped
upon the record all must
write.

REPORT OF THIRD MONTH

Honor Roll Shows Fifty-Nine from
College and Twenty-Nine
from High School

Last month's honor roll shows that
quite a number of students are
"making use of their opportunities."
The close of the third month shows
fifty-nine from the college and twenty-
nine from high school on the roll
of honor.

The college roll:
Myrtle Baars, Alice M. Barber,
Alice Myrtle Blair, Anne Beasley,
Dorothy Breeding, Lillie Mae Brown,
Nell Carver, Marie Caldwell, Mar-
garet Carter, Nell Conlee, Bruce
Crawley, Lois Cullum, Hazel Denni-
son, Jewell Edmondson, Eleanor
Frazier, Mildred Formby, Robert
Fox, Lady C. Gaither, Merwin
Gleaves, Evelyn Lanelle Goodwyn,
Jimmie Ruth, Harrell, Ethel Har-
dison, Ray Harris, John R. Hovions,
Ennis Hughes, Clayton James, Ber-
nard Johnston, Roy Johnson, Nannie
D. Jones, Miriam Jones, George W.
Kinnie, Andrew Mason, Louise Mc-
Abee, Oma Morton, Maudie Morgan,
Frankie L. Northern, Frank Perry,
Mamie W. Russell, Leonte Sims,
Lorine Sims, Pearl Smith, E. G.
Smith, Thelma Soyars, Leona Stub-
blefield, Sam Tatum, Herman Taylor,
Robert S. Terry, H. Fee Thomas,
Franklin E. Thomas, Leslie G.
Thomas, Robert W. Thurman, Mary
Tittle, Ruth Underwood, J. Roy
(Continued on page 2)

CHURCH IS SUFFICIENT

E. A. Elam in Sermons Says Church
Has Divine Architect and
Divine Builder

PURPOSE IS DIVINE

Christ Is the Foundation and Head of
the Church and Christians Are
Living Stones in the
Spiritual House

LIGHT MUST SHINE

Two instructive sermons were
preached to the church at D. L. C.
on last Sunday by E. A. Elam. His
subject for the morning and night
sermons was the church, discussing
in the morning discourse the archi-
tect, builder, foundation, head and
structure of the church, and at night
the purpose or mission of the church.

Beginning his sermon with the
statement that the most wonderful
building in the world is the Temple
of God builded for a holy habitation
of God in the Spirit, Bro. Elam's in-
junction to all was to glorify God in
the church.

As reported, Bro. Elam said that
every building from a pig-pen to a
palace, from a rude hut to the finest
mansion must have an architect, a
builder, and a purpose. He read
Paul's statement to the effect that
every house is builded by some man
and that God has builded all things.
God is the architect of the church,
Christ is the builder, hence the
church has a divine architect and a
divine builder for God and Christ are
divine. The church also has a divine
foundation, having as the chief stone
one who was despised and rejected.
Its structure is divine—all Christians
being living stones in the spiritual
building. Jesus, the divine head of
the church, directs every feature of
the church; every move of its mem-
bers must be according to the direc-
tion of the head.

The church is filled with a Divine
Spirit. No other institution on earth
has the Spirit of God in it. No po-
litical organization or benevolent in-
stitution has as such received God's
Spirit for they are of the world and
the world as an organization cannot
receive the Spirit.

The speaker continued by saying
that God has conditions of entrance
with which all must comply before
entering the church, much the same
way as man has certain conditions of
entrance into organization of a
worldly nature.

The church was purchased with
the blood of Christ and is there-
fore a valuable institution. "All
the wealth of the world could not
purchase one stone in the building of
the church," said Bro. Elam. "For
God dwells not in temples made
with hands." The purpose of the
church was set forth in the speaker's
admonishing Christians to send
forth their light through the church.

EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT FEATURES THREE PLAYS

Given Friday Evening, December Twelfth, to Appreciative Au-
dience. Plays Set Forth Types of Everyday
Problems of Life

The Expression Department of
David Lipscomb College, under the
direction of Miss Ora Crabtree, pre-
sented a splendid program Friday
evening, December 12th, to a large
and appreciative audience. The pro-
gram was composed of three one-act
plays. Each play, being a distinct
type of every day problems, pro-
moted interest throughout.

The first play was "The Rescue,"
a psychological play by Rita Creigh-
ton Smith, in which all watched with
interest the character of Anna War-
den (on the verge of insanity) played
by Myrtle Baars. Anna's
aunt, Miss Elvira Warden, and Kate,
her companion, were played by
Thelma Soyars and Joyce Whitelaw.
The play takes its name "The Res-
cue" from the fact that Kate rescues
Anna from "going crazy" by telling
her that she is not a Warden and the
Warden traditions cannot affect her.

The second play, "The Florist's
Shop," a bit of humor by Winifred
Hawkrige, was charming in its char-
acter presentations. "Maude," the
bookkeeper of the Florist's Shop,
was played by Frances Greenlee.
"Slovisky," the florist, was played by
Ennis Hughes. This character as
many of today was "business is busi-
ness and sentiment is something
else"—but "Maude" taught him a
lesson in business. The office boy,
"Henry," was played by Kurfees
Fullias. "Miss Wells," the timid,
talkative spinster, was impersonated
by Lillian Burton in a very clever
(Continued on page 2)

DEBATING SOCIETY AT GOOD WORK

Questions Regarding Scriptures Are
Discussed by Organization of
Young Men

On November 18, about thirty
young men met under the super-
vision of Brother Freed in order to
organize a society, the purpose of
which is to discuss questions which
often arise concerning the Scriptures.
The following officers were elected
for the year: Clayton L. James,
president; Jno. P. Lewis, vice-presi-
dent, and Jno. G. Reese, secretary
and treasurer.

The following Tuesday night (No-
vember 25), the class met in regu-
lar session and freely discussed Hedges
Rules of Logic and came to a better
understanding of many important
points of parliamentary law.

Up to the present, these three
propositions have been debated:
The Bible Teaches That the Be-
liever Has Salvation Before Bap-
tism," "The Bible Teaches That
Baptism is a Condition of Pardon,"
and "The Bible Teaches That
Sprinkling or Pouring of Water Upon
the Candidate is Baptism."

STUDENTS OF ALABAMA SHOW "PEP"

Loyalty Shown as "Coons" Meet to
Elect Officers and Prepare
for Year's Work

The Alabama students met in
Lipscomb Hall November 13, 1924,
for the purpose of organizing the
"Alabama Club."

Pep and loyalty shone in the face
of every one, for the dear old state
and before they were seated fifteen
"Rahs" were given for Alabama.

The house was called to order and
the following officers were elected:
Owen L. White, President; Irene
Burch, Vice-President; Gwendolyn
Moss, Secretary; Freda Landers,
Editor; Hazel Burch, Manager Girls'
basket ball team; Edward Bourne,
Manager Boys' basket ball team; Roy
Selby, Cheer Leader.

A committee was chosen for the
purpose of selecting a motto for the
club. It was agreed that the club
should meet once a month.

The roll is as follows:
Irene Burch, Moulton; Hazel
Burch, Moulton; Mary Ethel Baines,
Oneonta; Edward Bourne, Mont-
gomery; Florence Denton, Oneonta;
Jewel Edmondson, Cullman; Maurine
Hughes, Bridgeport; Emaline Hem-
brey, Bridgeport; Ruth Hays,
Athens; Jimmie Ruth Harrell, Bir-
mingham; Jewell Harville, Moulton;
Forbus Harville, Moulton; Erlene
Harville, Moulton, Fred Landers,
Highland Home; Gwendolyn Moss,
Tusculumbia; Homer McKelvey, Flor-
ence; Ruth McCarey, Sheffield; Roy
Selby, Montgomery; Jimmie Smith,
Mooreville; Franklin Thomas,
Athens; Owen L. White, Florence.

Facts can't be changed; they must
be faced sometimes; therefore, they
should be faced now while there is
chance of improvement.

half. (The Sapphones feel the
need of their "little" star, Miss
Landers.) During the third quarter
Miss Russell cooped an excellent field
goal; Miss Morgan pitched a foul. At
the beginning of the fourth quarter
Misses Soyars and Beasley caged two
goals each and thus the score ended.
The lineup:

Kappa Nu	Position	Sapphonian
Goodwyn	Forward	Barber
Dennison	Forward	Tittle
Dixon	Center	Kinnie
Beasley	Guard	Morgan
Williams	Guard	Russell

Substitutes were: Lewers for Wil-
liams; Soyars for Dennison.

LOCAL CLUB PLANS WORK OF INTEREST

Group of Sixty-Two Members Plans
to Appear in Public Pro-
gram Soon

The day students met Wednesday,
December 10, in Harding Hall, to
discuss giving a program soon after
Christmas. It was decided that they
would give one during the month of
January. It will probably consist of
a short play and some mixed num-
bers. Club colors were selected.
Black and white was chosen. A com-
mittee was appointed by the presi-
dent to choose a motto. The pre-
vious issues of the Babler have given
the rolls of different classes and
clubs in school. This group consists
of sixty-two students representing
all the classes in school. The roll
is as follows: Alice M. Barber, Har-
old Beckwith, Leo L. Boles, Howard
Boyd, Marie Brinkley, Raymond
Brinkley, Lillian Burton, Ronald
Clements, Margarine Colley, Pauline
Colley, Huffman Corum, Elizabeth
Cullum, Kathryn Cullum, Lois Cul-
lum, Elton Deacon, Forrest Deacon,
Luther Deacon, Harold Deacon,
Miche Mae Dean, Louise Dillard,
Chester Estes, Grady Fullerton, Lu-
cile Hall, Eugenia Hammer, Lillian
Hertzka, Geneva Higgins, Chester
Jones, Frank Jones, Harding Jones,
Sterling Jones, Ruth Jordan, Hous-
ton Karnes, Carl King, Grady Lamb,
S. P. Lowry, Christine Martin,
Claudia Martin, Randall Martin, E.
B. McCandless, Joe McCandless,
Robbie McCandless, Mary Menefee,
Robert Morris, Naomi Murphy, Ethel
Nash, Robert Nash, Frances Neely,
Robert Neil, Dixie Owen, Lucy Owen,
Frank Perry, Enola Rucker, Robert
Roberts, Mamie Russell, Emerson
Simpkins, Ernest Smith, E. Foy
Sweeney, Richard Tallman, Sam
Tatum, Elizabeth Taylor, Leslie
Thomas, Margaret Waller.

Will She Turnip Her Nose?
My Sweep Potato: Dou you car-
rot all for me? My heart beats for
you. You are the apple of my eye.
If we canaloupe lettuce marry. We
will be a happy pear.

"Miracles"
A negro preacher addressed his
flock with great earnestness on the
subject of "Miracles" as follows:
"My beloved friends, de greatest of
all miracles was 'bout de loaves and
fishes. Dey was 5,000 loaves an'
2,000 fishes an' 12 'postles had to
eat 'em all. De miracle is dey didn't
bust."

KAPPA NUS TAKE SECOND GAME BY SCORE OF 13-9

Sapphoneans Put Up a Strong Fight But Were Out-Played by
Wearers of the Green and Gold. Kappa Nus
Rally to Support of Team

FALL TERM SEES MUCH WORK DONE

Closes on Thursday, December 18.
Term Exams Haunt Students of
D. L. C.

As this issue goes to press stu-
dents of the college are very busy
preparing for term examinations.
The term closes Thursday and all
are looking with interest to the time
when the "train leaves."

Term themes have been the work
of the day for some time. The li-
brary of the college has been a fre-
quent place of resort, preparatory to
writing themes. Teachers report
good work done during the fall quar-
ter; students go home for the holi-
days confident that the trust reposed
in them has not been broken.

For some, the term has caused
marked changes. New outlooks have
been secured upon life; knowledge
has been stored away, friends have
been made, and associations formed
which will be of untold value. The
ensuing term promises many new
phases of college life. The finals of
athletic contests occur, debates will
be launched, new courses in school
will probably be added and work be
made pleasant and profitable for
those who return for the winter term.

The Kappa Nu quintette won over
the Sapphonian quintette Saturday
evening, December 13, by the narrow
margin of 13-9. This game, con-
trary to expectations, proved to be
one of the best the girls have played
this year.

Spectators could not help noticing
the "never-give-up" spirit of the Sap-
phones in this game. The zeal of
the Sappho boys was also displayed
in this game, when they acted upon
the suggestion of Mr. Roy Vaughn
and offered a box of candy to each
player if they won; if they lost one
box was offered to the best guard
and one to the best of the forwards.
Miss Barber, who was high scorer for
her team received one box and Miss
Morgan received the box as the best
guard.

When time for the game to start
came, the Sapphos, led by Mr. Mason
and Mr. Jones, silently trooped into
the gym. All that could be heard
was the "tatarat-boom" of the snare
and bass drums. They came to a
halt and about-faced. Then silently
marched off leaving their team on
the court.

The Kappa Nus displayed their
usual spirit of loyalty to society and
society and sympathizers to team.

When the game started Miss Bar-
ber started the lead for Sapphos
with a rare shot from beyond foul
line. Another soon followed with
another by Miss Tittle. Goodwyn
scored three points in first half,
which with two by Miss Dennison,
made the score 6-5 at the end of first

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No. 6

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THE WORK OF AN EDITOR

Concerning Certain Questions With Which School Papers Have to Deal

The editor of the Pica, Greenville, Miss., explains conditions with the staff of that publication which must exist among all like publications. Students are too prone to think the paper belongs to the staff or more often to the editor-in-chief and thus neglect giving their support to the paper.

The Pica also asks several questions and calls for comment by other editors. Among the list of questions are: "What do you do if some one on the staff is careless or negligent? What do you do if somebody thinks everything that's put in, should be left out? What do you do to get the student body to subscribe?"

These questions are well taken and some of them confront the editor of this paper also. The Babblers boasts of a staff creditable to any school paper, yet at times some one grows careless and fails to respond with the allotted amount. There is only one thing to do, it seems, in such case and that is, the poor old editor-in-chief must burn midnight oil to overbalance the shortage caused by some staff member who doesn't care. The editor of the Babblers assigns some work to staff members leaving them free to secure other material such as editorials, poetry, etc. Usually the person who says everything that's put in should be left out never puts anything in either because he can't write or is not interested in the paper. The Babblers encourages all to write and when criticized in the afore-stated way can only ask the person who is displeased to replace such material in the next issue by something better. The person who compels of the contents of a school paper needs only to be editor for a few months and see the difficulty under which the paper is edited.

The Babblers has made a record strike in the circulation department. A loving cup offered to the literary society securing most subscriptions proved a proper incentive. Society spirit here is at very high pitch and interest was so intense that the circulation of the Babblers advanced from 1,000 from last year to 2,200 this year.

It is hoped that students of David Lipscomb College will co-operate more heartily with the editorial staff of the Babblers after the rush of term exams is over. All are encouraged to write and look upon the publication as in the hands of the student body and not the staff or editor-in-chief.

SOCIETIES IN JOINT MEET

According to Usual Custom Four Societies Unite in Last Program of the Year

The four literary societies presented a very interesting joint program Monday morning, December 15. Following the usual custom, members from each society had parts on the program. Several Christmas numbers were features of the program.

Devotional Exercises—Prof. Owen. Reading—Frances Phillips. Mandolin Solo—Gwendolyn Moss. Reading—Harriette Orndorff. Christmas Speech—J. Roy Vaughan. Vocal Solo—Maudie Morgan. Bits of Wit—Herman Taylor. Reading—Thelma Soyars. Piano Solo—Nelle Conlee. Quartette—Elmo Phillips, Harvey Phillips, Emerson Simpkins, George Kinnie.

Helping Bill Home

Prof. Cuff (in English): "Shakespeare was buried seventeen feet below the surface of the earth."
Emmett Page: "He had a good start."

"SHOWERS OF BLESSINGS"

(Continued from page 1)

own heart," and throughout time Stephen will be known as the first Christian martyr and Paul as a servant of Jesus Christ.

Prof. Turner spoke of the "Home of the Soul" as the last and perhaps best of all blessings. Earthly homes are not safe and are to be destroyed, but God has promised another home after earthly homes have passed away. The speaker then presented a very graphic picture of the home of the soul. He described the city, its foundations, walls, streets and gates within which all will be safe and the redeemed shall reign forever.

In the Sunday night sermon Mr. Turner gave in very impressive manner some of the momentous decisions of history—decisions which won or lost battles or made men famous. The most striking decision he presented was that made by Ruth of Old Testament times. The first decision Ruth made, and one that today teaches an important principle, was a decision for the God of the Universe. Similar decisions were made by Joshua and Elijah. Ruth chose to go to the right place, to lodge at the right place, to select the right companions and to keep her decisions until death. Prof. Turner pointed out the principle of each of Ruth's decisions and showed the importance of the young people of today making similar decisions and holding firmly to the decisions when made.

The audiences, especially the student body element, immensely enjoyed Bro. Turner's sermons. He has been preaching for only a short time yet shows such advancement that it is evident to all that in a few years he will be one of the leading preachers of the brotherhood.

EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT GIVES PLAYS

(Continued from page 1)

manner. Roy Vaughan proved an ideal fiance as "Mr. Jackson." The last play was "Finder's Keeper's," a portrayal of family feud by George Kelly, in which Walter Campbell and Lois Cullum, as Mr. and Mrs. Aldrid gave a little inside information as to the reason for many divorce cases. Lillie Mae Brown as Mrs. Hampton received heartfelt sympathy from the audience from the fact that she lost her money and accidentally came right to the one who found it, for comfort. The tragic ending was a lesson which each could take home with him—honesty. Each amateur deserves commendation. The parts were well rendered. The entire program speaks well for the Expression Department.

REPORT OF THIRD MONTH

(Continued from page 1)

Vaughan, Ora Lou Winters, Coral Williams, Joyce Whitelaw, Owen White and Allen Wood.

High school roll:
Marie Brinkley, Lillian Burton, Ollie Cuff, Kathryn Cullum, Edward Craddock, Harold Deacon, Luther Deacon, Forrest Deacon, Corina Harwell, Lillian Hertzka, John Jackson, Ruth Jordan, John Parham Lewis, Sam McFarland, Gerald Montgomery, Robert Neil, Frances Neely, Clyde Pruett, Kurfes Pullias, Andy T. Ritchie, Enolia Rucker, Hooper Scott, Fred Scott, Roy C. Selby, Emerson Simpkins, Corrine Smith, Vernon Spivey, Elmer Taylor, Thomas Tittle.

SCHEDULE OF PUBLICATIONS

Staff of "Babblers" Proposes to Give Classes and Organizations Special Issues to Edit

For the winter and spring terms the "Babblers" plans to give development to various classes and organizations by giving to them the work of editing special editions of the paper. It is hoped that this plan will create rivalry among these organizations. The editor-in-chief has arranged a tentative schedule of issues for the remainder of the school year. Dates may be changed to suit the classes or organizations:
Regular Edition—January 9, 1925
Regular Edition—January 23, 1925
Faculty Edition—February 6, 1925
Girls' Edition—February 20, 1925
Boys' Edition—March 6, 1925
Regular Edition—March 27, 1925
Alumni Edition—April 10, 1925
High School Edition—April 24, 1925
Junior College Edition—May 9, 1925
Senior College Edition—May 22, 1925

The various classes and organizations are asked to begin work as soon as possible in order that all editions may go to press on time and that no delay may be caused in carrying out the schedule. All Alumni are asked to make contributions to the Babblers at any time. As yet only a few of the class of '23 have been located. Please help the editor-in-chief to get in touch with the members of the different classes.

Agent: "I've an attachment for your typewriter, sir."
Manager: "Well, settle it with her; I'm not interested in her love affairs."

Hale: "Did any of your family ever make a brilliant marriage?"
Turner: "Yes, my wife."

If Nevada wore Arizona's New Jersey, what would Delaware? Alaska (I'll ask her).

Signs

"Has your brother come home from college yet?"
"I guess so, or else the car's been stolen."

ACTIVITIES OF "MAN HATERS"

Club Has Regular Meeting to Enjoy Bountiful Feast, Make Pictures and Elect Officers

On M. H. C. night of last week a mysterious bunch of girls were seen and heard to tiptoe down to temporary "headquarters" on second floor carrying spoons, glasses and a few small articles that are needed to exist at D. L. C.

After the sergeant-at-arms reported all new and old members were in through the smallest crack she could make in the door, all hail the grand feast was on, the initiating feast, consisting of all the good things one can't imagine at D. L. C.—salads, real sandwiches, weinies, hot chocolate with marshmallows, Yum! Yum! Pickles, cakes, candy and ice cream. No one was slighted, but many times the silent signal was given and thus checked the rapid progress. Everyone ate until they could hardly be recognized.

The fun had just begun as they supposed the night watchman to be asleep. "Let's make some pictures," said Jimmie. "All in a bunch on the trunk?" "No, all on the bed."

"Good, but who will make the picture?"

"We all want to be in it."

Potsey flipped a coin between Jimmie and Jere. "Cause I want to be in it, but have no coin."

"Ewee" came to their aid and made first picture.

"Make the next one, Jere."

"You are next, Jimmie," shouted Jere.

"Not so loud, please."

The M. H. C. pledge is carried out by the freshmen through trials and tears and the next thing is the whirling to order of the house by the chairman, Jimmie. During the discussion of new and old business the following officers were elected:

"Jere" Sutton, president.
"Skeezix" Broome, vice-president.
"Mop-Top" Birch, secretary.
"Ewee" Kinnie, editor.
"Frenchy" Thomas, skeery.
"Potsey" Potts, official good-looker.

Frank Charlton, bean blower.

Jimmy Anderson, weiner nabber.

"Tipsey" Conlee, chocolate chief.

Through a great crack in the door every one adjourned to meet again at the sounding of the signal.

"CHRISTMAS"

Christmas is a day familiar to almost every boy and girl in Christian countries. Yet it is strange how little most people know about Christmas. From our earlier days we have been told that it is a time when Old Saint Nick comes and brings us toys, candies and fruits. Maybe by chance we learned that it is supposed to be the birthday of Jesus. But that did not cause us to inquire into the real origin. Some people have not been concerned enough about it, to try to learn the truth, and remained in ignorance. Some possibly believe it is really taught in the Bible. But like Easter, it originated in the mind of man. Like many other things its beginning was insignificant. Before the fifth century there was no general census of opinion as to when it should come in the calendar, whether on the 6th of January or the 25th of March, or December 25. It seems the Gauls were the first to celebrate the birth of the Lord on December 25.

It is only natural that we think strange of the present celebration as appropriate to celebrate the birth of Jesus. But it must be remembered that this was not the case in the beginning until late in the fourth century the Christians kept Christmas as a day of fasting and gloom. In the reign of Ptolemaios (4-305 A. D.), while the ruler was keeping court at Nicomedia, he learned that a multitude of Christians were assembled in the city to celebrate the birthday of Jesus, and having ordered the church doors to be closed, he set fire to the building, and all the worshippers perished in the flames. The giving of presents on Christmas is an ancient custom. At one time it was the custom to also give gifts on New Year's day. But coming down through the generations and ages to the present day many changes have been made. Today there are few who think of Christmas in a religious way in any sense. So far from the original purpose is the present celebration, until it is hardly possible to give any real reason why Christmas is kept today. And although it was first started by Christians of the early ages through superstition and in connection with heathen feasts, the Christian today denies he celebrates the day as a birthday of Christ. But we like Christmas, possibly because of the holidays, a time when the whole country turns out for a big time. And to consider the young man's attitude it might be concluded that Christmas is just an opportunity to express his affections in a little different way from other days of the year. The young lady would seem to say that she likes Christmas because it gives her an opportunity to find out who her real beau is, judging from the gifts she receives. But fathers and mothers have long arrived at firmer decisions that Santa Claus is all a fake, and they are glad when the kids get grown. While grandfathers and grandmothers' hearts rejoice to see the merry faces, and watching the younger in their gayety they like again their days of childhood. But for students of D. L. C. Christmas means "I'm going home."

No Trade

Farmer: "Be this the Woman's Exchange?"

Woman: "Yes."

Farmer: "Be you the woman?"

Woman: "Yes."

Farmer: "Well, then I think I'll keep Maggie."

AT LAST THE "MISSING LINK" IS DISCOVERED

Wood and Clark, Noted Babblers Correspondents and Future Scientists, Propound New Theory

Prologue:

Inhibited with a strong desire to contribute something to the scientific knowledge of world, we turn our minds into that mysterious and alluring field. We believe that nothing would be of greater value than a conclusive explanation of some of the monstrosities seen daily by all of us. Realizing that this is a very difficult field to invade we hope and trust that we will have your wholehearted sympathy in this treatise.

THE EVOLUTION OF "GOOBER." Considerably more than one hundred and eleven thousand three hundred and twenty-one years ago a humble peanut grew on the historic banks of the Rhine in central Africa. This was an ugly knotty peanut just a little bit undersize. It grew tired of its mode of existence and resolved within itself that its descendants should not be mere peanuts, but some form of wild animal.

He immediately began the process known in modern scientific thought as evolution; alas! poor Goober, if he could only have seen the outcome of this adventure. The winds blew him into the sea and poor Goober became immediately a sardine. "Hooray!" he gleefully squealed after struggling so long in the soil. "I can now take my perpetual bath."

Eleven thousand years had rolled around when one day a cruel wave swept poor Goober out upon the sandy shores of Texas. Goober's form was now changed again and he became a creeping tarantula. Troh! Troh! he shouted, "I am now a spider. My wife shall weave me a home in the sage grass and lay her eggs in the sand." (Doubtless poor Goober still has some spider relations yet alive.)

Goober was a very religious tarantula and one morning he discovered that he had sprouted wings. He cheerfully broke the news to his family that he had been miraculously changed into a June bug.

Goober traveled far and wide and at last arrived at the land of the Goblins. Immediately upon entering this land sentinal goblin transported him to the down town office of the great Cyclops of Goblins. The Cyclops smote Goober upon the back and said: "I now dub thee Knight of the imperial goblins." Goober fell into a deep sleep and upon awakening from his slumber he found that he had been transformed into a very small and homely goblin. Science shows that Goober existed in this state for the space of thirteen thousand years as official Knight of Goblins. At last poor Goober got his head cut off for treason and his spirit took lodging in an ape small and of a very peculiarly shaped head.

As an ape he was the terror of his tribe and in the ape university the student councilapes found him very hard indeed to deal with.

Now, friends, here is where comes our contribution to science. Poor Goober, upon getting his degree from the ape reformatory, became what scientists call the "missing link," and he still occupies that role. We discovered him as soon as he emerged from the jungles of Texas. David Lipscomb College claims the distinction of having him now in captivity. Poor Goober is still undersized and is known here by his official title of "Peanut." This is the disastrous end of Goober's dissatisfaction of his original state.

Epilogue:

This is it. We have undertaken this gigantic task in the true spirit of scientists. It is the product of years of thoughtful research. If it brings the displeasure of some upon us we care not. We feel that despite our human wishes and desires we must makethis contribution for the sake of dear science.

To students:
"When Santa comes to fill your sock We hope he will fill it to the top. When new year's day comes' round At D. L. C., may you be found."

PSALM OF MARRIAGE

By Phebe Carey

Tell me not in idle jingle
"Marriage is an empty dream,"
For the girl is dead that's single,
And they are not what they seem.

Life is real and life is earnest!
Single blessedness a fit!
Dust we are, to dust returnest
Has been spoken not in glib.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each tomorrow
Finds us nearer marriage day.

Life is long and youth is fleeting,
And our hearts, though light and gay,
Still like pleasant dreams are beating
Wedding marches all the way.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a heroine—a wife!

Trust no future, however pleasant;
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living present—
Heart within and hope ahead!

Lives of married folks remind us
We can make our lives as well,
And, departing, leave behind us
Such examples as shall "tell."

Such examples that another
Wasting time in idle sport;
A forlorn, unmarried brother,
Seeing, shall take heart and court.

Let us then be up and doing
With a heart on triumph set;
Still contriving, still pursuing,
And each one a husband get.

"THE POET'S CORNER"

By CLAYTON L. JAMES

Vacation time! How glad it's seemed!
Ever since a 'boy I've sat and dreamed
Of all the pleasure and the fun
That I shall have when tests are done;
And, Oh, how oft my eager eyes
Go drifting with the clouded skies
That float above my windowpanes
O'er pleasant fields and shady lanes,
Where I can run and romp and shout
You know, when school is out!
My weary fingers then
Will lay aside the ink and pen,
While heart and mind both drift away
To childhood haunts of joy and play.

Time drags so slowly by!
It hasn't learned how to fly.
It seems as if the old bell outside
The wall
Can only croak and squall;
And when Brother Owen calls my name,
To my cheeks come crimson flame,
For I can near answer clear
To "trig" problems I never hear.
Is that right? oft he said,
While smiling to see me blushing red.
His voice oft rouses me from dreams
Of wandering along gurgling streams;
And if I remember true,
It was my finest view.

All the other students now dream of play
In the very same way.
They complain that time is slow
And that this term will never go.
Their hearts with plans are filled,
For joyous hours they soon will build,
With friends and loved ones all about,
No wonder now they sulk and pout!
To youthful hearts that long for play
Time never hurries on her way;
But when Christmas time is o'er,
And all are back once more,
We'll work to the health of vacation time
With thoughts and efforts that intertwine.

WHEN THE LAST EXAM IS FINISHED

(Apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

When D. L. C.'s last exam is finished
Our brains are twisted and tried,
When the old bell stops its tolling
And its last knell has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall
Need it—back home for a week or two.
Till the teachers of David Lipscomb
Shall set us to work anew.

And those that have worked will be happy;
They shall sit in an easy chair;
They shall read of "A's" on report cards—no "C" shall haunt them there.
They shall find inspiration to draw from—glorious reward of the Fall,
They shall spend the holidays in frolicking and never be tired at all.

On return only the Faculty shall blame them and only the Faculty shall praise,
And no one shall work for "getting by," but all shall work for "A's."
And each for the joy of working, and each in his separate star,
Shall study the subject as he sees it for the knowledge of things as they are.

E. E. F. and H. W. T.

"MELANCHOLY SADNESS"

By Allen Wood

Hear the patter, patter, patter of the drops against the pane;
Hear the moaning, moaning, moaning of the wind that is in vain.
Ah, the dullness, dullness, dullness of a day of so much rain;
It is met both here and yonder as we travel life's dark main.

Ah, the melancholy sadness of the drops against the glass!
Ah, the unrelentless madness of the wind upon the grass!
'Tis the struggle for survival that each one of us must pass;
'Tis that never-ending battle that shall conquer all the mass!

Yet out yonder somewhere surely where the toils of life are o'er,
In the grand and golden city where the soul sometimes will soar—
Yes, oh yes, the sun is shining, and no rain will ever pour;
There the tree of life is blooming, and no wind will ever roar.

Try then, soul, shake off the trouble of the spirit here below;
Rise, oh rise, to heights infinite leave behind the mean and low;
'Tis the surest way of reaping when this life declines to flow,
Those immortal pleasures keeping in the land of golden glow!

Don't Read

Prof. Cuff suffered very much from cold during a recent cold spell. He complained to the fireman, who investigated, and what do you think? Well, that English professor had been sitting in his room all the time with the radiator turned entirely off!

True education means more than a mere knowledge of subject matter.

In Darktown

Sambo: "Nigger, I've gwine to mash yo' nose all ovah yo' face; I've gwine to push yo' teeth down yo' throat an' black both yo' eyes, et cetera."

Rastus: "Black man, you don't mean et cetera; you means vice versa."

SONGS THAT FIT

Bill Mason: "I Love You Truly."
Nellie Potts: "Perhaps."
Elmo Phillips: "We Ain't Gonna Walk No More."
Myrtle Boars: "Daisies Won't Tell."
Mr. Cuff: "Darling, I Am Growing Old."
Eleanor Frazier: "Have Thine Own Way Lord."
Merwin Gleaves: "Stay Away From the Girl With Auburn Hair."
Ruth Underwood: "You Tell 'Em."
Leo Boles: "Let Me Call You Sweetheart."
Martha Owen: "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes."
Harvey Phillips: "Annie Laurie."
Trickle Alsop: "You are All the World to Me."
Owen White: "I Love Me."
Ray Harris: "Sweet'n Pretty."
Alexander Burford: "Sweet Marie."
Walter Campbell: "When You're Gone I'll Soon Forget You."
Nelle Carver: "Whose Sorry Now?"
Lillian Burton: "Ain't We Got Fun?"
Gwendolyn Moss: "Loving Sam."
Toline Russel: "Chick, Chick, Chicken."
Pearl Smith: "My Old Kentucky Home."
Joyce Whitelaw: "When You and I Were Young, Maggie."
Freda Landers: "Oh For a Heart."
Ed Bourne: "No Not One."
Mildred Formby: "Pass Me Not."
Jimmie Byers: "Lead Thou Me On."
Jimmy Anderson: "They are All Simply Wild Over Me."
Jimmie Camp: "Some Day You'll Understand."
Maudie Morgan: "What Will I Do?"
Roy Selby: "Marion." (Marry one.)
Cecil Clark: "In the Evening by the Moonlight."
Allen Wood: "If I Can't Get the Sweetie I Want."
Chick Jones: "My Sweetie Went Away."
Clayton Jones: "Somebody After All."
Ethel Hardison: "Maybe."
Herman Taylor: "Alice Where Art Thou?"
Alice Blair: "Gone Home."
Dot Breeding: "Gee But I Hate to Go Home Alone."
Nancy Dunn: "I Ain't Nobody's Darling."
Lanella Goodwyn: "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning."
Red Page: "You Can't Make a Fool Out of Me."
Forbus Harville: "Oh Promise Me."
Jewel Edmonston: "I Love You."

WANTED!

A Camel—Lillian Burton.
A Fox—Frances Greenlee.
Skipper—Lanella Goodwyn.
A Camel—Lillian Burton.
A Fox—Frances Greenlee.
A Skipper—Lanella Goodwyn.
A Camel—Lillian Burton.
A Fox—Frances Greenlee.
A Skipper—Lanella Goodwyn.

BOOKS TO READ

Robert Fox—Daddy Longlegs.
Charles Smith—Whispering Smith.
Todd Porter—The Sheik.
Corinne Smith—Daddy's Girl.
Clayton James—Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.
Allen Wood—Nobody's Man.
Lorine Sims—The Silent Woman.
Toline Russel—The Girl From The Golden West.
Frances Greenlee—Untamed.
Miss Mary Delk—The Beloved Woman.
Lillian Burton—In Another Girl's Shoes.
Elmo Phillips—St. Elmo.
Alex Burford—Wild Fire.
Philip Parham and Ruth McCarter—Tempest and Sunshine.
Ethel Hardison—Latin Dictionary.
George Kinnie—When a Man's a Man.
Lanella Goodwyn—The Indifference of Juliet.
Herschel Priestley—"Back to God's Country."

Leap Year!

Faint heart may never have won fair lady, but fair lady wins many faint hearts.

Prof. Owen: "How old are you?"
Clayton James: "I just passed my twenty-second birthday."
Owen: "Which way were you going?"

For Men Only

Didn't you if woman a be wouldn't you, it read would you knew I. (Read it backwards.)—Banner.

In Bible class President Boles was talking of kindness to animals and telling his pupils to be kind to them always. He began: "I once saw a boy cut the tail off a cat. Can any one quote a passage of Scripture where such is forbidden?"
Sam Tatum: "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

Ruby Gainer: "How are you getting along in arithmetic?"
Ruth Hayes: "Well, I have learned to add up all the noughts, but the figures still bother me."

Teachers "Name a collective noun."

Pupil: "A vacuum cleaner."

Teacher: "Why is a giraffe's neck so long?"

Pupil: "Because its head is so far from its body."

Joyce: "What is a panther, Alice?"

Alice: "A panther is a man who makes pants."

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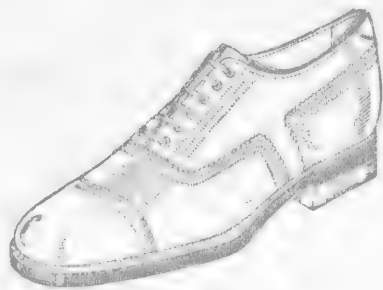
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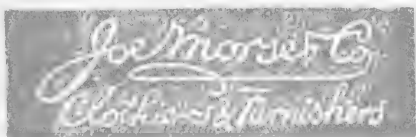
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JUNIOR COLLEGE WINS THE
CLASS CHAMPIONSHIP

In Three Games Juniors Take from Their Upperclassmen the
Honors in Basketball. Averages of the Players
for Series Given

SENIORS TAKE
FIRST GAME

On Saturday, December 6, the Seniors defeated the Juniors in the first game of the championship series. Fighting with their backs to the wall, the Seniors, led by their scoring ace, Parham, who tallied eleven points, completely outplayed the less experienced Juniors, but it wasn't until the last minute of play that the issue was decided. With the score twelve to eleven in favor of the Juniors, Parham made one of the prettiest goals ever seen in the D. L. C. Gym. Taking the ball off the back board on the run he looped it through the basket without touching the rim. For the Juniors, Campbell played the best game, registering eight points. The Juniors were somewhat weakened by the loss of L. Boles, who was out of the game on account of tonsillitis.

The lineup and score follows:
Seniors (13) Pos. Juniors (12)
Burford (13) F. Bourne (2)
Parham (11) F. (c) Dodd (2)
Brown (2) C. Campbell (8)
Mason (2) G. Gleaves (8)
Kinnie (c) G. Page (8)
Substitutions: Seniors—White for Mason. Juniors—Thurman for Gleaves; Gleaves for Bourne.
Referee—Jones. Umpire—Puckett. Timekeeper—Clark. Scorer—J. Boles.

JUNIORS EVEN
THE SERIES

Take Second Game by Score of
20 to 12

The Juniors came back strong in the second game. With the return of L. Boles, regular running guard, to the lineup, the Juniors presented their full strength and walked away with the game 20 to 12.

The Senior quintet was completely outplayed and but for their good defense would have received a worse drubbing as it was. Their offense was completely blanketed by the defense of the upper classmen.

Bourne was the scoring ace of the game, being credited with 9 points. He also played a stellar game on the defense.

The Senior's fine defense worked good also, forcing the winners to take many of their shots from mid-court. Brown, Parham and Kinnie were the best bets for the Seniors.

The lineup was as follows:
Juniors (20) Pos. Seniors (12)
Bourne (9) F. Parham (4)
Dodd (c) (4) F. Mason (2)
Campbell (2) C. Brown (5)
L. Boles (5) G. White (5)
Gleaves (5) G. Kirk (1)
Substitutions: Seniors—Kinnie (1) for Kirk, Kirk for White, White for Parham, Parham for White.
Referee—Jones. Umpire—Puckett. Timekeeper—Clark. Scorer—J. Boles.

"THE XMAS SINGER"

A Christmas Story by
"Eltrym"

The fire crackled lazily on the hearth. Outside the snow piled high on the window sills. It was Christmas eve. All the world seemed happy, but Jero's heart was lonely—lonelier than it had been of late, if such could be, for his heart was always sad. His life had been nothing but work and loneliness for five years. Dal had insisted on his coming over for dinner—"merry crowd"—but he was too tired. Taking a cigar from his stand, he settled himself in his favorite chair, watching the smoke curl above his head and dreaming of the girl whose picture adorned the mantle-piece. As he dreamed of those bygone days, he went back to the earliest days of his memory and lived his whole life over—up to this very time.

The first thing he could recall was his mother calling to him to get up and "see what Santa has brought you." Mother's death had broken up their home. Those horrible days of untold hardships that he had suffered while selling newspapers for his daily bread held but one bright memory. It was on Christmas eve. He had had hard luck all day. Just then he saw a well-dressed woman (Continued on page 4)

JUNIORS WIN
THIRD GAME

Deciding Game Played on Saturday
Night December 13. Score of
21 to 8 Gives Cham-
pionship to Juniors

In the deciding game, played on Saturday night, the 13th, the Juniors released a pent-up flood that from then on could not be denied. Starting with the initial whistle the Juniors completely outplayed their ancient rival in every department of the game. After the first minute of play the outcome of the game was never in doubt. The scoring started with a rush. On an out-of-bounds play a pass, Bourne to Boles, netted the first score. With men on each side of him, B. Moles neatly flipped the ball in the basket. It was one of the prettiest plays of the series. From then on the Juniors, led by Boles, who scored 8 points for the winners, shot goal after goal, until when the final whistle blew they had garnered twenty-one points. Dodd, the Junior Captain, played a fine defensive game and also scored six points, one of them from mid-court. Gleaves again starred at standing guard, completely covering all plays of the Seniors.

For the Seniors, Brown played the best game, scoring four of his team's eight points. Parham was a close second, with three points, with Mason following with one point. The five man defense of the Seniors again proved well high invulnerable, most of the Junior's goals being sent from beyond the four line.

The lineup was as follows:
Juniors (21) Seniors (8)
Bourne (4) Parham (3)
Dodd (c) (6) Mason (1)
Campbell (3) Brown (4)
L. Boles (8) Kirk (4)
Gleaves (5) Kinnie (e)
Referee—Jones. Umpire—Priestly. Timekeeper—Clark. Scorer—J. Boles.

	Points.	Games.	Pct.
L. Boles	13	2	6.500
Parham	18	3	6.000
Bourne	15	3	5.000
Campbell	13	3	4.333
Dodd	12	3	4.000
Brown	11	3	3.667
Mason	3	3	1.000
Kinnie	1	3	.333

QUERIES ABOUT
YOUR SCHOOL

When a student goes home from college, he is immediately confronted with numerous questions regarding his school. Too often these are questions which he cannot at once answer. Following is a list of usual questions asked regarding David Lipscomb College. No doubt students are now being asked these questions. How many can be answered at once?

How old is the school?
How long has it been on the present site?
When was its name changed?
How many members on the faculty?
How many departments are there?
How many rooms in each dormitory?
When was the gymnasium built?
What kind of water and heating systems are used?
How many working students are there?
Are there more boys than girls in school?
What is the total enrollment?
How many faculty members have master's degrees?
How many acres in the campus and farm?
How many volumes in the library?
How many pianos in the school?
What is the circulation of the Babler?
How far from town is the school?
How many members in the senior class?
Who are the members of the Student Council?

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The House of Quality

"THE XMAS SINGER"

(Continued from page 3)

and a little girl approaching him. "Paper, Miss? All about the big murder!" Then he heard a kindly voice say, "Here, Ann, give him this dollar. Tell him to keep the change to buy him a Christmas present." As the dainty little girl dropped the bill into his brown, rusty hand, their eyes met. Those big, soft blue eyes he had never forgotten! Then a kind man who encouraged him to go to school floated into his vision. His fatherly advice, his kind attention had brought Jere to his senses and made a man of him.

It was in high school that he had met Ann Brady. The same little girl who had bought the paper from him years ago. They became good friends, and by the time they were seniors he had called at her home once. Often he walked home with her from school—to carry her books.

But not until one memorable night during commencement did he tell her of his love for her. It was a soft moonlight night in June. The breeze played gently through his hair and the smell of rosebuds enchanted the air.

"Again he felt the pressure of her slender hand, As they talked together of the future they had planned."

He drew from his pocket a worn scrap of newspaper. It was a poem of inspiration, one that had encouraged him many times and one that helped him win her.

"Somewhere she waits to make you win,

Your soul in her firm white hands. Somewhere the gods have made for you The woman who understands.

Somewhere she waits, strong in belief,

Your soul in her firm white hands; Thank well the gods when she comes to you— The woman who understands."

He remembered going to work in a large bank. Then came the time for Ann to leave the old home town. She was going to a girls' finishing school. They had planned to be married when she had finished her course. All through the months that followed he worked faithfully, was promoted twice, and by the time Ann came home for the summer he was a successful business man.

It was her senior year. How long the years had seemed, yet how beautiful and happy! Then news came that Ann had disappeared from the boarding school and no one knew her whereabouts!

All searching was in vain. Her parents were grief-stricken, and Jere heart-broken. Years deepened their grief. Those terrible years! At last Jere was transferred to another city. Here he had made his home since then, far away from friends and happy associations. Success had crowned him. Yes, he must admit that he had been successful from a financial standpoint, but from the standpoint of happiness his life had been a failure since Ann went away.

Still gazing at the picture, he murmured aloud, Could she have forgotten home, mother, me? Can it be that she doesn't understand? Those innocent eyes! Oh, I must see you!

Then, drawn by some strange power, he went to the casement, threw open the windows and stood staring out upon a cold world—a world as cold as was his life. Something held him there. It was the carolers! They were singing under his window.

"It came upon a midnight clear, That glorious song of old, It floated the voices sweet and clear on the still midnight air. His muscles grew tense, his heart leaped; it was her voice!

"Peace on the earth, good will to ward men, From Heaven's all gracious King."

Once more God had given him the desire of his heart. Once more a lonely heart had been guided home at Christmastide. Ann told him of her secret desire to become an opera singer, and because her parents objected she had disguised herself and under an assumed name joined an opera company and became famous. But all this had not brought her happiness, and ashamed to go home, ashamed to face him, she had sought happiness in charity work.

Ann's parents came to spend Christmas with them. This was the happiest reunion Jere could have dreamed of. They made no mention of the suffering and unhappiness she had caused, but as Jere thanked God, the giver of all good gifts, for the gift of happiness, the words of the poet trembled on his lips—the words "Somewhere she waits, strong in belief,

Your soul in her firm white hands; Thank well the gods when she comes to you— The woman who understands."

Garner: "What should a preacher like I am preach about?" Kirk: "About ten minutes."

Advice to parties about to marry this Christmas: "Don't."

Prof. Ijams: "Do you get the gist of what I was saying?" Frankie: "I get just a little."

Combustible
Abernethy: "Do you know Fat Burns?"
Fly: "No."
Abernethy: "Well, it does."

In 1950
Hughes: "It's a good thing all are not alike, or everybody would want my wife."
Fox: "If they were all like me nobody would have her."

H. J.: "Could you tell me the name of the piece the orchestra is playing?"
L. G.: "Go Feather Your Nest."
H. J.: "Well, you go jump in the lake. I asked you a civil question."

A TASTE OF CAMPUS LIFE

As Told by One Who Has Been Under Campus Sentence and Room-Arrest

On Thursday morning at chapel, the devotional services being over, Prof. Priestley rose and walked to the center of the platform. With the dignity of a judge he cleared his throat and informed the student body of the meeting of the Council the previous night and of the decisions rendered. He began: "The Council is pleased with the conduct at Lindsley Hall, but a few violations were reported and after due consideration, meditation and hesitation, it feels compelled to dissolve the 'Knights of the Order of the Bath.' The Council deems it wise to place the officers of the order under room arrest and on campus until the Christmas holidays."

Silence prevailed, and all turned to look at the poor helpless officers. I looked up first with amazement, then with exultation, and then with shame. Just what did it mean? Well, my doubts were soon cleared.

Prof. Priestley continued: "The meaning of room arrest is that the party is neither to leave his room nor to receive company during study hour or quiet hour on Sunday. He must not leave campus for anything."

That night a feast was held in room across the corridor, but my appointment was not filled. I could smell the odor of sausages, then coffee and finally to complete the ordeal my roommate shouted, "Ducks on Hughes' Pie." That was more than I could stand so I slammed my book to and went to bed.

The next night the Council held a special session and I was aroused from by study of "Philaster" by Councilman MacFarland knocking on my door. "Who is it?" I asked. "MacFarland," he said.

"Well I am under room arrest, so come back tomorrow," I said, tickled to get back at one of the men that was responsible for my imprisonment. In five minutes Owen White knocked and begged admittance. After looking both ways for councilmen and failing to see any he was ushered in. We were busy devouring our physic lesson on parallelism of forces when Councilman J. Roy Vaughn knocked, saying, "Hughes, open up, you are suspected of using your grill after 10 o'clock." White was placed under the bed and after Vaughn had felt of the grill and decided it had not been used in less than thirty minutes, departed.

White was extracted and was found to have collected all the dust under the bed. He was so nervous that the smelling salts had to be hunted up. I remembered that Ed Bourne was the last one that had borrowed them when Freda Landers had written him a scorching letter. I darted out and ran right into to run back to my room. I made the second effort and got back to find Owen hanging out the window, trying to get a breath of fresh air. He was revived enough to leave and made a dash for his room.

Then Saturday night. I had always gone in town for the week-end, but now I had to busy myself trying to break a date for Sunday. Of all the deprivations, inconveniences and hardships of being campused this was the climax. I went back to my room and sat down and decided to write my memoirs of campused life. Boys, it doesn't pay and take my advice, if the council says three times nine is twenty-six say amen. I am now living for Christmas and freedom, and I hope to celebrate it by walking up and down the pike in front of the girls' campus.

OUR LIST OF EXCHANGES

Following is a list of the Babblers' exchanges at present:

"Purple and Gold," Columbia, Tenn.
"Normalite," Murfreesboro, Tenn.
"Eastone Echo," East Stone Gap, Va.

"The Hyphen," Nashville, Tenn.
"The Megaphone News," Nashville, Tenn.

"The Purple Parrot," Red Wing, Minn.

"Central Hi-Lights," Murfreesboro, Tenn.

"The Living Message," Morrilton, Ark.

"Blue and White," K. H. S., Knoxville, Tenn.

"The Booster," Shop Springs, Tenn.

"The Signal," Columbia, Tenn.

"The School Bell," Big Stone Gap, Va.

"The Spring Times," Thorpe Springs, Tex.

"Cardinal and Cream," Jackson, Tenn.

"The Optimist," Abilene, Tex.

"The Echo," Nashville, Tenn.

"The Blue and Gold," Georgiana, Ala.

"The Hampshire Booster," Hampshire, Tenn.

"Crimson and Gold," Martin, Tenn.

"The Raleigh Booster," Richlands, Va.

"The Cumberland Kick Off," Lebanon, Tenn.

"The Hilltop," Gallatin, Tenn.

"Lambuth Vision," Jackson, Tenn.

"The Harbinger," Halls, Tenn.

"The Sky Rocket," Henderson, Tenn.

"The Bugle Call," Columbia, Tenn.

"Wallace World," Nashville, Tenn.

Peabody Volunteer," Nashville, Tenn.
"The Pica," Greenville, Miss.
"The Central Digest," Chattanooga, Tenn.
"The Cardinal," Bowling Green, Ky.
"Echos," Elkton, Ky.

SEVEN STAGES OF THE MAN

Given in the Light of the Holiday Spirit

First an Infant: The Christmas tree decorated by fond father and mother, the tiny eager face peering excitedly in the fireplace and the jubilant exclamation, "Santa Claus, down the chimney!"

Then the Schoolboy: The noise of a brigade as he charges into the room, and flings books on floor with, "Oh, boy! no more silly lessons," and, "Now, Honest Injun! mom, don't you think Santa'll be sport enough to bring me that bicycle, baseball and bat?"

Third the Lover: Place, a cozy room, a soft light falling from under the rose shade and mingling with the dancing firelight. Time, just as the moon rises over the distant horizon. Persons, just two (under the mistletoe). He: "I dare not take it unless you give it." She: "And I dare not give it unless you take it." Ring the curtain down!

Next the Soldier: In the bleak barracks thinking of those dear ones at home. Beside him a Christmas box well filled by loving hands, before him two pictures—his mother and his sweetheart. In his eyes a dreamy, faraway look, for although his body is in the dreary barracks, his heart is at home. Oh, that he might fill that vacant chair!

Then the Justice: With the plea, "Judge, I've never had a home, never had a chance, save me," ringing in his ears, he looks beyond the bars of courtroom, through the window and at the snow so rapidly covering mother earth in her holiday dress. Christ's birthday! It was for such as the boy who now stood before him that Christ had given His life's blood. With his heart full of thoughts of the Prince of Peace, the Bethlehem babe, he turns to the broken-hearted boy and says, "Not guilty; come home with me, my boy."

The Sixth Age Finds the Middle-aged Man: The home decorated with holly and Christmas bells. The man sets before the fire in an alert position as if anxiously awaiting the sound of approaching footsteps while from the kitchen comes Mother's cheery voice and the delicious aroma of a Christmas dinner prepared for the children on the way home from college for the holidays.

And the Last: Dear old grandfather! Second childhood. Hobbling around on his cane he manages to give minute instructions to each of his grandsons on the art of winding up an engine, blowing a horn and making a racket in general. He may be "sans teeth," but he is not sans curiosity and a pitiful eagerness.

A "GOOD CITIZEN"

There is a certain type of man if call "a good citizen." That is, he never does anything that a good citizen would not. He breaks no laws, he lives a good moral life, he pays his honest debts, and never gets mixed up with the law in any manner. But he lives by himself, of himself, and for himself exclusively. When the call is issued for volunteers to put across a community movement and give a boost, he never answers. When help is needed he is not one of the number to come to the rescue of the calamity-stricken. When money is needed for a public enterprise, there is no use to call on him. When he sees some neighbor stuck up in the mud he goes the other way to avoid him. In fact, if he had a chance to teach God's word to some unfortunate who would never have another chance to hear it, he would never budge. If all mankind were like this, had you ever thought what kind of world this would be and what would happen? There would be no churches, no word of God taught, no hospitals for the sick nor homes for the unfortunate. Think about it and in no way become like the useless "good citizen." Let us be alive and aggressive, put more into life, therefore get more in return than would the useless "good citizen."

"A XMAS LETTER"

Dearest Santa Claus: This is a plea from a band of Sapphoneans. First of all dear Santa Claus Gwendolyn Moss wants a new finger, the one with which she picks her mandolin is growing quite worn.

Freda Landers wants a New English book; you may choose the kind, Santa Claus, one she can easily learn. Will you please bring to all the Sapphonean boys a great big stocking full of luck so they will be sure to get the girl they want, and when your reindeer gallops over their houses, sprinkle down to them little messages of love from all the Sapphonean girls.

Please Santa do not forget that Toline Russell wants the most beautiful piece of music you can find. Do you have one that she has not already memorized? For Nellie Pitts bring a picture of Bill and though she isn't greedy she would also like a red stick of candy. And, oh, yes, Santa, Maudie Morgan will be greatly disappointed if she fails to get a stocking filled to the brim with wienies. One stocking won't be sufficient to satisfy Nell Conlee, it generally takes two SOCKS. Please do not forget her, Santa Claus. She has wanted this present so long. Mildred Formby wants a dainty little apron and cap. You know what she's planning, don't you Santa Claus? Inez Kinnie wants a little springboard to stand on when she jumps center in basket ball games.

Lorena Barber isn't a bit particular. You may bring her anything you choose, only Santa to be appreciated it simply must be "WHITE." To Jewel Edmondson please bring a little book of information concerning trig. Oh! and Santa, you know how fond Margaret Carter is of

Love, SAPPHONEAN GIRLS.

D. L. C. QUINTET DESCRIBED

Five Boys of D. L. C. Are Found to Favor Letter "L." Writer Offers Reward for Names

"A QUINTETTE"

The following descriptions are given for five boys in school. A reward is offered by the writer to the student who sends in the names of these gentlemen. Address: Editor of the Babblers.

The first is "Judy Bean," he is about five feet seven inches tall, has a cackling hen, and through his pensiveness he always has a date with a certain girl whose name initial is "L."

The second is "Dude," he is about six feet two inches tall, dresses to the minute, plays basketball in earnest, studies for pastime, simply adores English and Trigonometry, and also has a mania for talking to a girl whose name initial is "L."

The third is "Two-timer," he is about five feet eleven inches tall, handles more clothes than a millionaire, and is quite often mistaken for the mailman; although his favorite initial is "L." The fourth is "Flirt," he is about six feet tall, walks like an old man from the hips down, smiles before he smiles, always gets an A in English, is a member of the Kakhi Regiment, and strange to relate he also makes frequent week-end escapades to visit a girl whose name initial is "L."

The fifth is "Shiek," he, like "Flirt," is about six feet tall, walks like a pigeon, frequently gets death warrants through the mail, has tried two or three letters, but has about decided on the letter "L" for a favorite initial.

A GLANCE OVER TRAVELED ROADS

Now Students, raise your weary heads from the term theme you are writing, lend your ears while I discourse for a brief period or so on the marvelous changes and non-changes that have occurred in D. L. C. between the Christmas of 1923 and 1924. We have gone through the agonies of tests and exams with the idea that we flunked only to be revived each time with the sparkle of success. So leave for a moment the adversity of studying and make sweet its uses.

First and foremost among the changes is the metamorphosis of Prof. Rainey, the bachelor, into Prof. Rainey, the married man. Truly "he can who thinks he can." Prof. Rainey put his doctrine into practice. Yes, truly that was a change. Can we dare to hope for so great a change by next Christmas? Judging by the all-wise looks and sparkling eyes of three of the Senior girls probably so. Prof. Cuff, Prof. Priestly and Editor-in-Chief Taylor will have, I believe, followed Priscilla's injunction and have spoken for themselves. That goes to prove what teaching school and editing papers will eventually lead one to do.

There was no Mrs. S. P. Lowery last Christmas. Cupid was then busy in that vicinity, but now Hymen has taken a hand. Mr. Hymen, keep the good work "amovering." Last year we had no exciting campaign speeches for the office of councilman. Mr. Garner's brilliant campaign speech made in the gymnasium is worthy of honorable mention. In his eloquence he ascended on flowery beds of ease to those lofty peaks of oratory so seldom reached by one of his height.

Prof. and Mrs. Turner have left their exclusive apartments in Lindsay Hall and are now "feathering their nest" elsewhere. Judging by the numerous cut fingers and burned thumbs they have not yet mastered the culinary art.

And did you notice the president of the Senior Class has broken down his bachelor's reserve and is about to be proclaimed a regular "ladies' man?"

There are some people who seemingly never change. Oma Marton and Hazel Dennison continue to embrace at dagger's point. Myrtle Baars still splits the difference between Elmo and David; Bro. Boles continues to look over and not through his glasses; Clyde Hale refuses to believe that a loud laugh speaks an empty mind and Bro. Owen never fails to be half way down the steps by the time Bro. Murphy has sounded forth the final note of the last chapel song.

A Novelty

Burford: "I have an idea."
Kinnie: "Be good to it; it's in a strange place."

"Dimples." Well, she wants you to please bring her at least one. Erline Harwell would like some hair nets. She fears those things are becoming extinct. To Frances Phillips and Ruth Evans bring a little red wagon. They wish to use it to bring their package from town on Mondays.

Eloise Sutton wants a real live Kitty. It must be solid white with lavender ears. You see, Sant, she wants her cat to be a Sappho too. Georgia Kearney wants an imitation snake made of wood. She likes to make it wiggle. Santa Claus, though we think the rooms in Avalon home are sufficiently warm, Thelma Dickerson insists that she must have an "Armstrong" heater.

To all the Sapphonean day students please bring loads of pep. You know the kind the Sappho's have always been noted for. Good bye kind Santa Claus. Please don't disappoint us and we will all promise to be good girls, to study hard and love our teachers.

Love, SAPPHONEAN GIRLS.

"THE TRIPLE THREE"

By Freda Landers

The triple three is a merry band, And a merry band are they; They eat and eat just all they can, And then they romp and play.

Little Miss Barber was eating with ardor, And the hour was late at night. All of a sudden she began to choke— She had forgotten to write to White!

Nellie Potts pulled a real "wise crack,"

Then sat down with a will. Gwendolyn poured hot cocoa down her back—

Nellie's last thoughts were of Bill!

Corrine Smith's here and then she's there;

She flies around harem-scarem. Oh, no, it isn't a case of nerves—

Her mind's on Philip Parham!

Nell Conlee is so jolly;

She's always eating candy. We always envy her, cause

She has a beau from Vandey.

There on the trunk sits Freda Lee;

Somehow she looks quite dead. The hamburger sandwich which she eats

Won't mix with her thoughts of Ed!

Maudie Morgan one wintry night

Stirred the salad, then took a bite. We noticed she looked quite forlorn;

She failed to sterilize the shoe-horn!

Mildred Formby feels quite gay—

The cause is very simple; She got some literature one night

On how to develop Dimples (?)

Toline, scared silly, furnishes moans;

She's quite nervous; she's just left Mr. Jones.

You, know people in love cannot eat,

So the feast for her is rather a cheat.

Gwendolyn Moss is such a cute little girl—

Soft brown hair with a natural curl.

She's such a dainty little darling—

Girls, why did she choose Sam McFarland?

SOME OF OUR SENIOR GIRLS

Brief Sketches On Girls of the Senior Class As Continued from Last Issue

Ladye Cullie Gaither

Quiet as a mouse, Always goes a tripping

Round about the house.

If perchance you hear

A voice so sweet and clear, Know at once 'tis Thelma Mc

For at singing she has a "knack."

Joyce Whitelow is our "grandma"

Here in Avalon Home, On us she "lays the law."

No partiality is shown.

La Nelle Goodwyn is another athlete

At basket ball she is a star. Find one who her can beat

And you'll have to go afar.

Thelma Soyars is a jewel,

All the boys declare. For her, they'd fight a duel

If her favor she'd let them wear.

Although she is "inhospitable,"

I think the boys all know, To court Oma would be prof't'ble,

But why DO they go so slow?

Hazel D. loves a "Deacon."

We knew she was religious, But THIS we did not reckon

To believe it is outrageous.

Alice Blair's aim in life

Is to be a Taylor's wife, Although Herman is a "dear,"

For her future we do fear.

(To Be Continued.)

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"THRIFT"

Sir Henry Taylor has observed that "industry must take an interest in its own fruits, and God has appointed that the mass of mankind shall be moved by this interest, and have their daily labor sweetened by it. The earnings and savings of industry should be intelligent for a purpose beyond mere earnings and savings. We do not work for ourselves alone but for the benefit of those dependent upon us. Industry must know three things: How to earn, how to spend and how to save. The man who knows, like St. Paul, how to spare and how to abound has indeed a great knowledge. Through industry we gain our independence from worldly cares and troubles. We can establish our independence only by the right exercise of forethought, prudence, frugality, and self-denial. Self-denial is the most important of the aforementioned, for the very essence of generosity is self-sacrifice. Many enemies have to be overcome in order for us to accomplish self-sacrifice. Among these are idleness, thoughtlessness, vanity, vice, and intemperance. Intemperance is one of the greatest evils with which we are forced to contend. And one of the best methods of abating this evil is to teach or induce old and young to practice the virtue of Thrift. From *Centide* we have the wonderful statement: "Not what I have, but what I do, is my kingdom." It is not what we are able to acquire financially in this world which amounts to most in the world to come but how much we are able to suffer or sacrifice for the upbuilding of our fellowman. From the greatest of all books we have this quotation: "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth."

Note: This article by W. N. Campbell will be concluded next issue.—Ed.)

Thrift

"Thrift is the great fortune maker," said Andrew Carnegie, and his life proved it. The right-using of all the values of life is thrift. This is as true of your energies as it is of your money and material wealth. The student who employs his time and his strength constructively is almost sure to become one of the successful and dependable men of his community.

To live according to principles of thrift requires strong character.

Life insurance is a great institution of thrift. It is a practical system suited to the needs of every class.

The first investment a man or a woman should make is life insurance. Endowments and Thrift policies not only furnish life insurance but guarantee \$1,000 or more in cash to the insured in a specified term of years.

When you finish school and enter the business or professional world, make it a point to save a portion of every dollar you earn right from the start.

We are especially interested in the young men and women of the South, and would be glad to have you listed with our great number of patrons who are saving in this way.

Robert W.

All human discoveries seem to be made only for the purpose of confirming, more and more strongly, the truths contained in the sacred Scriptures.—Sir John Herschel.

THE BABBLER

"What would this babbler say"—Acts 17:18

He that loves not books before he comes to thirty years of age, will hardly love them enough afterwards to understand them.—Clarendon.

I. 5

DAVID LIPSCOMB COLLEGE, NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY 9, 1925.

No. 7

ENDING OF THE WINTER TERM IS VERY FAVORABLE

Students Return from Holiday Visits to Renew Work. Teachers Pleased With Promptness. New Term Promises Interesting Activities

After ten days spent at home among friends and with parents, students of David Lipscomb College began to return to their place of work on December 30. All report splendid times during the holidays and entered upon their school duties on the morning of December 31 seeming desirous of making the best of the term's work.

Teachers were encouraged on opening day by the presence of so many pupils at classes. The spirit of the holidays still lingered in some, however, yet by the week-end all traces of this were gone and work was moving along in fine order.

The winter term which began December 30 promises much of interest in the way of school activities. The forensic program which is being completed will contribute to the events of the term, affording one and perhaps more debates. Finals in athletics are to be rushed to completion especially in basketball. The contest now on between Sapphones and Kappa Nus for the loving cup promises much interest for boys and girls alike. As it now stands the Kappa Nus have won the two games of the series thus far played. The Lipscomb-Callegean series which begins January 17 promises well for a manifestation of society spirit. Both teams are undergoing strenuous training preparing for the coming contest.

Courses at college are well regulated. Some shifts have been made by students but conflicts are removed and everything tends to the most prosperous term of the college year. Teachers have begun the term by making assignments which foretells a very busy time for boys and girls of D. L. C. It has been prophesied that no time will be left for any violations of Student Council regulations.

Several old students failed to return for the winter term—some because of home conditions and others because of a change of schools. Damon Crawley has entered the University of Chattanooga and Frank Perry Vanderbilt University. Among others who did not return are Harvey Phillips, Denton Fly, Kate Lancaster, Edward Hamilton, Hooper Scott, Carl Stroud, Willis Yowell, Merritt Oder.

To more than overbalance the shortage caused by the failure of several former students to return, (Continued on page 2)

OFFERING OF STUDENTS SENT TO S. M. SPEARS

Sum of Forty Dollars Offered by Students Before Holidays Well Placed. Brother Spears Writes Expressing Appreciation for the Gift

Before the holidays a free-will offering was made by the student-body for some worthy cause. The amount of forty dollars (\$40.00) was collected and placed in the hands of President Boles. After some consideration he found a brother in real need. The money was sent to S. M. Spears, a former student of D. L. C., and now at Colorado Springs, Colo., for his health. That this donation was appreciated by Brother Spears may be seen from the following letter:

2009 W. Pike's Peak Ave.,
Colorado Springs, Colo.,
Dec. 29, 1924.

Dear Brother Boles and Students of D. L. C.: You can never know the joy that my heart was made to feel at being remembered so kindly by you. The check for forty dollars, besides bringing financial aid in our work and struggle for health here, spoke worlds to me of your brotherly love and interest. It would bankrupt the English language to express to you one-half the appreciation which I feel for this love.

I hope that you have all had a pleasant vacation, and have come back to the dear old place we call D. L. C. with renewed energy and determination. I want to say to you (as one that loves you, and is interested in your welfare, both here and hereafter), make the most of the golden opportunities that you have to fit and prepare yourselves for the responsibilities which of necessity must come upon you with the coming years. I speak from experience and feel sure that you shall never regret one moment of your time well spent in D. L. C. I learned lessons there that have been of untold value to me in facing the problems of life as a minister of the gospel.

I pray God to bountifully bless you, one and all, and lead you in the paths where you can accomplish the most good in His name.

The cause is weak here, being only a few of us, but interest has increased greatly during the past several months. Pray for us and the success of our work.

As ever, your Brother in Christ,
S. M. Spears.

HOME EC. CLUB ENJOYS VISIT WITH TEACHER

Girls Meet at Home of Mrs. Owen and Give Program. Refreshments Served by Hostess

The Home Economics Club met at the home of Mrs. Owen, the teacher, on Monday afternoon, December 8, 1924. The meeting was called to order by the president, Miss Frankie Northern. After the roll was called and the minutes read, the following program was rendered:

Devotional reading, Frances Greenlee.

Piano solo, Ruth Jordan.
Reading, Lillian Burton.
Trio, Thelma McMahan, Gladys Bryson and Ruth Jordan.
Characteristics of Club Girls, Ollie Cuff.

Piano solo, Frances Neely.
Vocal solo, Thelma McMahan.
Mrs. Owen and Mrs. C. G. Miles gave the girls words of encouragement. Mr. Owen made a talk which was enjoyed by all. The house was then adjourned in informal order and Miss Elizabeth Owen gave several piano solos and little Miss Dean some readings.

Delightful refreshments were then served by Miss Owen, assisted by Miss Northern and Mrs. Miles. This was a real treat to the girls of D. L. C., and every one was sorry when the clock drew near the fourth hour, for Miss Delk had asked them to be back by 4:30.

Every one was heard to say they had never had a better time. The club wishes to thank Mr. and Mrs. Owen for the good time which it had that day, and hopes to have many more meetings as full of happiness as that one.

The chief delight of many people seems to be finding out something about the other person's business. They need to be told that everybody's business is nobody's business, and having learned that, should make a very personal application.

PROF. TURNER TURNS HOST

In Very Royal Manner Entertains Eight Young Men of D. L. C. Before the Holidays

On Monday night, December 15, 1924, upon special invitation of Prof. G. H. Turner, several young men of David Lipscomb College took dinner at his home. Those present were Walter Campbell, Merwin Gleaves, Harvey Dodd, Robert Fox, Roy Vaughan, Herman Taylor, Roy Johnson and Clayton James.

A delightful four-course dinner was served and was heartily partaken of by the knights of Lindsay Hall. Some of the boys so far forgot themselves as to eat three pieces of chicken and others ate so much that Prof. Turner was said to threaten to use discretion in inviting other boys to his home.

After dinner the boys spent some time looking over Prof. Turner's splendid collection of woods, pictures, etc., for which collections Mr. Turner is especially noted. His famous library table was a wonder to all, being known throughout the United States and even in foreign countries. Many were the expressions of thanks and good wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Turner for the pleasant evening and delightful dinner. For days the occasion was one of frequent reference by those so fortunate as to attend the dinner.

Abilene Sends Greetings

The following telegram from Abilene, Texas, shows the spirit of good will which exists between Abilene Christian College and D. L. C.

"January 1, 1925.

"H. Leo Boles, President David Lipscomb College, Nashville, Tenn.

"We are hoping that David Lipscomb College has the finest year in her history.

Batsell Baxter.

VISIONS OF THE NEW YEAR

I heard the bell's deep tolling, 'twas the knell
Of the old year dying. No funeral train
Was seen to pass, yet, on the stream and forest,
I saw the moonbeams rest.
Under its spotless shroud the breezes stirred
Just as an old man's sigh.
I looked away to the crimson cloud
On which the spirit of the seasons stood,
And saw the old year go forever.

I sat for a time with tear-dimmed eyes
While memories came like a specter dim,
Some with the tones of a wizard's voice
As heard from the tomb of ages;
But the specter lifted a coffin lid
Of hope, and love, and joy.
Then with countenance of trust and cheer,
Bade me greet the new-born year.

I resolved in my mind, as I saw this sad scene,
If it is so, as the poets have said
That we profit by the failures of the past,
I'd hew out a stairway
In those failures I had made,
And by the help of my comrades,
So faithful and true,
Strive upward and onward
Throughout this new year.

To untangle the strands in the web of fate
That brings sorrow and anguish and fear,
And with a hand of love weave a strand of gold
That brings joy, gladness and pleasure.
Then when I come to the end of the year
That now lies out before us
I can say with a conscience that's true
That this has been a year
That cannot be forgotten by you.

GOD SPEAKS UNTO MAN THRU CHRIST

"All-Wise and All-Powerful Is He Who Has Spoken," Says E. A. Elam

In two very interesting sermons Sunday, January 4, 1925, E. A. Elam gave some very useful lessons from the book of Hebrews. His morning sermon was on the subject of God's speaking to the human family. Brother Elam read from Heb. 1 and 2:1-4 for a lesson and explained that the purpose of the Hebrew letter was to show Jewish Christians the difference between the Old and New Covenants and encourage them. Questions had arisen causing some Jewish Christians to think of going back to the old form of worship.

Entering upon the subject of God's speaking to man, Brother Elam very earnestly presented the lesson. Wise men, he said, speak now on different subjects, and men stand ready to hear them. Henry Ford speaks on mechanical affairs or Thomas Edison on some scientific questions and man listens. Woodrow Wilson spoke on some diplomatic question, and all nations stood up and took notice. These men are not to be compared to the voice of God. Men make mistakes, but God does not. Not only has God spoken, but he has upheld his word. He is all-powerful and all-wise. There is no lack of harmony in God's creation. He is light; the sun and moon are not needed in his presence. Christ is Light, and those who follow him are the children of light.

That these things are true and that God has condescended to speak to man should make a profound impression upon all. One does not need to wade through theories of man, for God has spoken and told of his creation. Today all are enjoying what God said to man in the beginning in that man was given dominion over all upon the face of the earth. All laws of science and invention were known to God, and man has only combined old laws to make new ones. God's laws were in existence before Harvey discovered that the blood circulates and before Newton discovered any law of motion or science.

God speaks in language to man. No intelligence has come to man from God save through the instrumentality of language. God's language and that of his Son was in simple language. Really great men (Continued on page 2)

JUNIOR EDITOR BOOSTS CLASS

Group of Sixty-Eight Contains Athletes of Note, Dramatists, and Skilled Musicians

The Junior Class of nineteen hundred twenty-four and twenty-five is next to the largest that has ever been at David Lipscomb College. The class is composed of sixty-eight members, representing some four or five states.

The boys of the Junior Class have proven themselves class champs. They have put the seniors down and the Junior banner is up to stay up.

There is much dramatic talent in the Junior Class. They are planning on putting on the best play of the year. Work will soon begin. A few of the most talented in dramatics are: Walter Campbell, Clayton James, Frances Greenlee, Lillie Mae Brown and Frances Phillips.

No one in school has a more beautiful voice than Miss Maudie Morgan, and Miss Lucy Owen is close behind her. Miriam Jones and Nell Conlee cannot be beaten at the piano. Thus it can easily be seen that in any line the Junior can do more than their share of the work and carry off more honors than their share of the honors.

SPARTA AND McMINNVILLE VS. BURRITT

Burrirt College Boys Suffer Defeat in Basketball Game. Banquet Follows Game

On Tuesday night, December 23, 1924, the Sparta and McMinnville boys of D. L. C. met the boys of Burrirt College in a spirited game of basketball. The game was very fast and was very much enjoyed by both players and spectators. The boys from D. L. C. taking part were William Brown, Leo L. Boles, Jimmy Boles, Edward Hamilton and Robert Thurman.

The Spencer boys led in the first quarter, but with the intermission between quarters came a deep determination to win which was manifested by a burst of goal-shooting by the Sparta and McMinnville boys in the lead, in which place they remained for the remainder of the fray.

The best bet for Spencer was Milton Acuff, who played a fine all-round game. Leo Boles (by popular sentiment of the young ladies present) was the star of the game; Thurman worked the floor in fine fashion; Jimmy Boles fought the fight without reproach.

Hamilton played a good game, but missed a number of close-ups. Brown, playing at center, succeeded in tipping the ball repeatedly and the final score was 20 to 12 in favor of the Sparta and McMinnville boys. The game was refereed by John Lee from Cumberland University. The game was played fair and the genuine sportsmanship of both teams was noticeable.

After the Game a Banquet

After the game both teams with guests, numbering in all about forty, gathered at the Rhea Hotel for a banquet given by Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Russell. Roger Russell and William Brown were Mr. Russell's managers, and the success of the banquet lay in their hands.

Mr. Harry Camp, of Sparta, acted in the capacity of toastmaster, and when introduced by William Brown, was greeted by applause.

Speeches were made by most of the guests. William Brown led off with a welcome to the guests. Gertrude Russell, representing the Russell family, made a very interesting speech. There were speeches of congratulation, appreciation and welcome. Among the noted guests were Misses Clara Bohannon, Nell Pearson, Eva Dell Kent, Ernestine Hull, Mary R. Foosbee and Jessie Rhea Parsons.

FINE TIMES ARE REPORTED

Social Activities Are Very Rife During Christmas Holidays Here and at Home

Long before the last bell sounded which said, "You are free. Go home," the happy faces of the students told that they were counting the minutes until they were once again in the dear old home. But on the other hand, as Fate would have it, there were some who could not count the minutes or even the days between them and loved ones. There were a few who remained here at the college; others visited in the homes of their friends.

D. L. C. students are firm believers in "keeping in touch" with each other during holidays, school days and vacation days. Some of the things which draw them closer together are week-end visits and "house parties." Brother Cuff expresses his preference for the latter, having indulged in one recently.

Miss Eleanor Frazier entertained quite a number of her friends in her home in Pulaski the last brief days during Christmas. Those from the (Continued on page 2)

SPECIAL TALKS MADE ON FIRST DAY OF THE YEAR

In Chapel January 1, 1925, the Faculty Encourages Students, Gives Plans for Prosperous Year and Makes Resolutions for New Year

NEW COUNCIL FINDS WORK IS PLEASANT

Conditions at Lindsay Hall Do Not Necessitate a Council Meeting

The Student Council of David Lipscomb College is enjoying a period of pleasing administrative efforts as life at Lindsay Hall has been very pleasant since the return from the Christmas visit home. Prof. Priestley, President of the Council, reports that there has as yet been no occasion for convening the Council even for organization.

The present Council, composed of Graves Williams, Andrew Mason, Charles Smith, Sterling Jones, Homer Dudley, Merwin Gleaves, Walter Campbell, Clyde Hale and Ennis Hughes, reports that there is no discord among students and that all are working with a will. This condition has been explained by the fact that teachers began the first day with very definite and extensive assignments which have kept all at work.

The success which the Council has to present achieved is contrary to former expectations of many students and numerous patrons and friends of the institution. When the Student Government movement was launched, many said it could not succeed for it had been tried before but had failed. The movement as begun at the first of the fall term was from the very first a visible success. With the faculty firmly behind the Council a far greater success is predicted. Students are frequently heard to state that Student Government is much more pleasant than was expected.

It is evident to all, and is here given that parents and patrons may know, that the success of Student Government is due largely to the fact that H. J. Priestley is President (Continued on page 2)

Chapel exercise on January 1, 1925, was featured by short talks from faculty members. Pres. Boles suggested that the new year be begun right by adjusting everything to the regulations of the college. He called for words appropriate for a new year from the men who sat with him on the platform: A. G. Freed, G. H. Turner, H. J. Priestley, J. Ridley Stroop, W. H. Owen, R. P. Cuff, E. H. Ijams, John L. Rainey, and B. H. Murphy.

Bro. Freed, in a very impressive manner, quoted Phil. 3:13, 14, and emphasized the strong points in that reading. These lessons, he said, were appropriate to begin a new year: Time should not be spent in living in the past but in pressing on to the future. Reveling in the past is unnecessary; thinking of one's mistakes is to be discouraged and there must be a reaching forward to things that are before.

Prof. Turner stated that the new year found all present in the best school in the world—not best according to some standards among modern universities, but in that the Bible is read and taught each day, at D. L. C., stands far above the rest.

H. J. Priestley, President of Student Council and Principal of the Elementary Department, suggested that a record be kept by each student in order to make work more pleasant. His work concerns the disciplinary features of the college very much, and in such he asked for help in making Council meetings unnecessary. Following the suggestion that a record be kept, Prof. Stroop explained Franklin's plan of keeping check on himself. Prof. Stroop also expressed appreciation for co-operation of his classes with him in fall term and pledged to do more for the students in the coming term.

W. H. Owen gave a test for reading character by the presence of a student the last day before Christmas and the first day after. As for the new year, he gave in a few words the value of promptness and asked that promptness be made a part of the resolutions of the new year.

B. H. Murphy suggested that thanks were due the person who (Continued on page 2)

DEBATE WITH BURRITT IS SCHEDULED FOR FEBRUARY

Child Labor Question Has Been Agreed Upon. Bryson College Added to List. Tryouts to Be Held in the Near Future

TWO ALUMNI RENEW TIES

Yowell and Brown of Class of 1924 Present at Chapel Time. Are Very Cordially Received

The college was glad to have as visitors January 2 and 3, Russell Yowell and Joe Kidd Brown, two former students and members of the graduating class of 1924.

They are both teaching this year. Mr. Yowell is principal of a three-teacher school at Hillsboro, Tenn., and Mr. Brown is teaching in a high school in Benham, Ky.

They both made short talks at the chapel service Saturday morning in which they gave favorable reports of their work and both spoke of the happy days they had spent in D. L. C. They admonished the students to make the most of the many golden opportunities which are now within their grasp, and they emphasized the fact that the chapel talks here cannot be valued, and that they will be long remembered of all the good things that one gets at D. L. C., for few schools stop amid the day's work and assemble together to worship God in prayer and song every day and listen to inspiring talks from godly men who are not only pointing out the way, but are leading.

Mr. Brown, along with his teaching, is doing some splendid work with the church at Benham. He is superintendent of the Sunday school and a teacher in the same. Such as the above is characteristic of the boys who go out from D. L. C.—they are always willing and ready to say and do something for Jesus.

This college is not only striving to train the boys and girls who go out from it to take their places among the educators of the day, but God-fearing men who can help to promote the cause of Christ and women to be keepers at home and a blessing wherever they may be.

Faculty and students are always glad to have former students visit and, though they are gone, feels that they are still a part of the college, and they have its prayer that they develop into strong Christian men and women.

Question for debate with Burrirt College of Spencer, Tenn., has been submitted and accepted and the matter of time is now under discussion. The committee for arrangement of questions reports the following question as being accepted by Burrirt College: "Resolved, That the United States should adopt the Child Labor Law now pending in Congress." The question is to be discussed without considering any action of Congress on the matter.

Burrirt has asked that the debate be scheduled for February 7 or 14. The forensic program for D. L. C. is to be somewhat enlarged this year which makes it necessary for some debates to be held very early in the spring.

Bryson College of Fayetteville, Tenn., has been added to the list of colleges for discussion. A committee is now drafting questions to submit to Bryson and is also considering the question of time. Announcements will be made from time to time relative to the forensic schedule.

Former students will recall that heretofore debates with Burrirt College have been between the Callegean Society of each institution. The affair is now entirely intercollegiate and bears no relation to either society. In the intercollegiate contest last year David Lipscomb and Bryson squared even, one team winning at each place. Preparations are now being made by the debating club at D. L. C. to launch greater effort in the field of debating. Tryouts are to be held at a very early date for positions on the teams against Burrirt. Probable contestants as thus far ascertained are Leslie G. Thomas, Leslie Carvey, Walter Campbell, James Camp, Henry Carter, Clayton James, John R. Hovious, C. J. Garner, and Earl Pullins.

Challenges have been sent to other colleges for discussions yet at present and definite arrangements have been made with any colleges other than Burrirt and Bryson. David Lipscomb College has quite a number of boys sufficiently capable of upholding her forensic standard and stands ready to uphold that standard with honor. Especially does the institution challenge any college to deny any question regarding the divine origin and inspiration of the Word of God.

THE BABBLER

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VOL. 5

No. 7

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FIVE STAGES OF THE KINGDOM

By John P. Lewis

Christ said in Mark 4:26-29, "So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed upon the earth; and should sleep and rise night and day, the seed should spring up and grow, he knoweth not how. The earth beareth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear. But when the fruit is ripe, straightway he putteth forth the sickle, because the harvest is come." The farmer begins to select and choose the ears of corn early in the fall, and to remove the husks and knock off the bad ends and put away the choicest ears for seed. Thus he has his next year's corn crop, but only in purpose. In the fall he begins to plow the soil and to repulverize it in the spring until he has a good seed bed; then he "casts his seed upon the ground," or plants it. Hence, a promising corn crop. But the crop is not yet completed—only in promise; and while he sleeps and rises night and day, the seed begins to spring up and grow. The neighbors and passers-by see it and begin to prophesy how much the crop will be.

Then comes the state of preparation, when the farmer plows his corn. "Then comes the blade, then the ear, then the full grain in the ear." All during this period the farmer has his crop, but only in preparation. "But when the fruit is ripe, straightway he putteth forth the sickle, because the harvest is come." Hence the five stages of the crop—viz., purpose, promise, prophecy, preparation and perfection. And Christ said, "So is the kingdom of God." Long before the "worlds were framed by the word of God" the kingdom of heaven was only in purpose. "Having been foreordained according to the purpose of him who worketh all things after the council of his will." (Eph. 1:11.)

After the creation and fall of man a dim promise of redemption was made in "he shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel" (Gen. 3:15), but the first clear and definite promise was to Abraham, "and in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed" (Gen. 12:3). Hence Paul said God preached the gospel to Abraham (Gal. 3:8). But how was it done? Only by promise, "but God hath granted it to Abraham by promise." (Gal. 3:18.)

Then came the prophets foretelling that the house of God (which is the church of the living God, 1 Tim. 3:15) would be established in the latter days (Eccles. 2:2, 3).

And finally came John the Baptist "preparing the way of the Lord" (Mark 1:2). After John was beheaded "Jesus began to preach and to say, Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand" (Matt. 4:17). Then the twelve (Matt. 10:15-16); later the seventy (Luke 10:1-16)—all preparing for the kingdom in its state of perfection, which came on the first Pentecost this side the resurrection of the Savior. So likewise we see the different stages of the kingdom of heaven.

When we understand this, we will no longer say the church was established before the foundation of the world; it was only in purpose. Nor will we claim it to be set up in the days of Abraham—only in promise. Neither in the days of John the Baptist, except in its preparatory state. But we can truthfully say, and have the Bible on our side, that it was set up in perfection on Pentecost. And since it was set up then, we must naturally expect to go to Pentecost to see how people entered the kingdom then. Peter or Pentecost said, "Repent ye, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ unto the remission of your sins." (Acts 2:38.)

Two dusky small boys were quarreling; one was pouring forth a volume of vituperous epithets, while the other leaned against a fence and calmly contemplated him. When the flow of language was exhausted, he said:

"Are you troo?"
"Yes."
"You ain't got nuffin' more to say?"
"No."
"Well, all dem tings what you called me you is."

OPENING OF TERM VERY FAVORABLE

(Continued from page 1)
the school has received an increase of new students. Miss Frances Camp, of Sparta, Tenn., and a student of last year, returns this term to resume her studies. New students are expected to arrive from time to time. Some who have entered at present are Christine Edmondson, Clarksville, Tenn.; Eugene Copeland, Bronson, Florida; John L. Sweatt, Franklin, Ky.; Granville Dozier, Nashville, Tenn., and Ruth Randolph, Memphis, Tenn.

NEW COUNCIL FINDS WORK PLEASANT

(Continued from page 1)
of the Council. Being familiar with dormitory life and a leader of college activities, he has a natural tact for commanding respect for rules. The Council at present is fortunate in having Prof. Priestley as its head. At Chapel January 1, 1925, he expressed a desire to have life at Lindsey Hall made as pleasant as possible. To accomplish this, he stated that the Council is still in force and wishes cooperation from all students. A very successful administration has been predicted for the Student Council.

SPECIAL TALKS FOR FIRST DAY

(Continued from page 1)
would spend six days pleading with a former student to return to college. His aim for the new year he expressed as being of the greatest aid to students possible.

Prof. Cuff informed the student body that he was expecting much work in the new term. His resolutions, he said, were more than one but one especial one was to lend encouragement and inspiration to his classes.

Prof. Ijams emphasized the importance of pressing forward. God gave the new year, involving responsibility and must be used aright. He encouraged pressing on together as comrades in a great cause and as workers toward one goal.

Prof. Rainey's talk gave encouragement to reading the Bible once a year. Jas. A. Harding made it a practice to read the Bible from first to last once each year; Mr. Muller read it through from first to last one hundred times; scholars such as Bunson and Neander could not exhaust it, and Sir Walter Scott upon his deathbed said: "There is but one Book." Bro. Rainey submitted a plan whereby the Bible may be read through in a year: The reading of three chapters a day on week days and five chapters on Sunday.

The chapel exercise gave much encouragement to students who went from chapel to classes seemingly resolved to make the new year the best ever.

FINE TIMES ARE REPORTED

(Continued from page 1)

college who were present were: Prof. R. P. Cuff, Misses Lois Cullum and Myrtle Baars, and Messrs. J. Roy Vaughan and Elmo Phillips. All expressed themselves as having had a "genuine good time."

Miss Lillian Burton entertained Miss Maudie Morgan in her home several days. Miss Burton was also hostess at several dinner parties for those who remained here.

Miss Frankie Northern of Lebanon had as her guests during part of the holidays Lillie Mae Brown, Myrtle Baars, Roy Vaughan, Elmo Phillips, Alice Blair and Homer Dudley. Miss Northern's delightful country home was the scene of much "revelry" and delight throughout the week.

On December 31, the day of their appointed arrival, every train brought happy boys and girls who were ready to say "good-bye" to pleasure and loved ones at home, and "hello" to college friends and books for another term. The holiday spirit over, each one seems ready to "fall in" and, in carrying out their New Year resolutions to do the best work of their lives, make this the banner year for D. L. C. All hail 1925!

Clayton James enjoyed a very pleasant Christmas at home with friends and loved ones, and reports that he spoke at his two home congregations the two Sundays spent at home. He returns to school with renewed determination to make this a profitable year.

One Better

Long after the victories of Washington over the French and English had made his name familiar to all Europe, Dr. Franklin chanced to dine with the English and French ambassadors, when, as nearly as the precise words can be recollected, the following toasts were drunk:

"England, the Sun, whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth."

The French ambassador, filled with national pride, but too polite to dispute the previous toast, drank the following:

"France, the Moon, whose mild, steady and cheering rays are the delight of all nations, consoling them in darkness and making their dreariness beautiful."

Dr. Franklin then arose, and with his usual dignified simplicity, said: "George Washington, the Joshua who commanded the Sun and Moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

First Reporter: "Is the editor particular?"

Second Reporter: "He is. He raves if he finds a period upside down."

GOD SPEAKS UNTO MAN THRU CHRIST

(Continued from page 1)

of today use language that may be understood by all. No man can find one command from God that is not told in plain language and addressed to human understanding.

Concluding the sermon, Brother Elam asserted that since in these last days God has spoken through his Son, it behooves all to hear God as he thus speaks.

The evening sermon, based upon the same reading as the morning, concerning how God speaks. It was proved by the speaker that this was not done through fleshly emotions, impulses or dreams. As the Hebrew letter stated, Brother Elam said God has spoken through the prophets. David says the spirit of God was in him and the word of God was upon his tongue. Isaiah and Jeremiah and all the prophets were mouthpieces for Jehovah in that the same things they said were said by the Lord. Jesus stated that his works bore witness of him. This witness, Brother Elam said, was manifested through signs and wonders through which people were to believe in Christ. God spoke on Pentecost through the apostles in an unmistakable language and in a tongue comprehensible to all.

Good attention was given to the speaker at both services. The student body seems pleased to have Brother Elam visit them, and he in turn seems very interested in the college and speaks very highly of the boys and girls of the school and of the grade of work which is being done by the students.

GREAT FRAUD IS REVEALED

Garner Objects to Investigation of Wood and Clark. Poor "Goober" Is at Last Revenged

Wishing always to correct error wherever seen and most especially when those who have entered the field of so-called scientific research so lately in D. L. C. and since the first few faltering steps of these two infamous pseudo-scientists were so grotesque and so vaguely ignorant of facts and geometry, this contribution to the world's best literature is made that space in The Babblér may be filled and that Justice and Truth may prevail on the earth.

As the aforementioned deluded ones craved sympathy the writer is moved to say, as did the Bard of old, or was it the Fair Hercules as he swam the Hellespont with a lantern looking for a man, that "Faith and they shall need it," when this article is read. We were forced to weep sweet tears of remorse upon investigating the humble Goober who has been so heartlessly, so cruelly and so wantonly mistreated by them in that the following information has just come to light.

For psychology and the study of the stars reveal that when one is guilty of anything unpleasant in the sight of his fellowmen, that he seeks to cast the veil of suspicion elsewhere than to himself, and in his desperate attempts to do so very frequently the innocent and unsuspecting of the earth are made to suffer.

This most concrete axiom of geometry was very vividly set forth in the article that these self-styled biographers wrote of him who humbly betakes himself about the D. L. C. campus suffering silently and meekly the hallucination of "Peanut" as a cognomen. These conscience-stricken persons evidently believing that their masquerade was about to be discovered, since they were known to have been seen strolling frequently about the premises of the Glendale Zoo carrying on mysterious antics in front of and in the vicinity of the monkey cages. And very strangely indeed it was learned that always after a visit of this kind they could be seen walking along Granny White pike or any wooded lane for that matter, and all at once they would halt, a blank expression would come over their ignorant countenances as though a mental conflict were ensuing, and then as though the irresistible impulse had conquered, away to the trees they would flee. Chattering in their glee as they swung joyfully from limb to limb. Should any pedestrian be so unfortunate as to pass that way they would hurl their shoes upon his unsuspecting head, thinking no doubt that they were once again among their ancestors in the great primeval forests and chunking coconuts at the hapless passersby.

After this apparent "Call of the Past" had spent its force they once more resumed the habits of civilization in spasms. It was thought that at first these outbursts were confined to the great open spaces, but alas the dread malady pursued them relentlessly even further. Time after time it had been reported to the Student Council that strange, wierd and inhuman sounds were emitting from rooms 231 and 235 in Lindsey Hall. This continued at such a sad frequency that the fearful finger of suspicion began slowly but surely to direct its inexorable point in the right direction.

And more so than ever when it was found that frequently midway between a light breakfast and the expectation of an even lighter lunch, that these two worthies, one with a crutch under his arm, the other with a philosophic grin on his features that strangely enough reminded one of stove timber, would again experience an inward struggle as above mentioned, and likewise submitting to the seemingly inevitable, they would violently fly at each other's hair and the exploration expeditions were on. And with remarkable perseverance they would stick to the labor of searching for those dainty morsels of food so tastily on the tongue of the well-known monkey

"TO EAT OR NOT TO EAT"

Wood and Clark Apologize to Shakespeare and Give Their Contribution to Literature

Prologue: To mighty men of literature. Shakespeare, that mighty man of drama—to him we make our most humble apologies. But as all good things are applicable to different situations with slight alteration we take the liberty to use it to portray the sad state of the gallant Knights of Lindsey Hall in confronting their Sunday night supper—a weekly event in student life of D. L. C. These soliloquies are indulged in by most every one. We believe this will be fairly typical Shakespeare, may thy bones "requiescat en pace."

"To eat or not to eat, that is the question."

Whether 'tis nobler in the stomach to suffer

The pains and agonies of an outrageous supper,

Or to cast it before the faculty,

And by inducing them to eat it

Bring realizations of what we endure

on Sunday night,

And see them suffer the torture and woe

Their flesh will fall heir to. ---

'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.

To eat! perchance to ache! Aye,

there's the rub,

For in that ache of indigestion what dreams may come

When we have stuffed down this awful food.

Ah, let me starve. This is the supper

That makes calamity of our long life;

For who could live and suffer by eating

The oppressors cheese, the sacks fearful contents,

The pangs of butter, the crackers stale,

The insolence of rotten apples. Ah! soul,

What patience this meal demands of us,

When one himself might his quietus make,

With a stand of zip? Who would this supper bear?

To grunt and sweat swallowing it.

To be sure we might invade the pantry.

The undiscovered pantry from those bourne

No traveler returns, puzzles the will,

And makes rather bear those ills we have

Than fly to others we know not of.

Thus appetite makes cowards of us all,

And thus the native want of vitamins

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cost of peanut butter,

And the fair maidens of Avalon.

With this in hand, chew and grunt and groan,

And lose a coat of powder."

Epilogue: To those who try to digest it. The great task is o'er. Once more our rusty pen is ready to be dried from the stains of inky fluid. We hope everyone appreciates its sacrifice of being dipped in the inky depths of slimy blackness for the enlightenment and pleasure of mankind for this is its only aim or objection. And surely this is a noble one. And when it can no more fulfill its humble mission it, like those of Byron, Keats and Shelly, must fade into obscurity.

Note: Be sure to read Poor "Goober's" article found elsewhere in this issue. It is the product of an uninformed imagination, typical of its author.

Wood and Clark.

Lillian Burton (entering library). "I wish to find something about the Mayflower Compact."

J. G. Hunter (overhearing her): "They didn't have compacts on the Mayflower, did they?"

Father: "So you knew my son at college?"

Visitor: "Yes, we slept in the same sociology class."

Time to Feast

Hale: "I'm so hungry I could eat a monkey."

Garner: "Well, I guess I had better be going."

tribes, most frequently found reposing about the regions of the top of the head.

No doubt becoming horrified at these actions on their own parts that demonstrated more eloquently than words their parentage, and realizing that the dear public was beginning also to suspect that the widely recognized something was rapidly decaying in the kingdom of Denmark, they began to cast about for some thing or being upon which they could ally the suspicious minds of their unfortunate classmates.

Believing and knowing that "Goober" was wanted to suffer long in all sorts of vile persecutions they decided to make him the scapegoat of their deplorable manifestations of their ancestral instincts. But the worm has turned, the pure searchlight of actual facts has now flooded the entire scene and the two culprits stand convicted in their tracks. Some might say that the writer is trying to make monkeys of these personages, but he declines the compliment, some one else has already done the job better than he could ever hope to. Poor Goober desires not the vain plaudits of the motley multitude for his valorous and self-sacrificing work in bringing to the public this mass of data and exposing this great fraud. Feeling that truth and justice now reign as they ever will, Goober now returns to his humble abode in the sod.

All Made Clear!

Teacher: "What are the two genders?"

Pupil: "Masculine and feminine. The masculines are divided into temperate and intemperate and the feminine into frigid and torrid."

"THE HIDDEN BOX"

The beautiful young girl that stepped from the train at Harper's Junction, a small out-of-the-way hamlet near the foot of the Alleghenies, was a great contrast to the slouchy, long-bearded men and the women that were dressed in garments long gone out of style in the more fashionable districts. Some of these were strolling leisurely around, greeting each other in a loud, friendly manner; others eyeing curiously the well-dressed girl that was walking up the platform. She was of medium height, slim, with blue eyes and light, fluffy hair puffed out from beneath a small hat. Her steps were directed towards an old negro sitting in a dilapidated buggy drawn by a gray horse. The attention of those near her was attracted when she spoke to the negro and smiling, asked him if he was the man sent to carry her to Mr. Gray's.

The old negro struck by the kindness of the girl's voice and by her beautiful face only stared at her for a moment, then getting awkwardly out of the buggy said, "Yes'm, Miss. Reckon you're that nurse from the city, come to take care of Marse Gray? I shore am glad Miss, for he has been so restless for the last day or two me and Miss Jean can't seem to do nothin' with him. Doctor was out here this morning but wouldn't tell us much, only that Marse Gray must be kept quiet."

"Yes, I am to be his nurse for awhile," replied the girl as she got into the buggy; and after placing the suitcases in the back of the buggy, Rastus (for this was the negro's name) climbed in the buggy. He picked up the lines and the horse jogged down a narrow, dirt road quite familiar to him.

For a short distance neither spoke and then the nurse broke the silence by asking if Mr. Gray had a large family. "No, mam. He hasn't any family at all, except one girl, named Jean. She's a pretty little bit o' sunshine though, and you'll love her I know. Everyone that knows her does, but that isn't many, for don't many people live up 'mong these hills." The old negro paused for a few moments as if meditating whether to say more, then looked the girl full in the face and spoke in a distressed voice. "Miss, there's something strange to me about it all. Marse Gray ain't the kind o' man to live out among these hills. He's educated and can talk to any of them folks in big cities. It's been ten years since he came here with little Jean. Nobody knew anything about him and he didn't tell anything. At first people thought he was trying to escape from the law, but since they have known him better, they have given up that idea long ago. He has just lived up here, and worked, and nobody ever comes to see him. I been livin' on his place ever since he came. He never goes off any further than Harper's Junction and just goes there when he has to. But what I been thinking 'bout, Miss, is what's to become of Miss Jean when he does. I'd give the last dollar I had to her, but that wouldn't give her a home."

"Well, lets hope that your master will get well, Rastus, but if he does not God will provide a way for the sweet, innocent child—if there is no earthly home for her, He will take her to that beautiful home above."

The horse was now turning up to a neat little cottage by the side of a hill. After carrying the suitcases to the porch where Jean met them, Rastus went to care for the horse, and the nurse entered the cottage. As she approached the bed where the man lay she said, "Doctor Clark sent me to you, Mr. Gray, and asked me to have you feeling better when he came again. My name is Helen Brown," and turning to Jean she continued, "I believe Rastus told me your name was Jean. He said some real nice things about you and Mr. Gray."

The girl smiled and said, "Yes, my name is Jean, but I don't know what Rastus has been telling you about us. He has been a faithful old negro though, and we couldn't do without him. Could we daddy?"

"No, dear, I'm afraid not," replied the white-faced man, "but you must show Miss Brown into the other room to take off her hat and put away the suitcases."

All through the day the little girl was busy, working about the house, or sitting by her father's bed watching over him while the nurse was out of the room; but never once did she seem tired or refuse to wear a bright face when she entered the sick-room, for she told the nurse, "Daddy used to say, 'A smile will drive away the tears' and maybe it will help to drive away his pain." And Helen Brown thought that if anything would drive away pain and sorrow that sweet, smiling face could do it. Rastus had told her she would love Jean, but who wouldn't love her? Besides her attractive manner, she was beautiful—with dark brown eyes and curly brown hair. She had her father's eyes and was proud of it, for she used to say, "I can always think you are watching me out of my eyes, and I won't ever do anything you wouldn't want me to."

The first night after the nurse came Mr. Gray rested very well and the next day Dr. Clark was there. When he left, she followed him to the gate and asked what he thought of Mr. Gray. He shook his head slowly and said, "Gray's got a hard fight before him and there's something that's worrying him. It may be only a matter of days. His strength has held up wonderfully, but it may all leave him at once. Do your best and send for me if he gets any worse." The doctor then drove off and Nurse Brown returned to Mr. Gray's bedside.

She watched for a change, but all through the day Mr. Gray seemed even better than he was when she first came. When night came and Jean had gone to bed he persuaded her to go to her room and sleep a little bit too. She was very tired and agreed to leave him for a little while, but when she left the room

"THE BIBLE"

The Bible is a wonderful Book,
A wonderful book to me;
On its pages oft I look
And wonderful things I see.

It tells me of Moses,
That great man of God,
Who died and was buried
'Neath Mount Nebo's sod.

We remember Ananias,
And Sapphira, his wife,
Both told a falsehood
Which cost each his life.

So let us take lessons
From, examples like these,
And each day try mightily
Our dear Lord to please.

Remember the Bible,
A Book so divine,
Remember the Bible
And keep it in mind.

KARL PIITS.

Exaggeration

While Mark Twain was ill in London a report that he had died was circulated. It spread to America and reached Charles Dudley Warner, in Hartford, Conn. Mr. Warner immediately called to London to find out if it was really so. The cablegram in some way came directly into the humorist's hands, and he forthwith cabled the following reply: "Reports of my death greatly exaggerated."

She did not go to bed as he thought. She was hot so she walked out the back way to the spring. After getting a cool drink, she decided that it was such a beautiful moonlight night she would stay out there a little while. Mr. Gray would not need her in twenty minutes she thought so she walked a few yards further up to where the side of the hill or mountain was nothing but layers of rock for a height of ten feet. At the far end there was a partial divide between the hills where she went and was out of sight of the rock wall. She found a good place to sit down and was sitting there thinking of what would become of Jean, if Mr. Gray should get worse and die, when she heard a tapping on the rock wall a short distance away. She quickly but quietly arose and pressed her way to the side of the hill where she could look around some bushes and yet not be discovered. She saw a man with one hand supporting himself with a stick and with the other he was prying the rocks apart and was bending over peering through the rocks. This seemed to satisfy him and he pushed the rock back in place and turned slowly around to see if anyone was watching him. When she saw the man's face she gave a quick gasp, for it was Mr. Gray. She knew that white face even under the large hat and coat he had put on. If she had been frightened before, she was more frightened now. Did he have the strength to get back to the house alone? What was he doing there? And what must she do? Before finding out who the man was she had decided to remain quietly where she was until he left, and then go back to the house. She did not want to let him know she had seen him there for clearly he had slipped away from her, and yet she was afraid he would not be able to get back alone. She waited and watched, breathless with excitement and fear for her patient. Mr. Gray made his way slowly back to the house, and shortly after she saw him enter the door, she came out from her hiding place and made her way cautiously back. From her own room she could hear his labored breathing, and she went in to him a few minutes afterwards. He had hung his clothes where he found them and was back in bed, but she could tell that the strain of the walk had almost gotten the best of him. She asked him very quietly if there was anything he wanted and when he told her there wasn't, she said, "I believe I'll give you some medicine to make you rest tonight." She did this without his suspecting her knowledge of his journey, and she then watched over him carefully the remainder of the night and next day. Along in the afternoon of the following day, he grew suddenly worse. He called for Jean and reached his hand under the bed, drew out a letter, and handed it to her. He took her hand in his and said, "Goodbye—I'm going—home," and closed his eyes forever.

The letter told her where to find a box with some money and another letter in it that would explain everything. It was in a cavity behind a rock—the very place where Miss Brown had seen him go that night. In the letter found in the box Mr. Gray said that he once been a happy and successful man in New York. There were three of them—he and his wife and little Jean, until—well a plot had been laid for him and he was accused of taking a large sum of money that did not belong to him. He was innocent but could never prove it, and his wife a very frail woman had died a few weeks later. He had enough money by selling all of his property to pay back the sum that he was accused of stealing. He was not put in prison, but taking his little child with him he fled from the shame and dishonor he could not bear, and none of his friends ever knew what had become of him. He had read in the paper a few days before he was taken ill that his former partner in business had confessed on his deathbed that he, himself, had stolen the money, and now Mr. Gray was proven innocent to the world.

He told her he had left enough money for her to live on, and that she must go back to his father's house in New York and they would receive her into their home with great happiness.

This Jean did and was very happy, although her mind often reverted to the happy days with "dear old Daddy" and "faithful Rastus." She often saw Miss Brown for she, too, lived in New York, but she never saw Rastus again, although she received several letters from him.

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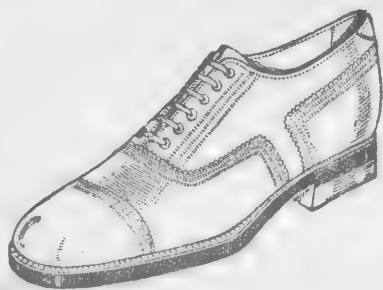
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THE POET'S CORNER

(By Clayton L. James)

"MY DREAM OF LIFE"

When I have turned to sleep once more
In sanctity of night and sleep,
I catch visions from the shadow shore—
Small, patient forms that creep.
They move with pace, yet have no wings;
I call them the dreams that might come true—
Just phantoms of things
That I have power to do.

Like azure shadows in the snow,
Or bloom upon the sun-kissed grape,
Sweet lovelier shades, that gleam and glow
And don a rarer shape.
They smile with eyes of queens and kings;
They call to me to make them true,
And shirk never in the things
I have power to do.

I like to think upon such dreams as leisure
Upon reality and truth.
Flowing like holy seraphim,
Whose rainbow wings drop ruth.
Born of the human sorrows
That pierce our common nature through,
They challenge the greatest things
There is in us to do.

THE NEW YEAR

New Year! For once let it be new indeed,
Nor to old Time an empty compliment;
A true New Year is the world's great need,
Let not this year go as the others went,
Nor fleet on to the old predicament,
Paying its debts with hope the year to be
Shall give back all that the kind old years lent,
Make this the best year time ever did see.

Make it be happy in every deed!
Too many years in waste we've spent,
Not making ourselves from folly freed,
Making vain vows void of the heart's intent.
Giving no thought to what new ones meant,
Living on mortgaged time luxuriously,
With makeshift and excuse content,
But let this to you a great year be.

Arid of flowers and careless of the seed,
No more—but let us to the sure event
Of happy harvests, water, prune and weed,
Making this year Time's fairest ornament.
Far-shining as a deathless testament,
And witness leave to long eternity.
Let us bow our heads as to a sacrament,
And make this a great year to see.
C. L. J.

"THE NEW YEAR"

'Tis gone, the year has taken flight
And sunset dint remains.
A glad new year has broken light
In golden liveried trains.

Fret not because the year has gone.
Forget it, for 'tis done;
Turn now and face a glorious dawn—
A new and better one.

A new year comes with pages clear
For all to write upon.
Let no one, then, a page besmear
Before the year has gone.

The new year comes—it is for you
To weave in bright array
The threads of life both tried and true,
O, comrade, use each day.

This year a record all must write
To stand some day and face,
Make, friend, that record one of might;
Write naught you would erase.

As days, so seem the years to pass,
Like shadows swift they fly;
And length of days as ripen grass
With Death's sharp sickle nigh.

The wheel of time is seen to spin
As it has done before.
Year nineteen twenty-five begins,
But gone is twenty-four.

"To work! To work!" the call comes loud,
The new year speeds away;
Work drives away the gloomy cloud,
Which may arise this day.
By H. T. and H. P.

Progress

During courtship: He talked and she listened.
After marriage: She talked and he listened.
Two years after marriage: Both talked and the neighbors listened.

"THE LITTLE CABIN"

By HUFFMAN CORUM

Where mountains are tall and pines
fringe the sky,
And eagles circle from blue heights above,
There will we have our cabin, you and I—
A tiny cabin, but not too small for love.

Sunshine will flood the little, rough-walled room;
The windows, single-paned, be open wide,
And wild flowers, gold and crimson bloom,
Close to the doorstep on either side.

All longed-for pleasures will at last be ours—
Dawn's winds to kiss awake the sleepy trees,
Nights of soft black, pierced through with myriad stars;
Romance of yellow moons and the sweet-scented breeze.

There, too, will call wild voices from the forests
As, one by one, the trees crash and groan,
While showy gales whistle shrill, wild unrest,
Then sink to silence with a plaintive moan.

And when rain patters on the window panes,
We'll sit beside our friendly crackling fire,
And show each other pictures in the flames—
A moose, or a mountain's lofty spire.

O Little Cabin, so small and yet so dear,
Built on our hopes and roofed with dreams above,
You'll hold a magic world of joy and cheer—
O Little Cabin, just big enough for Love.

STUDENT TELLS OF STONE MT.

Describes Georgia Scene and Writes of the Making of the Confederate Memorial

If one were to visit the city of Atlanta, Ga., he would ask to see what may be called the eighth wonder of the world. Eighteen miles east of Atlanta is Stone Mountain, which in the distance appears as a hill. The mountain is seven miles around the base and one mile in height. While winding one's way to the top by way of a path, he sees many names which have been carved on a rock in past years. Although this rock is said to be solid all the way through, there are many trees growing on the sides, but not a tree can be found near the top.

The summit of the mountain serves as a good place to scan the beautiful fields, many farms, and the long turning roads. Without the aid of field glasses one can see Atlanta in the distance. On the back side of the mountain is a solid piece of marble from which is being carved a memorial to the Confederate Generals. For this work the services of a great sculptor was obtained. It is estimated that four years will be necessary for its completion. Someone has said that the head of General Lee will be as high as a seventeen-story building.

When the great carving is completed, the Stone Mountain Memorial Committee proposes to excavate the interior of the mountain and make a theater of it. After traveling over the grounds of the greatest solid granite mountain, the Georgian says, "It's great to be a Georgian."

J. G. Hunter.

Advice: "When eating onions don't breathe it to a soul."

Where There's a Will There's a Way
Lillie Mai Brown, who has not quite passed the stage of childhood, was spending part of the holidays with one of her friends in the country, found a wheelbarrow and became very enthusiastic over assisting the man of the house bring in wood. She was trying to get the machine in a certain position, not being able to wheel it just where she wanted to, she proceeded to pick it up and set it where she wanted it.

The same lady was very much interested in entertaining a young gentleman, and being seated in a rocking chair she put her finger under the rocker and rocked on it. This goes to prove that she, too, can become interested in young men.

Judging from the late appearance of many D. L. C. students at breakfast for the last few mornings, the most popular song of the season is, "I hate to get up in the morning."

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YOWELL TELLS OF HIS VISIT

Writes Feelingly of Visit to His Alma
Mater Telling of How His
Time Was Spent

On the morning of January 2, 1925, while waiting in a Pullman car before pulling into Nashville, I was making a just estimate of my holiday vacation when I chanced upon three letters from D. L. C., and upon a moment's thought I soon realized that in order to finish the last few hours of a pleasant Christmas I must spend a while at the above-mentioned place.

On entering Union Station I glanced over the waiting room and chanced upon "Doc" Smith, who informed me that he had been out of the city on a mission similar to mine. He told me that he had been initiated into the third degree of heaven. With "Doc" as my companion we started for the college.

When we reached the college we were greeted and welcomed by what seemed to be the whole student body, and among the many handclaps I cannot forget that bulldog grasp of George Kinnie. Soon we went from Lindsay Hall to the administration building for chapel exercises. It was for me somewhat unnatural to visit chapel and not see Brother Pittman on the rostrum, as I have attended chapel as much as any former student of the institution. But on the contrary it gave me joy to see Brother Pittman in his quiet, easy manner, conduct the exercises. After a short but very instructive criticism period, chapel was dismissed.

It was my good fortune to visit the expression class and be highly entertained by short readings from the members of the class and I especially enjoyed the "He-Haw" of Ennis Hughes and Philip Parham, two very prominent seniors who maintain their standing on dignity only.

My next visit was to the English Department. Prof. Cuff, in his usual way, presented an interesting lecture on Shakespeare. I suppose he has grown tired of the usual answer, "I don't know."

Russell Yowell.

"THE ART OF RISING IN WORLD"

Some one has said, "The art of pleasing is the art of rising in the world." Every young man and young woman with ambition long for the time to come when they may rise to a high station in this life—that they may achieve success. Many books have been written, many ideas expressed and suggestions given to encourage the young in working and fighting for success. Indeed we must work—and work while it is day. Yet when success is within the grasp of the worker it may be taken away from him—then he must fight—the best fight is the fight of faith, read about it in the Bible, 14th chapter of Ephesians.

Since every young person knows his goal and is determined to make it—he must "rise" daily in thought and deed. He must think pure thoughts and do good deeds, which will elevate him, cultivate self-respect, build a character to be admired by society, and walk in a way well pleasing unto Jehovah.

The "art" in this "rising" is the "art of pleasing." First of all one must please Jehovah by keeping His commandments and doing the things well pleasing in His sight. The second "art of pleasing" is pleasing one's fellowmen, and this may be summed up as follows: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." The third "art of pleasing" is, pleasing one's self, and thereby cultivate self-respect. Do you seek to climb though the rocks are rugged? Are you striving to satisfy yourself with the spiritual food from God's eternal truth? Do you do the things that are contrary to your own will? Upon the answer to these questions and your attitude toward them depends your future success. "No one can keep you down but yourself," and not until you keep yourself up will the greatest "art of pleasing" be mastered, then the foundation for "rising in the world" is laid and future success is within your grasp. John R. Hovious.

WHY ALABAMA COMES TO D. L. C.

We were sorry to leave our own state in order to attend school elsewhere. It is not because we do not have great institutions of higher learning, for we have some of the best in the country, but because we feel the responsibility of being trained as D. L. C. proposes to train us. Let us, dear fellow members of the Alabama Club, not let the moments fly idly by, but prepare ourselves to be of service to humanity that will not only seek to make life pleasant here, but will bring pleasures untold in the life to come.

Alabama does not need us to help develop her natural resources, though many they be. There are enough for that. Neither does she need us to help direct the work on the great Wilson dam, which is soon to make her distinct from her sister states of the South. Her quarries, her mines, her beautiful farms, her million-dollar homes that line the gulf coast and countless other things, will continue to stand and progress as they have in the past, but the hazardous question is will the people be told of how to make their eternal home one of joy and happiness. In this we propose to do our best for our state and all others that we come in contact with.

Alabama Boys and Girls.

The best way to make an Englishman happy in his old age is to tell him a joke when he's young.

HAPPENINGS ABOUT D. L. C.

Of course you'll not say anything about anything that is written here? If you promise, I'll give you a little inside information about some of the happenings around D. L. C. of late.

Do you like to see people blush? Well, just ask Bill Mason about what happened on December 18, 1924, about say eleven o'clock.

Some one said that Alex Burford likes rough roads. It seems that he does from the way he spent Christmas.

Lucy Owen is staying in the dormitory now. It isn't hard to see that she's trying to beat a certain girl's time, and she thinks she can do better if she's here all the time. Well, luck to her.

Dick Clarke lost some money on his way to D. L. C. If you want to hear something amusing just ask him how it happened.

When a fellow's in love—you know the rest of it. If you don't, just watch Walter Campbell and it will be as plain as the nose on Brother Cuff's face.

There are always several new cases developing after Christmas. One that promises to be most interesting is between Miss Soyars and Mr. Garner. We are all interested in knowing how it comes out.

Joe Kidd Brown and Russell Yowell were welcome visitors at D. L. C. We couldn't help but notice that Joe Kidd is still a flirt.

We are all wondering if Hazel Denison will have a date with Luther Deacon next Saturday night. Here's some inside information: He failed to make a date last Saturday night, and if he should fail again we'll all have a funeral to attend.

FACTS ABOUT THE BIBLE

Interesting Collection of Facts Here
Presented. Collection Was
Made by Mr. Robert
S. King

The following is a list of facts about the Bible which has come to the Editor-in-Chief of The Babblers. The list, collected by Mr. Robert S. King, is very complete and proves of interest and worth to all Bible-loving readers:

The Bible contains 3,586,489 letters, 773,692 words, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 books. The word "and" occurs 46,277 times, the word "revelance" but once. Ezra 7:21 contains all the letters of the alphabet except "j."

The nineteenth chapter of 2 Kings and the thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah are alike.

The middle verse of the Bible is Psalms 18:8.

The shortest verse is John 11:35. The longest verse is Esther 8:9.

Every verse of the 136th Psalm ends alike.

The easiest chapter to read is Acts 26. There are no words or names of more than six syllables.

A prisoner, condemned to solitary confinement, obtained a Bible and by three years carefully study elicited the foregoing facts.

These 66 books were written by about 40 men during a period of about 1,600 years.

The Old Testament was written in Hebrew and the New Testament in Greek. These original Scriptures prepared by inspired men were written by hand on skins and papyrus.

The word "Bible" comes from "biblos," a reed from which paper was manufactured for use in the making of books, and the word "Bible," meaning literally "book," gets its name from that particular reed.

The first book printed from movable type was the Latin Bible in the year 455. Recently one of these books sold for fifty thousand dollars, the highest price ever paid for a single book.

The American Bible Society now has just announced an order for one million five hundred Scriptures to be sold at one cent each.

The first Bible printed in this country was in the Indian language in 1663 by John Eliot.

The first English Bible printed in this country was in 1782.

The first movement in America toward supplying the people with the Bible was by Congress in 1777, which ordered the importation of 20,000 copies at National expense, because none were published in the United States.

At present the Bible and parts of Bibles have been translated in 770 languages and dialects.

The whole Bible has been translated into 158 of these languages; the New Testament into 142; portions (at last one complete book) into 422; parts (only chapters or verses) into 48.

Next to the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," by John Bunyan, which first appeared in 1678, has been translated into more language than any other book. According to information received through the Reference Librarian of the New York Public Library, the number now exceeds 107 languages and dialects. In commenting on this, Frank H. Mann, general secretary of the American Bible Society, said:

"This is a remarkable record for any book, and only goes to emphasize the more remarkable record of the Bible in this respect. The Bible has been translated in part in 770 languages and dialects; more than seven times as many as 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"

The present yearly production is approximately fifty million copies of Bibles and parts of Bibles. This is more than the combined sales of any other hundred books published (best sellers, as we call them). It is an old Book, but today it is the best seller on earth, the march of civilization has not left it behind; the discov-

eries of science have only proved its truth. As there are stars unreachd by the telescope, that have disclosed their light to the longest exposure of the photographic plate, so the Bible becomes more clear as man learns more with which to comprehend it. The Bible can never be outgrown. All the powers of evil have tried to put it down, but its enemies die and the Book increases in its influence.

The catalogue of the British Museum Library fills over two thousand volumes, but the contents of the Bible fills all the world and shall fill all ages. The Bible is the power of God unto salvation.

The American Bible Society prints one Bible for the blind in the Moon Type, the system most used by persons who lose their sight after they are too old to learn the more elaborate Braille systems. To print this Bible requires 58 volumes weighing 161 pounds. The cost of production and importation is \$270.00, and the transportation charge from New York to San Francisco is \$25.00.

The American Bible Society has been issuing Bibles for the blind since 1835—almost ninety years. It now circulates the Scriptures in fourteen systems for the blind, and in many languages, providing them free or at nominal prices.

The Old Testament is the New concealed, the New Testament is the Old revealed.

There are 141 quotations from the Old Testament in the four gospels.

The Bible is the first book the immigrant to America sees when he lands at Ellis Island, this volume having been chosen by the Department of Labor for the literacy test which every new comer must pass.

Shakespeare makes three thousand quotations from the Bible.

There have been various translations and revisions of the Bible from time to time. Those with which we are most familiar are the Authorized or King James Version made in 1611 and the American Standard Revised which came out in 1901.

The American Committee who worked unceasingly from 1872 to 1901 was composed of the best Bible scholars of the leading denominations, four of whom were Baptist, eight were Congregationalist, six were Presbyterian, five Episcopalians, three Reform, two Methodist, one Friend, one Lutheran, one Reformed Presbyterian, and one Unitarian.

The Bible contains the mind of God; the state of man; the way of salvation; the doom of sinners, and the happiness of believers. Its doctrines are holy; its precepts are binding; its histories are true, and its decisions are immutable. Read it to be wise; believe it to be safe and practice it to be holy.

It contains light to direct you, food to support you, and comfort to cheer you. It is the traveler's map, the pilgrim's staff, the pilot's compass, the soldier's sword, and the Christian's charger. Here Paradise is restored, heaven opened and the gates of hell disclosed; Christ is the subject; our good its design and the glory of God its end.

It should fill the memory, rule the heart and guide the feet.

Read it slowly, frequently, prayerfully. It is a mine of wealth, a paradise of glory and a river of pleasure. It is given you in life, will be open at the judgment, and be remembered forever. It involves the highest responsibility, rewards the truest labor, and condemns all who trifle with its holy contents.

"There is a wonderful book that appeals to my heart, a mine of riches untold. Every word is a jewel of lustre divine. The book that never grows old."

—Selected.

Mr. Moody said: "If this Book doesn't keep you from sin, sin will keep you from this Book." Bishop Fowler said: "Its greatness cannot be uttered in this world or in time; the universe is too narrow for it; time is too short for it. It is as deep as the foundations of eternal justice; as wide as the moral government, as high as the throne of the Infinite and as enduring as the life of the Almighty, and its inspiration is as exhaustless as the love of God."

Sir Isaac Newton said that "if all the great books of the world were given life and were called together in some mighty convention, the moment the Bible entered the other books would fall on their faces even as the gods of Philistia fell when the Ark of God was brought into their presence."

Martin Luther exclaimed on first beholding the complete Bible: "Oh, God, could I have one of these books I would ask no other worldly treasure."

David Lipscomb said: "The Bible in its announcements and revelations is the most astounding, most wonderful, majestic, and the grandest book on earth. In its style and presentation of the truths and principles revealed, it is the simplest book known to man. It is superhuman, it is God-like in its conceptions and revelations; it is adapted to babes in its teachings and requirements."

One wiser than these said: "The law of Jehovah is perfect, restoring the soul; The testimony of Jehovah is sure, making wise the simple. The precepts of Jehovah are right, rejoicing the heart. The commandment of Jehovah is pure, enlightening the eyes. The fear of Jehovah is clean, enduring forever. The ordinances of Jehovah are true, and righteous altogether; More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; Sweeter also than honey and the dropping of the honeycomb; Moreover by them is thy servant warned; In keeping them there is great reward."

—Psalms 19:7-11.

Paul said, "Give diligence to present thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, handling aright the word of truth."

Jesus said, "Ye search the Scriptures; because ye think that in them ye have eternal life, and these are they which bear witness of me."

A SECRET

A little starved mouse slunk away under an old shoe in a deserted room. He was so hungry and it seemed as if about thirty girls were rushing into the building. Although quite lonely, this noise frightened him and he lay very still. The door opened and in rushed the crowd. Poor little mouse! They didn't notice him however, for they were very busy talking. The little mouse heard every word and he told me. The girls were just meeting after their return to D. L. C. This is what they were saying.

"Oh, La Nelle, what did Mr. Priestley give you and what did you give him?" "Oh, isn't that a darling watch?" "Howard gave me some pearls." "Isn't Eleanor Frazier's week-end case lovely?" "Well, I guess I got one too," chimed in Myrtle, "and its just as pretty as Eleanor's." "We are all wondering what Mr. Burton gave Miss Delk. Does anyone know?"

"Oma, what did Luther give Hazel?"

"He gave her a bucket peanut butter." This brought peals of laughter from all the girls and made the little mouse experience terrific pangs of hunger.

About this time another girl entered the room. "Look what Clayton gave me! A dictionary!"

"Oh, Cousin Ethel! Now remember that 'simplicity' is his hobby."

"Yes, that's why he gave me this, so I can understand him."

"Gwendolyn has a new diamond. I wonder if Sam gave it to her?" "And Corinne has a new watch too!"

Just then one of the girls picked up an old newspaper. Suddenly she screamed and fell over behind the trunk. All rushed to the scene and each one in turn read the fatal extract and toppled over on the floor with the others. At last Thelma Mc had nerve enough to read aloud, the announcement of the engagement of one of the former students, Mary Overton. Then Thelma, in "disdainful agony and disappointment, fell over among the others."

"Just to think, we've all been so tickled over our presents but didn't any of us get half as nice a present as Mary Overton. And Leap Year is gone! We'll all be too old next time it comes around and these boys! They just won't ask us."

The little mouse sneaked out unnoticed by the forlorn girls and made his way to Lindsey Hall. I've heard that he is making progress. Mary Anderson tells that James Camp has hinted "something" to her. She doesn't even think that the little mouse might have told how she lamented over the fact that she is a maiden still.

Who knows—"even a little mouse may lead them." Boys are faint hearted sometimes and girls are afraid of mice. Well, they might be too, for little they know how a mouse can effect the heartstrings of "gallant Chesterfields" as he whispers to him, "Lo, thou must"—and the youth replies, "I can."

Brother Cuff: "What does inviolable mean?"

Ruth Underwood: "I don't know. I have never studied French."

"THRIFT"

(Continued from last Issue)

Thrift began with civilization. It began when men found it necessary to provide for tomorrow as well as for today. It began long before money was invented.

Thrift means private economy. It includes domestic economy, as well as the order and management of a family. It is the object of Private Economy to create and promote the well-being of individuals. Wealth is obtained by labor, and while it is the savings of individuals which compose the wealth or well-being of nations, on the other hand it is the wastefulness of individuals which occasions the impoverishment of states. So for that reason alone every thrifty person may be regarded as a public benefactor, and every thriftless person as a public enemy.

Economy is not a natural instinct, but the growth of experience, example, and forethought. It is also the result of education and intelligence. It is only when men become wise and thoughtful that they become frugal. Hence the best way to make men and women provident is to make them wise.

Prodigality is much more natural to man than thrift. History will show that the savage was the greatest of spendthrifts, for he had no forethought, no to-morrow. Man would have continued a savage but for the results of the useful labors of those who preceded him. The soil was reclaimed by them, and made to grow food for human uses. They invented tools and fabrics and we reap the useful results. They discovered art and science, and we succeeded to the useful effects of their labors.

All nature teaches that no good thing which has once been done passes utterly away. The living are ever reminded of the buried millions who have worked and won before them. The handicraft and skill displayed in the buildings and sculptures of the long-lost cities of Nineveh, Babylon, Troy, have descended to the present time. In nature's economy no human labor is altogether lost.

Our birthright consists in the useful effects of the labors of our forefathers; but we cannot enjoy them unless we ourselves take part in the work. All must work either with hand or with head. Without work, life is worthless; it becomes a mere state of moral coma. I do not mean merely physical work. There is a great deal of higher work—the work of action and endurance, of trial and patience, of enterprise and philanthropy, or spreading truth and civilization, of diminishing suffering and relieving the poor, of helping the weak and enabling them to help themselves.

One who has within his breast the beatings of a noble heart will disdain to subsist upon the labors of another;

but will rather outdo his own individual obligations to other men's care and toil, by good service and beneficence to the public.

Work or labor is not only a necessity but is also a pleasure. What would otherwise be a curse, by the constitution of our systems becomes a blessing. Our life is a conflict with nature in some respects, but it is also a co-operation with nature in others. The sun, the air, and the earth are constantly abstracting from us our vital forces. Therefore we eat and drink for nourishment and clothe our bodies for warmth.

Nature works with us. She provides the earth which we furrow; she grows and ripens the grain or seeds which we sow and gather. She furnishes with the help of human labor, the wool that we spin and food that we eat. And it ought never to be forgotten that, however poor we may be, all that we eat, all that we are clothed with, and all that shelters us, is the result of our labor and kindness of Him who reigns supreme.

Labor is indeed the life of humanity; take it away, banish it, and the race of Adam were at once stricken with death. "He that will not work," said St. Paul, "neither shall he eat." Paul gloried that he had labored with his own hands and that he had been chargeable to no man.

There is a well-known story of an old farmer calling his three idle sons around him when on his deathbed, to impart to them an important secret. "My sons," he said, "a great treasure lies hid in the estate which I am about to leave you." The old man gasped, "Where is it hid?" exclaimed the sons in a breath. "I am about to tell you," said the old man; you will have to dig for it—"But his breath failed him before he could impart the weighty secret, and he died. Forthwith the sons set to work on the long neglected fields and they turned up every sod and clod upon the estate with the spade and mattock. They discovered no treasure, but they learned to work; and when the fields were sown and the harvest came, lo, the yield was prodigious, in consequence of the thorough tillage which they had undergone. Then it was that they discovered the treasure concealed in the estate, of which their wise old father had advised them.

Labor is first a burden, then a chastisement, then an honor, and finally a pleasure. All that is great comes from labor—greatest in art, in literature, in science. Knowledge—"the wing wherewith we fly to heaven," is only acquired through labor.

All useful and beautiful thoughts are the issue of labor, of study, of observation, of research, and of diligent elaboration. The noblest poem can not be elaborated, and send down its undying strains into the future without steady and painstaking labor.

Another great attribute of thrift is industry. Industry enables the poorest man to achieve honor, if not distinction. The greatest names in the history of art, literature, and science are those of laboring men. The laborious, patient, never-tiring James Watt gave us the steam engine; a barber the spinning machine; a pitman perfected the locomotive; and work men of all grades have, one after another, added to the triumphs of mechanical skill.

Thrift is not a natural instinct. It is an acquired principle of conduct. It involves self-denial—the denial of present enjoyment for future good—the subordination of animal appetite to reason, forethought, and prudence. It works for today, but also provides for tomorrow. It invests the capital it has saved and makes provision for the future. On the other hand the thriftless man has no share in the progress of the world. He spends all that he gets and can give no help to anybody. No matter how much he makes, his position is not in any respect raised. He husbands none of his resources. He is always calling for help. He is, in fact, the born slave of the thrifty.

WALTER N. CAMPBELL.

Information, Please!

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A Boy's Essay on Girls
"Girls are very stuckup and dignified in their manner and behaviour. They think more of dress than anything and like to play with dolls and rags. They cry if they see a cow in a far distance and are afraid of guns. They stay at home all the time and go to church every Sunday. They are al-ways sick. They are al-ways funny and making fun of boys hand and they say how dirty. They play marbles. I pity them things. They make fun of b then turn round and love th don't believe they ever kiled or any thing. They look out nite and say oh ant the moon This is one thing I have not to that is they al-ways know th sons better boys."

C. J. Garner, soliloquizing
George Kinnie's having a date with Thelma Soyars:

"'Tis a hard old world," cried the human fly as she crashed through the pavement."

Overheard as Kinnie and Burford were purchasing some groceries preparatory to spending the holidays in the dormitory:

Burford: "Kinnie, shall we try some onions?"

Kinnie: "I do not like onions."

Burford: "No, but they will keep your breath from freezing."

Worthy of Emulation
Garner: "Out in Texas we have a lilac bush fifty feet high."

Wood: "I wish I could lilac that."

Abernathy (first day of school, meeting ex-Councilman Vaughan in town: "Anyone out at school?"

Vaughan: "Yes, I've been out there all day."

He that loves not books before he comes to thirty years of age, will hardly love them enough afterwards to understand them.—Clarendon.

Thrift

"Thrift is the great fortune maker," said Andrew Carnegie, and his life proved it.

The right-using of all the values of life is thrift. This is as true of your energies as it is of your money and material wealth.

The student who employs his time and his strength constructively is almost sure to become one of the successful and dependable men of his community.

To live according to principles of thrift requires strong character.

Life insurance is a great institution of thrift. It is a practical system suited to the needs of every class.

The first investment a man or a woman should make is life insurance. Endowments and Thrift policies not only furnish life insurance but guarantee \$1,000 or more in cash to the insured in a specified term of years.

When you finish school and enter the business or professional world, make it a point to save a portion of every dollar you earn right from the start.

We are especially interested in the young men and women of the South, and would be glad to have you listed with our great number of patrons who are saving in this way.

Thrift is one of the great lessons of life. System is necessary to success.

A. M. BURTON, President

**LIFE AND CASUALTY
INSURANCE COMPANY**

Organized 1903

Capital Stock \$700,000.00
Home Office—Nashville

J. C. LAWSON

PHONE MAIN 1465

Robert Van

Beginning with next issue the Babbler will be edited by special classes and organizations. Look for next number—The Faculty Edition, February 6, 1925.
Alumni Edition, April 10.

THE BABBLER

"What would this babbler say"—Acts 17:18

"This above all;—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not be false to any man."
—Shakespeare.

Vol. 5

DAVID LIPSCOMB COLLEGE, NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY 23, 1925.

No. 8

NEW FEATURES ADDED TO SENIOR CLASS MEETINGS

Committee Has Been Appointed to Arrange Program for Meetings. Interest Very Intense. Talented Members Give Many Appreciative Numbers

The members of the Senior Class have been trying for some time to figure out some device by which to promote such interest in class activities as to insure full attendance at all meetings. Recently they decided that a short program at each regular meeting would be an incentive. A program committee composed of Misses Blair and McMahon and Mr. Carver, was appointed. On the evening of January 9 a very select program was featured. The first number being a piano solo by Miss Lorene Simms. Miss Simms is a very talented and artistic musician and one whom the Seniors are glad to "own."

The class quartet, composed of Messrs. Phillips, Kinzie, Taylor and Greer, gave a very "harmonious" sample of their talent. The third and last number was rendered by Mr. Wood, a prominent Senior, and Mr. C. J. Garner, post-graduate. The nature of this exclusive performance was on the order of a tragedy-comedy. It is impossible for words to express the talent which these two budding young artists portrayed. The response of the class was such that the entire group succumbed to paroxysms of uncontrolled laughter. Never before have Seniors been known to engage in such hilarious revelry. Members who had never been known to laugh publicly collapsed from dire exhaustion caused by strenuous outbursts of mirth. Even Elmo Phillips and Oma Morton stepped down from the pinnacle of dignity and the stream of tears flowing from their eyes were evidence of their suffering. President John Roy Vaughan, in sympathy with the two unfortunate (Morton and Phillips) held his sides and, forgetful of his position, alternately turned his feet ceilingward, then forward, so completely under the influence of the contagion that he was unable to say anything via sympathy. Had one chanced to view the retreating Seniors as the class adjourned that night their tear-stained faces would have bespoke a funeral instead of a scene of glee.

The program which was enjoyed at the last meeting, January 16, was very educational.

"In a Friendly Sort o' Way" was charmingly read by dear "Grandma" Whitelaw.

Vocal solo, Miss Lillian Cox.

Instrumental duet, Misses Simms and Carver.

The Seniors are a noble band of enthusiastic young men and women whom the world shall know for their achievements, and they are getting a good foundation for all their accomplishments while in David Lipscomb College.

KY. STUDENTS ELECT MISS SMITH PRES.

She Takes the Chair and Rules With an "Iron Hand." Club Has Much Talent

After the holidays a number of students from the famous bluegrass state met in the auditorium of the administration building and organized a Kentucky Club, showing the typical Kentucky spirit by electing Miss Pearl Smith, a charming young lady, as president. She at once put on that dominating air by assuming control of the chair, both figuratively and literally directing and controlling the club's activity with an "iron hand."

There is much talent in this destined to be famous organization, although it is few in number, there being only about fifteen members, the spirit and enthusiasm shown in the first meeting must be reckoned with in the activities of D. L. C.

A fuller account will be given later, with the names of all officers and members, and their respective places of habitation before entering school here.

FROM THE COMMERCIAL CLUB

The Commercial Club met Saturday, January 10, in the commercial room and elected Mildred Fomby and Carl Pace editors.

This department is doing some fine work in its different branches and chances are that in athletics they will be equal to all and excelled by none, having in their midst such renowned players as "Red" Page, Dodd, Gleeves and Pace.

The editors are expecting to give details of some interesting happenings in the near future, as the club has a few unique characters that are unlimited in their capabilities to do unusual things.

Elmo: "What do you think of political parties?"
Myrtle: "Don't know. Never been to any."

ECONOMICS CLUB HOLDS FIRST MEET

At First Meeting of the New Year. Girls Discharge Business and Have Program

The Home Economics girls met in their class room for the first regular meeting of the year on January 7, 1925. The club found very much business on hand to attend to, which business was successfully carried on. Colors decided upon by the club were pink and white; the aim as set forth was to be better homekeepers, and the motto as selected was "Make the whole world more homelike." A new place of meeting next arose, as practice in the gymnasium disturbs very much. No definite place, however, was agreed upon.

The girls discussed the presenting of a public program at some future time. A committee was appointed to see about a play which the girls have had under consideration. The club promises rivalry for other clubs and classes.

The following program was given:

1. Answer to roll call by Miss Priest.

2. Life of Priestley, Birdie De Priest.

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BACKLOG LISTS ADVERTISERS

Bespeaks Patronage of These Firms, as They Make Possible the Issuance of That Publication

The management of the Backlog has given to the Babbler staff a list of its advertisers. These are here printed to show consideration for their aid and to encourage students and friends to patronize those who aid in the publication of the annual. Before trading in the city, students are asked to consider first the firms who patronize David Lipscomb College, thus returning to them that patronage which is due them.

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H. A. French.
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Phillips & Buttorff Mfg. Co.
Joe Morse & Co.

Elliott Rittenbury Piano Co.

Tryouts Come This Week

Young men who expect to debate with Burritt or Bryson colleges will contest for places tonight. Several young men are preparing for places on the teams. Results will be published in the next edition of the Babbler.

COLLEGE BOYS SING WELL

Young Men Sing for Congregation in and About Nashville and Receive High Praise

A David Lipscomb quartette composed of Messrs. Kirk, Dudley, Greer and Ritchie has had a very interesting program among local and out-of-town churches. A recent program, given at Green Street church, proved the ability of the quartet. Nine songs were sung to the delight of all present. Andy T. Ritchie, Sr., who had been with the boys at several places, introduced them and spoke very highly of their success and ability. Members from other congregations were present, and all seemed to enjoy the songs.

This is only one of the several quartets which the college has. Many young men here are making especial study of music, and with the natural ability which they possess, always do credit to their teacher and the institution. The various quartets have many programs scheduled and are always glad to go to new places to sing for those who enjoy vocal music.

SCHOOL HAS E. A. ELAM AS WEEK VISITOR

President of Board of Trustees Talks to Students at Chapel Week of January 6-10

"RESPECT FOR PARENTS"

Is Central Theme for the Week. Tells Why Children Should Honor and Obey Parents. Also Teaches Other Valuable Lessons

During the week of January 6-10, E. A. Elam, president of the Board of Trustees, was a visitor at college. Chapel period each day was given over to him that he might give some needed lesson to the boys and girls.

The central theme for the week was the lesson of respect and obedience to parents. Brother Elam first showed that the Scribes and Pharisees of Jesus' time set aside God's laws for the traditions of men and that the person of the present day who keeps God's commandments must reject the traditions of men. Just so, if one accepts the teaching of men, he must reject the teaching of God.

In his series of lectures, Brother Elam very fittingly taught the lesson of obedience to parents. He emphasized the fact that one is never too old to be the child of his parents, and that his Christian duty is to care for those parents as long as they live, for in so doing he is honoring his parents, caring for them, keeping the commandments of God and laying up treasures in heaven. The person who allows his father and mother to suffer the need of any comfort or care, suggested the speaker, has denied the faith, and in so doing makes himself worse than an unbeliever. This state of disobedience also presages the coming of perilous times—times which must inevitably come when children lose respect for the parents and cease to provide for them.

Brother Elam's final lessons were especially appreciated by the young men who are preaching. He very clearly showed the qualifications

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BIBLE GOD'S WORD, SAYS J. L. RAINEY

In Two Powerful Sermons Jno. L. Rainey Tells Why He Believes the Bible is God's Word.

CHRIST IS WITNESS

And Since Christ Is the Son of God, He Is Capable of Testifying. Prophecies Are Fulfilled. Many Other Reasons Are Given

Prof. Rainey in the morning sermon gave many interesting evidences why the Bible is the world's greatest book; that it is the book of all time, the book of eternity, the book of God; that it will stand until time shall be no more, and that it should be studied and loved more, for without it man would not know from whence he came nor where he is going after death. The Bible has been translated into 770 different languages and is the greatest miracle of all ages.

Here Brother Rainey asked the question, "How do we know that the Bible is the book of God?" and then presented Biblical proof to answer this question.

1. It is the book of God because Jesus Christ is the star witness. But was Jesus a competent witness? John calls Him the Lamb of God. "On the morrow he seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, 'Behold, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world,'" and again, "Who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth, who when he was reviled, reviled not again." (1 Peter 2:22-23.) Therefore, He was the only perfect character.

2. Because of the divine life that He lived and the works that He did. For no man ever did the works He did.

3. Because of the words He spoke. On one occasion some lawyers asked Jesus by what authority He did these works, and He replied by asking them a question. They could not answer Him.

4. His divine attestation of His resurrection. Until Christ came men

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"BACKLOG" STAFF PLANS AN INTERESTING VOLUME

Complete Staff Elected and Begins Compilation of Material for Use. Plan for a One Hundred Fifty Page Volume. Heavy Sale Is Anticipated

GREAT HONOR COMES TO D. L. C. TEACHER

Professor Turner, Elected Superintendent of Maury County Schools, Resigns as Teacher Here

At the same time that a distinctive honor has come to a member of the faculty of D. L. C., a great loss has come to the institution. Gordon H. Turner, head of the Department of Natural Science, has been elected county superintendent of public instruction of Maury County. In order to assume his duties in that field, Professor Turner has resigned from his position here.

In his last speech made here, January 16, 1925, Mr. Turner stated that the news of his election as superintendent came to him as a surprise. While on a visit to Maury County during Christmas he was asked to run for the office. He consented, not expecting, as he said, to be elected. Professor Turner told the student body that his resignation did not sever his relations with this school, as he continues to have an interest in the work. Also, that

(Continued on page 2.)

SENIORS STUDY SHAKESPEARE

Class Is Enjoying Splendid Course in Shakespeare's Best Plays. Excellent Teaching Is Done

The Senior College English class is well embarked upon an interesting course in Shakespeare. During the winter quarter his comedies and historical plays will be studied, and during the spring quarter the sonnets and tragedies. The text book is by Brooke, Cunliffe and McCracken, a volume containing twenty of Shakespeare's most commonly known and most frequently acted plays. Professor Cuff aims to give the student an appreciation of Shakespeare, and judging by the interest he has already been able to arouse he will not fall short of his goal.

Shakespeare is characterized by surpassing ability in both tragedy and comedy, extraordinary insight into human nature and supreme mastery of language. The Senior Class is very enthusiastic over being able to have such a course in the study of the works of so great a man.

When one thinks of the numerous writers, orators and deep-thinking people who have been influenced by Shakespeare, it makes one strive to grasp more firmly the present opportunity of the Senior Class.

Robert Louis Stevenson, the author of "Kidnapped," said, "Shakespeare has served me best. Few living friends have had upon me an influence so strong for good as Hamlet or Rosalind."

U. T. Sned, the great journalist who went down with the "Titanic," said that to him Shakespeare was the key to all literature.

The general consensus of opinion is that a knowledge of Shakespeare will enormously widen the horizon of life and intensify the perception of the tragic issues of love and of death that are bound up in every human heart.

To create characters, to give immortality to names, to stand human beings down the ages as comrades to all sorts and conditions of men, requires genius of the highest order. It demands a blend of heart and

(Continued on page 2.)

BIBLE SOCIETY HAS DEBATE

Young Men Meet for Discussion of Question of the Establishment of the Church

The Bible Debating Society, composed of young men of David Lipscomb College, held regular meeting on the evening of January 13, 1924. Business attended, debate was held on "Resolved, That the church was established on the day of Pentecost." Speakers: Affirmative, John G. Reese, Owen White, Roy Selby; negative, Roy Johnson, Carl Pace, Ellis Walker; affirmative moderator, Luther Deacon; negative moderator, Vincent Dixon.

After the debate each speaker was given some constructive criticism by the critic, H. C. Dixon.

This society holds out a standing challenge to any person or persons, to any one for debate on the question of the Bible as the word of God.

As has been the custom for several years the Senior Class will publish The Backlog again this year. The work is not under way yet, except that part which belongs to the photographer, but the staff is compiling such materials as will be used in this publication.

Since the class of '25 is the largest in the history of the school it not only expects to accomplish more, but is accomplishing more along the work of the annual than has been done heretofore. The volume this year will be composed of about one hundred and fifty pages, and a sale of two hundred and fifty is anticipated. The Seniors feel that it is quite an honor to have this publication, which represents the activities of their "Alma Mater," and holds so much for retrospection, in charge, an atake much pleasure in doing it. They feel that it is a literary achievement and therefore take much pride in it.

Besides the regular staff, Myrtle Baars, editor; Herman Taylor, assistant editor; Roy Vaughan, business manager, and Alex. Burford, circulation manager, the different societies and classes are represented on the staff: Hazel Dennison, Kappa Nu editor; Freda Landers, Sapphonian editor; Allen Wood, Lipscomb editor; George Kinzie, Junior editor; Elmer Taylor, Senior High editor. Prof. E. H. Jams is the faculty adviser.

Contest Now On

A banner, last year offered by Burk & Co., in the interest of the Backlog, is now an incentive for Backlog subscriptions. Contest has opened between the Senior High and Junior College classes for subscriptions to the Backlog. The contest closes Saturday night, January 24. Both classes are working hard to secure the banner for its own. The management of the Backlog looks for a heavy sale from this contest.

Class Bestows Honors

The honorary officers of the Senior Class were elected at the last meeting. The class takes much pride in the anticipation of graduation and is already interested in the activities of the occasion. Miss Frazier was elected as class poet; Miss Landers, class gitanian; Mr. Wood, prophet; Mr. Clarke, historian, and Mr. Tatum, orator.

A committee is also at work on a class song. There being several musicians and vocalists in their number, since this is the largest class of graduates the institution has "turned out," they feel that they must do honor to their "Alma Mater."

BIBLE TOPIC CLASS DOES GOOD WORK

Under Guidance of President Boles. Young Men Are Progressing Favorably in Study

Announcement is here made that the Bible Topic Class, under the very efficient instruction of Brother Boles, is progressing rapidly in its work. As a result of such splendid leadership, much interest is being manifested in this work by several young men who desire to acquire a more complete and systematic knowledge of God's word in order that they might be more capable to teach others also (2 Tim. 2:2).

The class, which is composed of about thirty members, meets every Monday evening at six o'clock, and one hour is spent in a study of some subject pertaining to the Bible, which the teacher arranges on the blackboard in outline form.

A careful study of the following topics has been made by the class since the early part of the fall quarter: "The Gospel: Its Meaning and Power;" "The Holy Spirit: Its Meaning, Mission and Power—Baptism of—Method of Its Operation—Being Born of—Its Dispensation;" "The Lord's Supper: Its Meaning, History, Time of Observance, Purpose and Wrong Uses of;" and "Sanctification." The subject for future study is "How to Praise God in Song."

The object of this class work is not only to instruct young men who are intending to proclaim the gospel publicly, but to help any one who wishes to acquire a more systematic knowledge of the Bible, and to become better acquainted with the life-giving messages contained therein; for the truth of the matter is that every member of the church is under obligation to teach the Word to others in some manner.

We are greatly indebted to Brother Boles for his untiring efforts and increasing interest in carrying on such profitable work as this.

The motto of the class is: To study to present the word of God to others in all of its simplicity and originality.

THE BABBLER

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“PREACH THE WORD”

E. Owen Agee

In Paul's charge to Timothy (2 Tim. 4:2, 3), he tells him to preach the word, for the time will come when men will not endure sound doctrine.

If the brethren today who are filling the capacity of gospel preacher would preach the whole truth, there would be less digressions from the true way.

We have some preachers today who preach for a series of ten or twelve sermons and absolutely fail to tell a sinner what he must do to become a child of God. It is impossible for any one to preach the gospel without preaching the plan of salvation, for that is a part of the gospel. If the gospel was preached more in its fulness today there would be less cause for such controversies that arise. When taking a candidate into the church of Christ on other baptism save that which Peter preached on the day of pentecost: "For the remission of sin" (Acts 2:38) if men and women have been properly taught, there remains no cause for misunderstanding. Just what is required to become a child of God? You can't scripturally baptize a person without first teaching that person. We are expressly taught in Matt. 28:19 to go teach all nations, baptizing them (the taught) in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, and when we fail to do that we fall short of the teachings of Christ. When we take a person into the Church of Christ without that person being fully converted, we lay ourselves liable to the wrath of God, and nine times out of ten that person becomes a thorn in our side, a stumbling block to the world, and a disgrace to the cause of Christ.

There is no other method to convert the world save the preaching of the Word. (Ps. 19:7.) "The law of the Lord is perfect converting the soul." (Jno. 17:17.) "Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is the truth." Since the word is the truth, we can't preach the whole word of God. The trouble with many of our preachers today is that they are courting worldly fame. You can't humor the whims and tastes of the world and at the same time be pleasing in the sight of God. Why not preach the word as the apostles preached it. They preached the truth regardless of public sentiment. (Acts 5:42.) "And daily in the temple and in every house they ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ." (Acts 5:41.) "And they departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame in his name."

Brethren, let's preach the truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth. We endanger ourselves just the whole truth as when we preach as much when we preach less than the whole truth as when we preach more than the truth.

The world knows nothing of God or His will save that which they are taught. It is our duty to teach them. The only way to teach them is preach the word.

NEW PICTURES ADORN WALLS

Photographs of Mr. and Mrs. David Lipscomb Are Placed On Walls of Avalon Reception Room

David Lipscomb College honors the name it wears, not only because of the good work it is carrying on, but also for the true, noble and upright man who wore the name so many years before her existence.

David Lipscomb's name is almost sacred to every student here. Not that it was necessary to remind the students and friends of the one who has already gone on and the other whom all still love to see in their midst, but because they honor them, the Board of Trustees has placed

ECONOMICS CLUB HOLDS FIRST MEET

(Continued from page 3)

3. Reading, Frankie L. Northern.
4. Pen Pictures of Home Economics Girls, Lorena Barber.
5. Jokes, Dixie Owen.
6. Critics Report, Mary Ethel Baines.

After the program the house adjourned to an informal meeting, at which delicious refreshments were served by three of the girls. Mrs. Yeagley gave some good admonition, followed by a few words from the instructor, Mrs. W. H. Owen.

SCHOOL HAS E. A. ELAM AS WEEK VISITOR

(Continued from page 1.)

which Paul said a preacher must have, namely: filled with all goodness and possessed with all knowledge. One must speak only what God says, for if he speaks more, he presumes that God has not said enough, and if he speaks less, he presumes that God has said too much. Hence, in all this he leaves the impression that God didn't know.

In the Saturday talk, God's immutable law was discussed: "Whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap." This law was proved to be true in both the physical and spiritual realms. Just as seeds produce their kind in fruit, so any word or deed is sure to produce its fruit of good or evil. An outstanding point in this connection was the fact that one expects to reap more than he sows in sowing natural seed. Like results follow the sowing of spiritual seed, either the good or the evil.

BIBLE GOD'S WORD, SAYS J. L. RAINEY

(Continued from page 1.)

where in doubt as to where they would go after death. Job said, "If a man die shall he live again?" Christ arose from the tomb never to face it again. And is in heaven wielding His scepter. None before Christ arose from the tomb never to face it again. He was the first to claim power over life and death.

5. Christ's influence on the world. No man has ever influenced the world as Christ has. And when one accepts the Bible it must be accepted as a whole—every jot and tittle. Jesus set a seal on the law, the prophets and the psalms. The Old Testament points to the New, and the New Testament reveals the prophecies of the Old.

Again Brother Rainey said, "The Bible is the word of God because of its fulfilled prophecies." Isaiah prophesied of Christ's birth, death and resurrection. Daniel prophesied of the coming of Christ's kingdom 500 years B. C., and that it shall stand forever. And this kingdom did come on the day of pentecost. Rome fell 476 A. D., and there has never been an universal empire since. Now these men did not know any more when Christ would come than is now known when He will come again. They were the mouthpieces of God.

In the night sermon Brother Rainey gave several more reasons why he believes in the Bible to be the word of God.

The word of God is living and active. The word of man is a dying word. Man is not only in a living world but in a dying world. He scarcely begins to live but that he begins to die.

The Bible is the word of God because of its unity. It contains sixty-six books written in about forty countries. The writing of the Bible covers a period of about 1,600 years and it is a perfect unity.

There is no contradiction between true science and the Bible, because God teaches us by both.

Christ was the chief cornerstone. No other book has had so many enemies as the Bible, the devil being its chief enemy.

No other book speaks as it does, for it speaks with authority. It was first written in three different languages.

It was not written by wise men, but largely by fishermen. It is the only book that has survived the ages.

It was given to the world by a despised race—the Jewish race.

Brother Rainey gave many other valuable evidences why he believed the Bible to be the book of God, but space permits only brief mention of these:

The statements of the Bible are true.

Its history of creation.

Its influence on the world.

The confessions of those who read it.

Where the Bible has not gone there are no schools, no civilization. It grows more beautiful each time it is read.

on the walls of Avalon reception room enlarged pictures of Brother Lipscomb and his good wife, known to all as "Aunt Mag." Not only do their pictures hang on "memory's walls," but in reality they hang on the walls of the school they loved so well and did so much to perpetuate. A-down the years may those who look upon these two noble visages strive to be more like them and say as did the bard of old:

"I count this thing to be greatly true: That a noble deed is a step toward God—Lifting the soul from the common clod To a purer air and a broader view."

Graves Williams: "Ignorance is bliss, you know."

Bruce Crawley: "Then you had better get your life insured for you will die of joy."

GREAT HONOR COMES TO D. L. C. TEACHER

(Continued from page 1.)

he will have positions for D. L. C. students who wish to teach school. This honor which comes to Mr. Turner is in no sense undeserved. The faculty feels very keenly the loss which it suffers, and from expressions heard daily among students, they, too, hate to have him leave. He has in his two years here proved himself a man who believes in doing things. He is fully capable of taking charge of the school system of Maury County, as his experience as a teacher and organizer have fully attested.

For the student body and faculty, the Babblers wishes for Professor Turner the greatest of success in his new field. He leaves D. L. C. with the respect and esteem of all and enters Maury County with the commendation of the faculty and all who know him.

The classes of Professor Turner continue to meet with other teachers as instructors. Those who have taken over his classes are E. H. Gams, College Physics; W. H. Owen, College Chemistry; J. Ridley Stroop, High School Physics and Chemistry; and R. P. Cuff, College Biology.

The church at David Lipscomb College has asked Brother Turner to return once a month to preach to the congregation. The fact that he has agreed to do so affords much pleasure to the student body for his sermons are always much enjoyed.

Mrs. Turner also leaves with her husband, thus having to give up her work as teacher of shorthand and typewriting. Her work has been of the very best type, and those who take her classes regret her leaving. Mrs. Fred Hall takes Mrs. Turner's place in the capacity of instructor of commerce.

SENIORS STUDY SHAKESPEARE

(Continued from page 1.)

head, of observation and self-effacement that would hardly be believed if the characters themselves were not here to vouch for it. Yet Chas. F. Johnson, in his "Elements of Literary Criticism," tells us that even if we omit Shakespeare's minor men and women, we will find Shakespeare the author of two hundred and forty-six distinct and well-known characters. When one considers the variety of these characters and also the perfect clearness with which they are portrayed, he is compelled to give Shakespeare the pre-eminence over all other authors, ancient and modern.

Do the words Caesar, Brutus, Antony, Cleopatra, Coriolanus, Troilus, Cressida, recall a definite character? If so, unless one is a special student of ancient history, the probabilities are that he got his knowledge from Shakespeare. It was he that lifted them out of the dead past and set them in the living present. To Shakespeare the civilized world is indebted for its fellowship with the past. "I can call spirits from the vasty deep," Shakespeare makes one of his characters say, and the reply is: "Why, so can I, or so can any man, But will they come when you do call them?"

They come when Shakespeare calls for them as they come at the call of no other. He calls forth characters from his own imagination that fill us with delight, and he calls forth the men and the events that have died, reviews them and puts them to work in the world. They train the imagination and the will of the young and old. They are building up century by century the international mind formed out of common heroisms and common admirations.

To have the privilege of studying a Shakespearian course in the manner Professor Cuff is presenting this one is indeed something the Seniors will ever regard as one of the best of many good things D. L. C. has offered them. Let us make the most of our opportunities! Member of the Shakespeare English Class.

CORRECTION MADE!

Poor Goober feels duty bound to rise from the sod once more in order that the dear reading public may not be further deceived by the "unscrupulous" ones.

The two pseudo-scientists have in this issue tried to palm off a picture on the world as being one portraying a likeness of Poor Goober. Dear reader, if you will look closely you will see that the one who is trying to climb the tree, probably on an errand of mercy, is most emphatically a man.

But if you will look still closer you will see something that resembles the pedal extremities of the well-known ape tribe to be firmly perched above in the boughs of the sturdy oak.

The writer was present when this picture was taken and will testify that the two monkeys, alias the two scientists, had just thrown their shoes, mistaking them for coconuts, at the head of this hapless passerby. And the latter probably at the time the picture was taken was seeking to bring the unfortunate ones back to earth and civilization.

In the words of Emily Dickinson, poor Goober told me that he suggests that they ought now to say to each other:

"I'm nobody! who are you?
Are you nobody, too?
Then there's pair of us—don't tell!
They'd banish us, you know."

Yours for justice,
C. J. Garner.

Correct.

Prof. Cuff: "Name one important thing we have now that we did not have one hundred years ago."
Philip Parham: "Me."

Visitor—How is the dormitory heated?

Student—By growling at the fireman.

FULL PROOF IS GIVEN

Wood and Clark Contend That Their Investigations in Science Are Well-Substantiated

We have hoped for the best but feared for the worst in the case of poor Goober. Those mangled and twisted neurones have at last undergone that radical change and Goober is a creature heretofore unheard of. The only one of his kind anywhere. Before he was harmless, but now anything he does should not be at all surprising. The snapshot below of him shows him in one of his typical attitudes of these later days. Is he actually climbing another notch toward becoming a real monkey? From prolonged observations it is thought to be highly probable that he is.

No limits have been known in the search for facts. We have undergone much personal discomfort in effort to enlighten the public and bring what we feel is a real contribution to the scientific store of knowledge. Poor Goober has been helped in every way that the scientists know how, and now like an insane person he turns and rends them. It seems as though he is another personality. That is another fact indicating monkeyness.

However, the scientists were not surprised or disappointed, for even though he tell every manner of falsehood about them he can ever count them to be his real friends and deeply interested in his welfare.

By dint of long experience and close observin gthey understand that poor Goober is not wholly responsible for his actions. All sane persons



Poor "Goober" at times shows strong inclination to return to his primitive stage. Is here shown in a typical position

will realize by looking carefully at the picture above that you could not expect a true representation of this by poor Goober. By looking very closely you may note the peculiar shape of his head, but at the same time how easy he swings through the foliage. His ability in this respect is remarkable.

This is an exhortation to all people to lend poor Goober a helping hand in his noble struggle to become like a human being. Always remember that he within himself is neither good nor bad, but is likely to do anything into which his attention is directed. And woe be to any who leads such a one astray or cause him to stumble. So help him in every way possible.

All new developments will be reported as they occur.

“THE MYSTIC CITY”

Of the dim and mystic city of the dead,
Oh the lines and verses spoken of the said,
Oh the couplets, yes immortal how they bled,
Now sleeping in the Mystic City,
Yes the city of the dead.

Life no more has troubles for them dark and grim,
They are gone, yes gone forever o'er the rim
To the valley so enchanting o'er the brim.
We shall also know those shadows When we've shuffled off mortal limb.

Mystic City, how entrancing, oh how rare,
Greenest pasture always dancing over there,
Strange, and far unknown by human, but he'll care
For uncertain only dreamed of Sometimes dimly, there he'll fare.

Yes, we'll fare sometime together o'er the lee
When time and tide have gone forever, and the sea,
The soul will wing its way immortal at last free
To the dreamy far off city,
Yes, the city, we shall see.

For some souls 'twill be a pleasure often sought,
Other souls will think of deeds they have wrought,
Yet together they'll be winging ever brought
To that dim eternal city
Everlasting, for them bought.

Oh fair city for a vision real and true,
Of the land so far from passion's scarlet hue,
Oh fair city and how ancient, yet so new,
How eternal everlasting?
Surely it shall hold no few.

Allen Wood.

An old negro woman was taking the last look at the remains of her departed husband: "Po' Rastus," said she, "I shuah hopes you ain't gwine to where ah spec' dat you has."

Sam: "Rastus, what's an alibi?"
Rastus: "Dat's provin' dat you wuz at a prayer meetin', whar yo' wazn', in order to show dat yo' wazn' at a crap game, whar yo' wuz."

“BEAUTY OF COMMONPLACE”

"Genius," said Prof. Frederick Terrier, "is nothing less than seeing wonders in common things." Beauty surrounds us each day. Only a few people realize that the common things are sweet. In the latter part of the nineteenth century certain pioneers such as Ruskin and William Morris began to plead for more democratic art and to apply artistic taste and judgment to commonplace things. Painters are now idealizing the work and materials of ordinary and common things.

Sculpture are moulting into life. Sculpture are the aspirations of the people, and orators are praising the dignity of everyday service. The poets are more and more singing of the struggles of the common man and the work and materials of ordinary life. What are some of these common things about which we think is frequently, but so fruitlessly? It may be a flower, a bird, a picture, or a house. "At bottom," said Goethe, "no real object is unpoetical if the poet knows how to use it properly." It is all in the point of view. On close observation of an ordinary object we may chance to see something no one else has seen before. Wordsworth had this in mind when he said:

"In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he (the poet)
can impart."

In the following quotation Tennyson shows how the little things contain the great:

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower; but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

These lines suggest the ministry of common things viewed sympathetically. They remind us that the smallest things are merely ladders to the greatest.

Oliver Wendall Holmes took a chambered nautilus and drew a beautiful lesson. Nathaniel Hawthorne took a huge rock in the mountains; Sidney Lanier a river in Georgia and made teachers of idealism out of them.

What sight is more ordinary than a barefoot boy or a blacksmith? Yet millions have passed heedlessly by each with never a thought until Longfellow saw in them the beautiful and wrote two of America's most widely known poems.

William Wordsworth, probably more than any one else, has invested the things of nature with new meaning. Rudyard Kipling has surpassed all others in interpreting mechanical things. In his "Song of the Banjo" he makes the banjo give itself a new meaning and a personality. After having read his poem, who can play a banjo without hearing it say:

"I'm the Prophet of the Utterly Absurd,
Of the Patiently Impossible and Vain;
And when the Thing that Couldn't has occurred,
Give me time to change my leg and go again."

Robert Burns once upturned a mountain daisy with his plowshare, but the little flower lives and blooms today as it never lived and bloomed before. The poet makes the incident the bearer of a universal plea. He pursues the same method in his equally well-known lines, "To a Mouse, on turning up her nest with a plough."

A critic has said, "Every great piece of literature is a sort of emancipation proclamation; the imprisoned splendor was there; it needed only to be liberated." Let us liberate this splendor from the things of everyday life.

Emerson sums it all up when he says:

"'Tis not in the high stars above,
Nor in the cup of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in show-ers,
But in the mud and scum of things
There always, always something sings."

“DOWN IN MISSISSIPPI”

By a Mississippian

I am dreaming tonight of the time long ago
When a child at my dear mother's knee,
She would sing the old songs in accents so low
And tell childhood stories to me.
And I wondered as I looked in her dear loving face,
Why a shadow of sadness was there;
But now in my own heart this shadow I trace,
'Tis the same kindred feeling I share.

Down in Mississippi where the cane and cotton grow,
Some one is waiting and longing for me, I know.

When the roses bloom and magnolias scent the air,
I'll go back to my old home there.

The days of my childhood so happy, so free,
Sweet memories fraught with delight,
Come stealing like moonlight and mist o'er the sea,
As I sit in dreamland tonight.

The friends, the music, the flowers I love,
The house with the vines at the door,
The mocking bird's note and the soft crooning dove,
All these call me back home once more.

BELLS, BELLS, MORE BELLS

H. T. Wright, a New Student, Writes of His Coming to D. L. C. Sees Uses of Bell

After finding my way from the car line near the college to the entrance gates, standing there amidst many buildings, I was left to choose which one to enter. Lindsay Hall being the object in mind, walking towards the first building, decidin to enter and make inquiry, my attention was directed to another building from whence there came the doleful tolling of a bell. I stood still, patiently waiting to see the fire, and terrified students running to and fro while their books and clothing, as well as the building, were being destroyed. After a few minutes passed away and my fears failed to materialize, I proceeded. Marching boldly to the steps of the building, intent upon entering. The lights were switched off and all was in darkness, though far from still, as many voices floated out upon the still night air I failed to recognize the voice of my former friend, Clyde Hale, whom I knew to be in Lindsay Hall. I thought perhaps I might act a fool by rushing in where angels fear to tread, and decided to reconnoiter before entering where so many feminine voices seemed to be. Fortunately for me I found the boys home and got in touch with Brother Priestley, who very kindly made arrangements for me.

Early next morning, after being awakened by the mournful sound heard a few hours before, I made ready for breakfast, in the meantime getting acquainted with a number of boys from almost every State in the Union. Then breakfast, meeting members of the faculty, getting my work assigned, and ever since that time I have worked, eaten, slept and visited by the bell, and some of the boys are courting by the same old bell, so you see one bell as inanimate as it seems is able to ring out many and varied messages.

“ATLANTA AT A GLANCE”

Recognized as the largest city in the entire South is the city of Atlanta, Georgia, containing a zone of one-seventh of the population of the United States and containing one-half of the cotton belt. The city is over one thousand feet above sea level, and where the average temperature is sixty-one degrees.

Atlanta can safely be called the Gate City of the South, and the Metropolis of the Southeast. There are 580 factories in the city averaging over 1,500 different articles daily, the payroll being in the millions of dollars per year.

The city of Atlanta has had three names, the first being the name of Marthasville, it was then only a small trading post where a few people started one of the largest trading posts now in the South.

The next name of the small village then was Terminal, this being adopted on account of the much trading and the many places that sent to Atlanta to do their purchasing. The town suffered heavily during the march of Sherman through Georgia, the entire town being consumed in fire. A new life then began to take hold and the town was called Atlanta and it so stands today as the Wonder City of Dixie.

Atlanta is one of the healthiest cities in the entire South, its death rate in 1920 was only 18.2 per thousand. It contains the most modern and up-to-date hospitals and sanitariums that can be constructed. Saying a few words about its sanitary conditions, the city contains the only municipally owned sewerage disposal plant of its kind in the entire United States, costing over four million dollars.

It is noted everywhere among the cattle men as having the largest live stock market in the South.

Among the many interesting sights worth seeing, some of the following are famous everywhere they are mentioned. The auditorium armory, seating over 8,000 people is the place the Metropolitan Opera Company plays outside of New York City, the town being the only one that will pay the expenses.

The post office and custom house, built in 1911, cost over a million dollars. Here the entire mail system is so large that more room is needed as the town has such a large outgo and a large income of mail that more room is needed.

The Fulton court house is the finest in the entire South, it being constructed out of the marble taken from Stone Mountain, the granite quarry of the South.

The Cyclorama, the panaramo picture of the Battle of Atlanta, being the only one of its kind in existence, is in a permanent structure in Grant's Park. This picture, painted by four Germans, was presented to the city by Congressman DeGress, and the picture weighs over nine tons and is fifty feet high and 400 feet around. There is no part of the Battle of Atlanta that is not included in this wonder picture.

Atlanta contains one of the best educational systems in the entire South, having nearly one hundred and twenty-five schools, outside of the private institutions. The Georgia School of Technology is a unit of the university system of Georgia. Among other colleges there are Emory, Agnes Scott College (for girls), Oglethorpe University and many others.

The United States penitentiary, one of the costliest prisons erected by the Federal Government, contains over two thousand inmates and are taught a trade before they are let go. Atlanta boasts of the pioneer radio broadcasting station in the South which is W. S. B.

Hence the saying: Its Great to be a Georgian.

J. G. Hunter.

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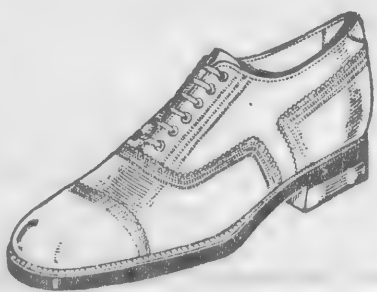
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GYMNASIUM IS SCENE OF
TWO SOCIETY GAMES

Sapphos Win Third of Series from Kappa Nus by Score of 12-8.
Series Stands 2-1 in Favor of Kappa Nu Team. Callios
Win First of Lipscomb-Callio Series 20-16. Second
Game of Series January 24, 7:00 P.M.

CALLIOS TAKE
FIRST GAME,
SCORE 20-16

Excitement Intense During the Game,
Which Was Characterized by
Fast Play of Both Teams

There have been many exciting and thrilling games played at D. L. C., but none have aroused such a high degree of enthusiasm and pep as the opening game of the series to be played between the Calliopean and Lipscomb Societies. The gym was beautifully decorated with the colors of the two societies. Their banners were floating high. Both teams wanted the game. The Callios are good winners and the Lipscombs attitude toward their defeat is very admirable.

The game was a fast one, but too many fouls were made and too many free throws were missed. Out of the twenty-three free goals that were shot for, only six were made.

Leo Boles was a splendid guard. Jimmie Boles played against three different men and not a one of them made a single score. Bill Brown was the hero of the game. He shot the goal which gave the Callios the game.

This game was the second on the local court this season that ended in a tie. It took ten minutes to play the tie off. No score was made during the ten minutes of play off until the last two minutes, when Brown made two field goals and "brought home the bacon to the Callios." Montgomery deserves honorable mention, for without the two field goals he shot in quick succession in the last two minutes of the fourth quarter, the score would not have been tied. Jones played the court well.

The Lipscombs played real basketball and it was hard to see them defeated. But they went down with the "Ole Lipscomb Spirit, High." Ed Bourne and Bill Brown tied for high score. Both made nine points. One of the most noticeable features of the game was the Lipscombs' taking the ball off the board almost every time. It wasn't often that they failed to take the ball off the backboard. Red Page, as usual, was a splendid guard. Gleaves did not allow his man to score. Campbell made six points for L. L. S.

There was splendid pass work on both sides, but the Callios' five-man defense was almost impenetrable.

The line-up follows:
Callio—L. G. Boles, J.; R. G. Boles, L.; C. Brown, Capt.; L. F. Jones; R. F. Montgomery.

Lipscomb—R. F. Mason, Capt.; L. F. Bourne; C. Campbell; R. G. Gleaves; L. G. Page.

Field goals: Bourne, 4; Campbell, 3; Boles, L. 2; Brown, 4; Montgomery, 2.

Substitutions: Dodd for Mason, Pullias for Dodd, Mason for Bourne, Dodd for Mason, Kinnie for Boles, J., Boles, J., for Kinnie, Montgomery for Jones, Thurman for Montgomery.

Referee: Smith, of Peabody.

"SPORTSMANSHIP"

In these days when we are having so many society games something should be said about sportsmanship. No one could possibly criticize anyone for his attitude on Saturday night, January 17. Everyone took his victory or defeat in good spirits. Some one had to lose. Some one had to win. If you were unlucky this time remember that there are some more chances to be the victor yet.

Most of the time it takes a better man to lose than it does to win, but the winner should remember to feel sorry for the loser. For there isn't a one of us who has not known defeat. So let us sympathize with and help each other, when it is possible. And remember that it is not the game that counts. Let us not forget that:

When the one great scorer comes,
To write against our name,
He writes not that we won or lost,
But how we played the game.
Kappa Nu.

SAPPHOS TAKE
THIRD GAME
OF SERIES

By Score of 12-8 Sapphos Defeat
Kappa Nu Quintet. Series
Stands 2-1 in Favor of
Kappa Nus

The Sapphoneans, fighting with their backs to the wall, captured the third game of the Kappa Nu-Sappho series by a score of 12-8 on Saturday night, January 17.

With the return of Landers, star forward of the Sappho quintet, the Purple and White were invincible except for a few minutes when the Kappa Nus were leading by a score of 5-4. The Sapphos, having lost the first two games of the series, came back with an unconquerable fighting spirit and kept the ball in their territory for the greater part of the contest. They completely stopped the offense of the Kappa Nus and at the same time managed to roll up their score 12 points. The Kappa Nus kept fighting even until the sound of the last whistle.

Barber, stellar forward of the winners, played a fine defensive game and also managed to get 5 of the 12 points. Landers and Kinnie, with 3 points each, gave good accounts of themselves. Kinnie went out in the third quarter via the personal foul route. Russell, Tittle and Morgan played the floor well, breaking up numerous plays of the losers.

For the Kappa Nus, Beasley was high scorer with 4 points. Dixon, captain and center, played the floor well, collecting one field goal.

Burch, who was put out because of personal fouls, by her splendid defensive play, kept the Sapphos from scoring on several occasions.

Goodwyn, Lewers, oSyars and Williams played well and never gave up, but as fate would have it they swung to the little end of the 12-8 count.

Line-up:
Sappho (12)—Barber, F.; Landers, F.; Kinnie, C.; Russell, G.; Morgan, G.

Kappa Nu (8)—Soyars, F.; Beasley, F.; Dixon, C.; Burch, G.; Williams, G.

Substitutes: Sappho—Tittle for Kinnie. Kappa Nu—Goodwyn for Soyars, Lewers for Burch.

Referee: Priestley.

Timers: Wood and Clark.

Scorers: White and Hall.

C. M. PULLIAS
HERE FEB. 8

Announcement Made of Meeting for
That Time and of Other
Events and Activities

Announcement is made that C. M. Pullias, of Murfreesboro, will begin a meeting at this place February 8, 1925. This announcement will come to students as a pleasant surprise, as Mr. Pullias is known throughout the brotherhood as one of the most forceful of speakers.

Oratorical Contest
This annual event takes place the evening of January 21 in honor of the deceased founder. This paper goes to press before the results are known, yet it is predicted that several original orations are to reflect credit upon the institution.

From Harding College
The following message came from Harding at Morrilton, Ark., on January 4:

"H. Leo Boles, President David Lipscomb College, Nashville, Tenn.
"Harding College accepts in gratitude your New Year's greetings and at the same time extends across the river a hearty handshake, a token of friendship and good feeling for the faculty and student body of David Lipscomb.
J. N. Armstrong,
"President."

Hughes: "Prof., where are all the old themes I handed in last quarter."

Prof. Cuff: "Sorry, but we don't keep old themes."

Hughes: "But I've got to have them. I sold them to a junior."

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STUDENTS OF LATIN AND GREEK MEET

Officers of Club Are Selected. Writer Tells of Work of Classes and of Return to Classical Learning

The Latin and Greek students organized under the leadership of Brother Rainey, January 15, 1925. At this meeting it was unanimously decided that the name of the club should be the "Classical Club," as Latin and Greek are the classical subjects. The following officers were elected: President, Clarence Garner; vice-president, Alice Blair; secretary, treasurer, LaNelle Goodwin, and editor, Ethel Hardison. There will probably be small dues with which the club may purchase Latin and Greek books as a donation to the library.

The members composing this club are those in Latin I, II, IV, and VI, and Greek I and II. Latin II students are ploughing through Caesar, Latin IV students are reading of the wanderings of Aeneas and his comrades in Virgil's "Aeneid," and Latin VI scholars are reading the love poems of "Horace." The Greek II class, composed of C. J. Garner, is reading "Xenophon," and studying "Essentials of New Testament Greek" in connection with this. There are forty-four members of the "Classical Club," nine taking Greek and thirty-five Latin. Miss Little teaches Latin I and II, while Brother Rainey instructs all the other classes. Brother Rainey is a member of the "American Classical Association" and the "Classical Association of Mid-West and South."

At the present time more stress is being placed on the study of foreign languages and schools are gradually swinging back to the old fundamental subjects. There are nearly a million students in America taking Latin and about sixteen thousand taking Greek. Investigations made by the "American Classical Association" show that more students are taking Latin than all other foreign languages combined, both ancient and modern. If so many are interested in this field there must be some good in it. There is. Latin students make better English students because so many of our English words are derived from Latin stems. Greek scholars may have a greater understanding of the Bible as it was written in Greek. Latin and Greek in its earlier form are both dead languages. For this reason they never change, while the English language is constantly changing. The fact that the old languages have the same meaning now as they did thousands of years ago has made it possible for the Bible to be translated in so many tongues and in such simple language. It is said that more than three-fourths of college students who lead their classes have had at least four years of Latin. Some people complain that they just can't learn Latin. "He can who thinks he can," says Brother Rainey.

"WHO WHO AIN'T"

A Few Cases of Wrong Spelling Taken from Papers of Recent "Who's Who" Contest

While at school warm friendships are made. When the time comes to go home, these friends promise to write to each other. But oftentimes weeks pass and no letter comes. The question arises, What is the cause? Why doesn't he write? Many times, after months of patient waiting and no letter arrives, the conclusion comes, "Well, he didn't care anything about me." But he may be suffering the same anxiety, wondering why his letter was not answered. A careful perusal of the following list will largely answer the puzzle. These names were taken from the votes cast in the recent contest for "Who is Who?" in D. L. C.:

Elouise Sutton.
Hazel Dinneison.
Roy Vaughn.
Glyndol Moss.
Enis Hughes.
Ruth Evans.
Clyde Haile.
Miss Stafford.
Grandma Whitelaw.
Phillip Phorum.
Clide Hale.
Gundolynne Moss.
Romond Brinkley.
Hurman Taylor.
Torline Russell.
Feets Walker.
Toleane Russel.
W. A. Raphalee.
Herman Talor.
Joyce Whitelaw.
Creesteen Martin.
Rapplelee.
Frieda Landers.
Myrtle Byars.
Rapplelee.
Elouise Sutton.
Anne Beesaley.
Alline Wood.
Thelma Sawyers.
Brother Skipper.
Glendwyn Moss.
Claton James.
H. G. Hunters.
Frances Greenleaf.
Lanell Godyn.
Gydeleyon Moss.
Herman Tailor.
Allan Wood.
Mertle Bars.
Betsy Kirk.
Herman Taylor.
Homer Morton.
Elic Burford.
Mertle Bars.
Param.
Ed Bowen.
Mordy Morgan.
Big Thomas.
Sam Tatham.
Autv Richie.
Frieda Landers.
Margaret Carter.
Hughes.
Walter Cambell.
Eleanor Frazee.
Murde Bars.

NEWS FROM DAY STUDENTS

In viewing our crowd of day students it is hard to tell the important ones, but on listening closely you can tell that our President Simpkins is admired by all for his kind words and good looks. It is a mystery to all why some girl doesn't vamp him; but this is his motto, "Love them all, and tell them nothing."

I am sure that every one is acquainted with Mr. Tatum because he is such a fine speaker and is known all over the school by his rooster crowing, with all of his lengthy speeches at our meetings. It is quite amusing to listen to him. Our secretary, Mary Menefee, is a fine young girl, admired by all, especially by George Warren. I am wondering how she came to "catch" him. Others have failed, but from the looks of things I think she has won.

Claudia Martin is taking up a collection of students' pictures for Rogues Gallery. Every one donates to it. She started it off with Homer McKelvey's picture. I think it was a wise start.

Lillian Burton seems to be mighty interested in "Sheik" Campbell here of late. Wonder what it's all about. Elizabeth Cullum's favorite occupation is driving cars. Her better name is "Taxie." I heard she had a wonderful time driving cars while in Linton a few weeks ago. Her sister Lois is a talented young woman, and the day students are proud to claim her as one of them.

Every one is afraid that Frank Jones is going to lose his best girl. She seems to like Ike Hooper lots better than she does Frank.

Randall Martin and Chester Jones are seen quite often running around the building chasing golden butterflies. I think they have reference to Frances Greenlee and Inez Kinnie. One never can tell.

Howard Boyd and Ronald Clemons can be heard at the street car line when they start from school by their chicken laughs. It would be wise to have a contest to see which one can laugh the most.

Foy Sweeney is noted by all the pupils for being so polite. He always thinks it is necessary when he comes in to bow and speak to the teacher and pupils.

Mamie Russell has become real interested in Roy Selby lately. Every one is fearing that she has beat some one's time. Where he goes out the Granny White Pike so often is a mystery.

Isn't it funny about Dick Tallman being a Kappa Nu? But some brothers and sisters disagree. How about it, Ruth?

I won't take up much more space here now, but I must say every one is wondering where "Christ" gets all the sweaters! Boys, watch out. She is liable to have yours on next time. If any are missed, you will know where to find them.

The happenings to the other students will appear in another edition. Editor.

"THE IDEAL MAN"

Sociology Class Determines the Qualifications of an Ideal Man. Listed in Order of Their Importance

Recently the members of the class in Educational Sociology were asked to write their opinion of an ideal man. The papers were handed in and the following shows the characteristics in the order of their importance:

1. A Christian.
2. Literary education.
3. Lover of Nature and fine arts.
4. Lover of home.
5. Have vocation.
6. Respectful to women and elders.
7. Cheerful disposition.
8. Physical fitness.
9. Practical.
10. Respectful and courteous.
11. Temperate.
12. Unselfish.
13. Patient.
14. Perseverant.
15. Strong will power.
16. Good personal appearance.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

The great spirits of the past must command us in the tasks of the future.—Woodrow Wilson.

If our study does not directly or indirectly enrich the life of man, it is but a drawing of vanity with cart ropes, a weariness to the flesh, or at least a busy idleness.—Edward Dowden.

Come, my friends
'Tis too late to seek a newer world.
—Tennyson.

Choice and service—in these are the whole of life.—Mark Hopkins.

Remember now thy creator in the days of thy youth. Ecclesiastes 12:1.

Oh, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a Heaven for?
—Browning.

The hunger after purely intellectual delights, the content with legal possessions, cannot but be good for us in maintaining a wholesome balance of character and of the faculties.—James Russell Lowell.

The Professor Knew

The professor of mathematics prepared to set out on a short journey on horseback. He was an absent-minded person, and while saddling the animal he was thinking out an intricate problem. Some students stood near and watched him abstractedly place the saddle on the animal hind part before.

"Oh, professor," exclaimed one of the group, "you are putting the wrong end of your saddle foremost."
"Young man," replied the professor, tartly, "you are entirely too smart. How do you know it is wrong when I have not yet told you in which direction I am going?"

"FOUR YEARS TO WAIT"

A Short Story

"But, there's no need whatsoever of your refusing to try to learn to care for me," said Horace Temple to Vera Crawford as they were riding toward the latter's home in the pretty little town of Flintshire.

"I've tried and tried and see no need of our being together any more. It is not because of any fault of yours for you have been as nice to me as a young man could. It is my nature. Perhaps when we grow older we can be more congenial." Thus Vera explained the reason for her lack of love for Horace.

"Older?" he asked. "I am now twenty-one and you are twenty; we have both finished high school and are pretty well started in life."

"Tell you what," suggested Vera suddenly. "It is not enough to finish high school. In this day and time it is really necessary for one to have a college education. Suppose you spend four years away at college. To test ourselves no letters will be written and we will not see one another for four years."

Horace brightened. "Then will you try to care for me?" he asked. "At the end of that time if you find that your love for me has not lessened, we shall renew our friendship and I will try my best to love you," she replied.

"It's a trade," said Horace as they drove up to her door. "Goodbye, Vera. I leave tomorrow for college to return in four years for you." Thus saying, he drove away and left Vera standing in the door.

Since their graduation from high school four years before this time Horace and Vera had been friends. Horace had grown quite fond of Vera, yet she was continually changing her mind in regards to him. At times she confessed a liking for him and at other times it was evident that she cared nothing for him. It was upon an occasion of the latter turn of mind when she suggested a four years' separation. This plan appealed to Horace as his desire for some time had been to secure a college education.

The day following this agreement, Horace found himself on the road to a distant city where he planned to enter college. He settled down to his studies and soon gained reputation as a student and became a leader in college activities. No letters came from Vera. Many times he longed to hear from her. "I wonder," he mused one day as he sat looking at her picture, "Is she still remembering her promise? She has young men friends in abundance—many for whom she seemed to care more than for me. Upon my return it may be that I shall find her another man's wife."

One day during his senior year at college, Horace chanced to secure a copy of his home-town newspaper. Hastily he turned to the society page and glanced at the headline. A two-column headline read "Engagement of Miss Crawford Announced." Scanning the article he found that Miss Vera Crawford was to become the bride of Mr. Sterling Matthews on December 25.

"Horrors!" he gasped. "To be married Christmas and I am to reach home in June!"

Time wore away heavily. Horace tried to forget all but found the task quite difficult. He resolved, however, to make the best of his senior year. Already chosen because of his high attainments as Valedictorian of his class, a brilliant career was opening before him. Toward the close of the year he read of the marriage of Miss Crawford and Mr. Matthews. His hopes were shattered, yet with firm resolve he attacked the problems yet before him.

The close of school came and Horace received his degree with high honors. Before his degree was conferred he received and accepted the offer of a professorship of English in a Southern college. Elated over this success, he made plans to enter upon his duties as Professor of English in September, leaving the three summer months for a rest and a visit to his home town.

The homeward trip was filled with thoughts of Vera. "Just to think," he thought, "that I was hoping to return this June and claim Vera for my own. And here she is married." His head sank in his arms and in this manner he rode for several hours. Often he would arouse himself and think of how he could face her.

"Eldora! Eldora!"

The conductor called loudly. Horace leaped up. "Heaven!" he ejaculated. "Next stop is home." He walked through the car to the outer platform. Suddenly he saw a car bearing a young girl dash in front of the onrushing train. She tried to make the crossing but too late. The fore part of her car was struck and the car overturned. The girl was thrown from the car in an unconscious heap.

Horace was among the first to leap from the train and rush to the girl. His face paled as he drew near, for he saw that the girl was Vera. As he neared she regained consciousness.

"You—you, Horace. Have you returned?" she stammered. "Yes," he said sadly. "I come now to find you married to another when by right I am entitled to your love."

Vera was fully conscious by this time. Aside from a few bruises she was uninjured. At Horace's mention of her being married she stared at him wildly. "Married! I married? What do you mean?" she asked in astonishment.

He reached in his pocket and produced the newspaper announcing the engagement of Vera Crawford to Sterling Matthews.

"You silly boy," she laughed as she read the announcement. "Didn't you know she is a new girl who chances to have my name? And did you not see that she is the daughter of W. M. Crawford, while you know my father's initials are W. H. C.?"

THE WINNING TOUCH- DOWN

By Wm. H. Corum

The day dawned clear and frosty. The sun rose like a red, pulsating ball, spreading a soft golden glow over the countryside. The air was keen and bracing, and to Bill, as he rose that morning, came the thought: "We are going to lick the stuffin' out of Tin Can Junction this afternoon." It was Thanksgiving and the last foot ball game of the season between Tin Can Junction's "Wildcats" and Possum Hollow's "Pirates" was to be played that afternoon and between the two schools there had been developed the keenest rivalry. So Bill, after eating his breakfast, took his uniform and went over to the football field and began his customary job of cleaning off the field and replacing the lines. Another of Possum Hollow's players was there to help him. Jim Alexander, their star half-back. But the job was soon completed and as it was a considerable time until meal time the two had a general practice of their own for about an hour, when Bill exclaimed: "Gee, I'm hungry. I believe I will eat my lunch."

"Well, after all this exercise I believe I feel like devouring something myself," answered Jim, as he unwrapped his dinner. "What do you think Smith will do against McPherson this afternoon?"

"I haven't the least idea," was his reply. "McPherson outweighs Smith by a good fifty pounds but Smith is faster and plays the game a bit better. But we will see this afternoon," he added.

The game was to start at 2:30 P. M., but Tin Can Junction's team was on the field for practice by 1:45. At 2:00 the bleachers, they can hardly be called stands, began to fill. These Bill eagerly scanned for the sight of a familiar face. Once he caught his father's and mother's attention, but still he did not cease his vigil until he finally caught sight of a rosy face crowned with a mass of black hair. "Hello! Margie," he called. A wave of the hand and a smile answered him just as the opening whistle blew. "Hey, Bill," bring me a line-up," he said so.

The referee places the ball for the kickoff and Micks kicks. The Pirates end receives the ball and runs for eleven yards before Luster pulls him down with a flying tackle. They fail to make the down and the ball is the Wildcats on the 35 yard line. They make seven yards through the line and now Bill prepares for forward pass. The ball is snapped, he makes perfect catch and passes clean to Scruggs running at the five yard line. Scruggs is downed on the spot but the pass is completed. Bill next makes a feint line plunge, passes to Alexander and the ball is carried across the line for the first touchdown of the game. Scruggs drops-kicks but misses goal.

The Pirates now kick off and Bill receives the ball on the 15-yard line. He makes a run to count for twenty-three yards. Possum Hollow's Wildcats fail to make the down and the ball goes to the Pirates. They promptly make a touchdown by McPherson running forty-five yards for a touchdown. The stands are in an uproar. After this the game continues in a greater state of rivalry until near the close of the half, when another of the Wildcats' men raced across the baseline for another touchdown. The whistle blows and the half is up.

After fifteen minutes of rest both teams again trot out on the field at the blast of the referee's whistle. This time the Pirates kick off and Scruggs receives the ball and starts on a yard-gaining sprint. Micks and Kittrell are running splendid interference. But somehow Micks stumbles and Kittrell falls on him, while Scruggs continues for four more yards when he is downed. Upon investigation Micks' leg is declared broken and Clifton Byrd is put in his place as substitute and the game continues. The Wildcats make eleven yards through the line and Bill again prepares for a forward pass. The ball is snapped. Bill receives it and Lehigh runs to intercept the pass. He reaches the fifteen-yard line and Bill throws. The ball shoots straight as an arrow to its mark, but just as Lehigh is about to catch it and race across the line for another touchdown, another player from the opposing side leaps in and intercepts the ball and starts back down the field. Possum Hollow's aggregation is taken completely by surprise and the runner is allowed to continue for twenty-five yards before Chumley hauls him down. The Pirates make thirteen yards through the line the first time and twelve the next, and Possum Hollow begins to get desperate. The Junction's team is getting too close to the goal line to be comfortable. So this time as McPherson starts on an end run, Bill darts clear of the scrimmage and leaps in a flying tackle for the fleeing form of the runner. He catches by the scant hold of one foot, but he brings down his man. The player loosens his hold on the ball, and as it rolls from him Byrd pounces upon it. Now begins the test in earnest. Back and forward surge the two opposing lines of flesh. Back and forward the ball is also carried. Never close enough to either goal to be dangerous, but seeming to stick close to midfield. During the last few minutes of play Bill determines if possible to make at least one more score. So once when the ball was snapped to him he sent Kittrell and Crook racing down the field and then

"What a mistake I made," Horace said, throwing aside the paper. He reached down and took Vera in his arms, lifting her to her feet.

"After four year's separation do you think you love me?" he asked tenderly.

He read the answer in her eyes. "I have heard of the record you have made," she said, "and can truthfully say that I now love you and have known the same for some time. It was for your good that I requested the separation."

"You are a jewel," Horace whispered as he led her to the platform of the waiting train.

SENTENCE SERMONS

The true secret of happiness is not to escape toil and affliction, but to meet them with faith that through them the destiny of man is fulfilled that through them we can even now reflect the image of our Lord and be transformed into His likeness.
—Canon Westcott.

We can reason down a man's theology, but we cannot reason down the life of a Christian man.
—Alexander McKenzie.

Let a man learn that everything in nature goes by law, and not by luck, and that what he sows he reaps.
—Emerson.

"All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul
And God stand sure."
—Browning.

Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall.
—Prov. 16:18.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.
—Bryant.

"Make straight paths for your feet."—Paul.

Our acts our Angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.
—Fletcher.

We see but a small arc of an infinite circle, while God sees the end from the beginning.—W. J. Bryan.

Thrift

"Thrift is the great fortune maker," said Andrew Carnegie, and his life proved it.

The right-using of all the values of life is thrift. This is as true of your energies as it is of your money and material wealth.

The student who employs his time and his strength constructively is almost sure to become one of the successful and dependable men of his community.

To live according to principles of thrift requires strong character.

Life insurance is a great institution of thrift. It is a practical system suited to the needs of every class.

The first investment a man or a woman should make is life insurance. Endowments and Thrift policies not only furnish life insurance but guarantee \$1,000 or more in cash to the insured in a specified term of years.

When you finish school and enter the business or professional world, make it a point to save a portion of every dollar you earn right from the start.

We are especially interested in the young men and women of the South, and would be glad to have you listed with our great number of patrons who are saving in this way.

Thrift is one of the great lessons of life. System is necessary to success.

A. M. BURTON, President

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"Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart Be acceptable in thy sight, O Jehovah, my rock and my redeemer." (Ps. 19:14)

THE BABBLER

"What would this babbler say"—Acts 17:18

The earth is Jehovah's, and the fulness thereof; The world and they that dwell therein. For he hath founded it upon the seas And established it upon the floods." (Ps. 24: 1-2.)

Vol. 5

DAVID LIPSCOMB COLLEGE, NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY 6, 1925.

No. 9

EARL PULLIAS WINS THE FOURTH FOUNDER'S MEDAL

Oratorical Contest Held On Evening of Founder's Day Won by Native of Sumner County. Six Original Orations Prepared for the Contest by Young Men.

BOYS WRITE NEXT ISSUE

Change in Schedule Puts Boys' Edition February 20. Girls Follow With Special Edition

Recently a tentative schedule for Babblers publications was published. This is the first of the special editions—The Faculty Edition. In this issue members of the faculty have written articles regarding their respective departments and other lines of work as they saw best. The news articles for this issue, however, are written by the editor of the Babblers. Probably the same course will be pursued in subsequent issues.

The next edition of the Babblers will come from press February 20. According to the schedule already referred to, the next number is The Girls' edition, but the editor here announces a change of schedule. Next edition will be the Boys' edition, and this will be followed by an issue published by the girls of Avalon Home.

This schedule is only tentative and may be changed upon request of the class or organization in charge. As now arranged the schedule follows:

Boys' Edition—February 20.
Girls' Edition—March 6.
Regular Edition—March 27.
Alumni Edition—April 10.
High School Edition—April 24.
Junior Edition—May 8.
Senior Edition—May 22.

Should a change be desired, the class must see the editor-in-chief of the Babblers at once as he wishes to complete plans for the year. Some of the special editions may be taken over by the regular staff unless more interest is shown, as it works a very great hardship on those in charge to have the temporary staff fail in its work.

In this writing, it is desired to thank the members of the faculty for their contributions. These articles are commended to readers for consideration.

It is also in order to express in writing appreciation for the work which the regular staff has done on past issues. Some members of the staff have been somewhat lax in their support of the work but others have been very faithful in their service and in their interest in the school paper.

To Boys of Linsay Hall

It is up to you to prove your mettle. In next issue you have opportunity to tell the girls what you have thus far been rather uncommunicative and reserved in expressing. Show your loyalty to the girls of the college by publishing an issue of the Babblers which will do credit to you. Remember also that the girls have a come-back, so make next issue so interesting and well arranged that it cannot be surpassed by the "femininity" of Avalon Hall.—Editor.

RESOLUTIONS OF FACULTY

Concerning Resignation of Prof. Gordon H. Turner. Commend Him to His New Field of Work.

Announcement was made in the last issue of the Babblers of the resignation of Prof. G. H. Turner as teacher in D. L. C. This resignation was occasioned by his election to the superintendency of the school system of Maury County.

The following is a set of resolutions adopted by the faculty of this college in behalf of Prof. Turner. The resolutions show very clearly the esteem in which he is held by the faculty and commend him to his new field of work.

Copy of resolutions: Whereas, Professor Gordon H. Turner has tendered his resignation as a member of the faculty of David Lipscomb College because of his election to the superintendency of the Maury County schools, be it therefore resolved by the faculty:

First. That we congratulate Professor Turner on the well-merited recognition of his abilities signified by his call to a new field of labor.

Second. That on behalf of the college we accept his resignation with keen regret because it deprives the institution of his splendid personal and professional qualities.

Third. That our sincere wishes for him be expressed.

E. H. Ijams,
J. Ridley Stroop,
W. H. Owen,
Committee.

Mr. Cuff: "Well, class, a clause might easily be compared to a cat, the only difference being one has its paws at the end of its tail, and the other has its claws at the end of its paws."

The Oratorical Contest, an annual event held on Founder's Day, January 21, was looked forward to with much interest and participated in by a group of young men equally as interested. The following program, with the exception of the oration by Mr. James, who was at that time sick, was given:

"Render Honor to Whom Honor is Due," J. Roy Vaughan.

"Strength of Character," Leslie G. Carver.

"Woodrow Wilson," Walter N. Campbell.

"The Constitution," Earl Pullias.

"The Price of Southern Freedom," Clayton James.

"Webster and the Constitution," John R. Hovious.

Judges for the contest were E. H. Ijams, W. H. Owen, A. G. Freed, G. H. Turner and B. H. Murphy. In a short time the decision was rendered which gave to Earl Pullias the medal given in honor of the occasion. The oration as given by Mr. Pullias follows:

"The Constitution" Since the morning of time as we look through the eyes of history and behold the coming in and going out of the human race, we see that it is necessary for man to have government with its laws and precepts that meet out justice to the innocent and inflict punishment upon those who are found wallowing in the mire of crime and shame. Man after man sought in vain to formulate a code of laws that would promote general welfare of his family tribe or nation. For centuries past we see them traveling the road that will one day lead to that place of right, truth and justice. After having journeyed in obscure darkness for many centuries we see a spark which is fanned into an inevitable flame.

(Continued on page 2.)

C. M. PULLIAS IN MEETING HERE FEB. 9

Will Begin Monday Evening and Continue Over Following Sunday. Preparations Made

On Monday evening, February 9, 1925, C. M. Pullias will begin a meeting at this place. This announcement comes as a pleasant one for all, as students who know Brother Pullias are always glad to hear of his coming.

In 1924, Mr. Pullias held a week's meeting here and many spoke of his sermons and chapel talks as being elevating and helpful in every way. The meeting this year will last over February 15. Visitors from other congregations are invited to attend the meetings both in the evening and at chapel period (9:30 a.m.).

The next issue of the Babblers will carry a summary of the sermons and chapel talks, so that readers who are not able to attend in person may get the benefits of his splendid lessons.

Students now have opportunity to secure a good supply of sermon outlines and notes in general, for C. M. Pullias is known as one of the best preachers in the brotherhood. All should prepare to be made better by the series of meetings which begins Monday evening.

Teacher, Spare My Grade!

Teacher, spare my grades, Give not a single "C"; I'll study more next time. So please give me a "B." 'Twas my dear father's care That placed me in your class; So, teacher, for his sake, I pray you, let me pass.

Those old familiar "C's" With which my card is cursed, Are terrors unto me— And would you make it worse? Teacher, stay thy pen, Oh, raise my grade and say, If it be not a sin, Let my grade go as "A."

I've been an idle boy And let the moments fly; My time's been spent in joy, But why now have me die So, teacher, do your best To keep me in your class, And that you sure may do If you will let me pass. Student.

Mr. Murphy: "Speaking of facial characteristics, do you know that I was once taken for ex-President Wilson?"

Mr. Owen: "Well, a man once mistook me for the Kaiser."

Mr. Rainey: "That's nothing; a few days ago an old farmer friend of mine stepped up to me on the street and exclaimed, 'Holy Moses, is that you?'"

"The lips of the righteous feed many, but the foolish die for lack of understanding." Prov. 10:21.

GOSPEL GOD'S POWER UNTO SALVATION

In Sermon January 28, Prof. Yowell Defines and Analyzes the Gospel of Jesus Christ

MEANS "GOOD NEWS"

Consists of Truths, Facts, Commands, and Promises. Commands Must Be Obeyed Before Promises Are Enjoyed

GOD'S SAVING POWER

In a sermon preached at David Lipscomb College, Sunday, January 28, 1925, Prof. Yowell showed that the power of God is the gospel, and that the gospel is God's means of saving men. First he spoke of Paul's courage in being true to his convictions even when persecuting the Christians. He was not ashamed of the gospel, and Christians today are ashamed of it to the extent that they refuse to live by it.

God's word, said the speaker, is the medium through which his power is manifested. The world was created and is held in place by the word of God. It is so powerful that it can save souls even now. It was here suggested that men today would be less ashamed of the gospel if they could but conceive the power of it.

The power is proportioned to the authority of the one who gives it. The general of an army has power with the army because he has authority over the men; the word of the President of the United States is powerful throughout the country because thence his authority; but since the authority of God is universal, so his word is more powerful than the word of any other being. That word is powerful in holding the universe in harmony, but is more powerful, if possible, in the saving of the human soul.

Prof. Yowell next proceeded to an analysis of the gospel. The word, he said, means "good news," and that good news is concerning the death, burial and resurrection of Christ—not so much the mere facts of such, but because of the fact that all this was done for man. The gospel, according to Prof. Yowell's analysis, consists of truths, facts, commands and promises. The truths: God is, He is a rewarder, and Jesus is his Son.

The facts of the gospel were found by reading 1 Cor. 15:1-4. These Mr. Yowell analyzed to be death of Christ, burial of Christ, and resurrection of Christ. These truths and facts contribute toward making the gospel powerful. But the power in saving souls rests also in the obedience of the three commands of the gospel, namely: Believe, Repent and be Baptized.

Upon belief in the truths and facts of the gospel and an obedience of the commands there comes a reaping of rewards. There is promised the one who obeys the gospel remission of sins, the Holy Spirit, and in case of a life of faithfulness and service in the vineyard of the Master, eternal life with Him in the end. At the conclusion of his discourse Mr. Yowell gave an invitation to those whose lives the power of God had not touched, to accept it without further delay.

"Behold, Jehovah's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear." Isaiah 59:1.

"Enter ye in by the narrow gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there are that enter in thereby. For narrow is the gate and strait is the way, that leadeth unto life, and few are they that find it." Matt. 7: 13, 14.

HIGH SCHOOL PLANS DEBATE

Arrangements Made With High School at Dickson, Tenn. Tryouts to Be Held Soon.

The High School Debating Club has made arrangements with Dickson High School, of Dickson, Tenn., for a debate to be held in the near future. The High School debates are to be held apart from the collegiate activities.

The question for debate with Dickson High School is, "Resolved, That too much stress is being placed upon athletics in the schools of today." Each school is to select two teams, one to affirm the proposition at home and one to deny it abroad.

No definite time has been set for this debate, but the probable month is March. Announcement will be made relative to this as soon as details are made known.

The High School Department of David Lipscomb College boasts of excellent talent in debating. With probable contestants, Clyde Hale, John P. Lewis, Elmer Taylor, Gerald Montgomery, S. P. Lowry, Emerson Simpkins and others, the club promises fair to furnish strong opposition for its opponents.

PROF. STROOP PREACHES ON SELF-DENIAL

Tells How One Must Deny Self—Lose Sight of Self in Order to Follow Christ

"PUT OFF OLD MAN"

Christians Are Bought With a Price They Must Obey Every Command of the Master or Else Suffer for It

CHRIST IS SUPREME

In the morning sermon, February 1, 1925, Prof. J. Ridley Stroop taught the lesson of self-denial. Taking as a text part of the sixteenth chapter of Matthew, he spoke of events which led to the statement Christ made: "If any man would come after me let him deny himself and follow me." Prof. Stroop explained that Christ did not here imply specifically that one is to deny any pleasures or comforts necessary to life, but that in the structure of the sentence, there is implied a denial of self.

Briefly summarizing events which led to the statement of the Master—how he had asked his disciples the questions concerning his person; how Peter had seen in the works of Christ a fulfillment of prophecy and had been led, in an acknowledgment of him as Son of God; how he had charged his disciples to keep these matters secret; and finally how he had said that he was going to Jerusalem to die, whereupon Peter rebuked him and attempted to persuade Christ to refrain from such a course. Brother Stroop stated that Christ had offered up himself for the world and so must any man who would follow him regardless of age, race, age of world or what not.

"Self-denial," Mr. Stroop continued, "is equivalent to a losing sight of self or a disowning of self." New Testament teachings of self-denial as a necessity are numerous. Some cited were James' advice "to put away all filthiness and overflow of wickedness," Peter's instruction to put away the things which come from the will of the flesh, and Paul's orders to put off the old man and put on the new, since Christians are not their own but are bought with a price.

Here the speaker discussed the questions of the relationship of the Christian to the Christ. Several important lessons were drawn from an analogy, the slave and his owner. Just as the Negro slave in slavery times had to do the will of the master or suffer the consequences, so the will of Christ must remain supreme in the life of the Christian. The property which the slave used was his master's, and could be used as the master desired. All human means in the hands of church members are to be used in the way God directs. Finally, as any misdemeanor on the part of the slave was the cause of suffering in some way of the master, so any ignoble deed by one of Christ's disciples causes the Master to suffer. Only by a life of self-denial and of subservience to the will of Christ can his followers sustain that relationship with the Master which is intended, but in so far as Christ is made supreme may the person who so desires come unto Christ and find a master whose yoke is easy and whose burden is light.

"Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation. O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man." Ps. 43:1.

"Jehovah reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad. Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and justice are the foundations of his throne." Ps. 97:1.

THE CLASSICAL LANGUAGES

Interesting Bits of History of Value to Lover of Latin and Greek

When history lifts its curtain from Greece in the eighth century B. C. the Greeks appear possessed with age-marked political and religious institutions. A wonderfully copious language, a rich and varied mythology, an unrivaled epic literature, and an art, which, though not undeveloped, was full of promise. One of the most wonderful things which the Greeks brought out of the dim past was their language. There was nothing in it that indicated that they were related to any other peoples. In fact all other peoples were looked upon as Barbarians and so called. Even at the beginning of the historic period their language was already one of the richest and most perfectly elaborated languages ever spoken by human lips.

The Latin language, meaning the language of Latium, was spoken by the ancient Romans and other inhabitants of Latium. Latium is a district near the middle of the peninsula.

(Continued on page 2)

MEMORY OF FOUNDER OF COLLEGE IS SUSTAINED

Founder's Day, January 31, Features Speeches in Memory of David Lipscomb. Some Who Knew Him Personally Tell of How He Lived and Died

In just respect to the memory of one so noble, Founder's Day, January 21, was very appropriately observed at David Lipscomb College. The approach of the day cast upon student body and faculty a deep reverence for the memory of one who has been very fittingly called the mightiest man in dealing with God's truth since the days of the apostles. With this solemn atmosphere and respect settled upon all, the student body assembled in Harding Hall at chapel period. Tributes were paid to the memory of David Lipscomb by some who knew him personally, H. Leo Boles, S. H. Hall, A. G. Freed and E. A. Elam. Often as such tributes were being paid would students glance at a pointing of the noble David Lipscomb which hangs to their left on Chapel hall.

Prof. Boles, in announcing the event of the anniversary of the birth of David Lipscomb, very fittingly told how appropriate it was to give emphasis to the work of such a man and how in the mad rush of affairs the present generation may rush on and forget him. Born as David Lipscomb was, January 21, 1831, and possessed with a desire to follow the Bible and it alone, he was active in teaching when Mr. Boles entered Nashville Bible School (now David Lipscomb College) in 1901. For seven years, he said, he sat at the feet of this man of God and learned daily valuable lessons from the Bible. "Then," Prof. Boles continued, "all other studies were as satellites, revolving about the one center, the Bible. Now it is not so. Teachers have not purposely deviated from God's way, but in the onward progress of education standards have been set up and the world today does not look upon the Bible as the center." He assured all, however, that in David Lipscomb College there has

(Continued on page 2)

LIPSCOMB BOYS ENTERTAIN IN ROYAL MANNER

Show Lipscomb Girls That Their Support Shall Not Go Unrewarded. Refreshments Served

In token of the deep appreciation which the Lipscombs boys have for the Lipscomb girls for their loyalty to the society, they very royally entertained the girls in the gymnasium on Monday evening, February 2.

At the ringing of the bell at 7:00 p.m., that line of noble Lipscomb girls came marching to the gymnasium where they found everything in order for their arrival. Chairs placed on the court forming the letters L. L. S. were ready for them, and soon all were having a pleasant time together. The balcony of the gymnasium was artistically decorated with the Lipscomb colors; the Lipscomb pennant hung in a prominent place near the center of the court, and the Lipscomb banner, which is to every Lipscomb as the Stars and Stripes is to every true American, gloriously waved to and fro from the end of the balcony.

Never was a group of girls more welcome and never did the hearts of Lipscomb boys pulsate with more vigor as admiring glances were cast about on the band present. Truly, if ever girls were duly appreciated and admired, the noble Lipscomb sympathizers received their share of the appraisal.

During the course of the entertainment the boys and girls enjoyed an interesting program given by both Lipscomb boys and Lipscomb girls. Clayton James in glowing terms made the gymnasium ring with the welcome and praise he gave forth to the fair ladies present. And that welcome and praise not only fell from his lips but from every boy present every success go with Professor Turner, who has been so long and so warmly welcomed which he extended. Miss Baars, a true and loyal Lipscomb girl, gave two delightful readings much to the delight of all; Misses Conlee and Potts, students of this year only yet full-blooded Lipscombs, gave some musical numbers; Miss Conlee played "June Night" very gracefully; Garner, Wood and Taylor gave their famous "Romeo and Juliet" comedy together with a demonstration of the latest radio discoveries; the famous Lipscomb Quartette sang two splendid numbers, and John L. Sweat played the French harp in several selections almost to perfection.

But the boys, recognizing the effectiveness of refreshments in showing their devotion to their girl friends, had not fallen short in this field, as drinks and cream were served during the process of the entertainment.

All enjoyed the time immensely and so swiftly did time pass that the hour of adjournment came all too

(Continued on page 2)

DEBATERS ARE GIVEN PLACES

Men Are Selected in Tryout for Burritt and Bryson Debates. Burritt Debate Feb. 28.

Tryouts held for debating teams who will compete with neighboring colleges were held Wednesday evening, January 28. As a result of the tryout teams have been selected for Burritt College and Bryson College. Two teams are selected for each college, one to affirm the proposition at home and deny it abroad.

Burritt College Team—Affirmative, Clayton L. James, John R. Hovious; negative, Walter N. Campbell, Owen L. White.

Bryson College Team—Affirmative, Leslie G. Thomas, Conrad Copeland; negative, C. J. Garner, Henry L. Carter.

Judges for tryouts were: Professors Boles, Freed, Rainey, Murphy, Cuff and Stroop. Time for debate with Burritt College has been set for February 28. In order to be best prepared, the teams are very early collecting data and comparing arguments. Question for discussion is, "Resolved, That the United States should adopt the Child Labor Law now pending in Congress." The question is to be discussed without considering any action of Congress on the matter.

Heretofore debate with Burritt has been intersociety, the Callopan Society of each college participating. This year it is entirely collegiate, three Lipscombs and one Callopan being on the team. Readers of the Babblers have already heard of the members of the team. They are fully able to do justice to the proposition and represent David Lipscomb College in debate.

Bryson College has accepted the same question for debate as has Burritt. The time for the debate has not as yet been decided on, yet the probable date the last of March. On the Bryson teams are two men who debated Bryson last year, Henry Carter and C. J. Garner. Garner returns again to Bryson, and though he be small of stature, promises to show the opposition the power of his oratory and logic. Reports will be made from time to time through the columns of the Babblers relative to the progress of the teams and any further developments in forensic affairs which may occur.

Class Stones

Freshman—Emerald stone.
Sophomore—Barney stone.
Junior—Grindstone.
Senior—Tombstone.

Harvey Dodd: "What would be a good subject to discuss at a farmer's meeting?"

Red Page: "Above all means use 'The Inhumanity of Dehorning Hydraulic Rams.'"

FOURTH MONTH HONOR ROLL

Shows Sixty-Three Names from College and Twenty-Six from High School—Month Ending January 10

The honor roll for the month ending January 10, 1925, shows sixty-three from college and twenty-six from high school. To make the honor roll a student must have at least three grades of A on the report card. The fourth month which ended January 10 embraced two weeks preceding the Xmas holidays. The fifth month of school closes February 7, the honor roll of which will be published in a later issue.

College roll for fourth month: Myrtle Baars, Alice Barber, Anne Beasley, Leo L. Boles, Edward Bourne, Dorothy Breeding, Lillie May Brown, Henry Carter, Nelle Carver, Margaret Carter, Nelle Conlee, Hazel Dennison, Bertie DePriest, Harvey Dodd, Jewell Edmonson, Eleanor Frazier, Mildred Formby, Robert Fox, Lady Cullie Gaither, La Nelle Goodwyn, James Greer, Ethel Harrison, Erlene Harville, Ray Harris, Jimmie Ruth Harrell, John R. Hovious, Clayton L. James, Bernard Johnston, Roy Johnson, Nannie Dunn Jones, Miriam Jones, Houston Karnes, Geo. Kinzie, Andrew Mason, Claudia Martin, Louise McAbee, Thelma McManahan, Maudie Morgan, Oma Morton, Frankie Northern, Emmett Page, Earl Pullias, H. T. Roberts, Mamie Russell, Lorine Sims, Leonte Sims, Pearl Smith, Thelma Soyars, Leona Stubblefield, Herman Taylor, Sam Tatum, Robert Terry, H. Fee Thomas, Robert Thurman, Mary Title, Ruth L. Underwood, Ellis Walker.

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THE BABBLER

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THE BIBLE

The D. L. C., both teachers and students, accept the Bible as the word of God. To raise the question of its divinity would only revive the futile attacks made upon it by Hobbs and Bolingbroke, Voltaire and Rousseau, Hume and Gibbon, Paine and Ingersoll. Why stand at the end of life's journey with a wail of despair? Hear Ingersoll at the funeral of his brother: "From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the restle of a wing."

We are not unmindful of the attacks of destructive criticism and evolution. They are the assaults of the infidel in disguise. Many times have these "giant minds" "upset" the Bible, but, like the cube, it is just as high after the "upsetting."

The wisdom of the founders of David Lipscomb College is seen more each day. They conceived the idea of a school in which the Bible as God's word would be taught daily to each student. The beginning was small. But, in about one-third of a century its influence has been felt in almost every part of the globe.

Today, while the school has grown to be a great power in the educational world, it is true to the principles of its founders. The Bible is the Book around which all others revolve. As the hub of the wheel to the spokes, so is the Bible to all other books. A short quotation from the writings of one of the founders: "To it we may safely come to find infallible guidance into the way of life, for it is God's book to lead and guide in the way of good here and good hereafter. Good here in this world—true and permanent good in this life—is found in the same path that leads to eternal good in the world to come. They are both found in the same pathway and are enjoyed on the same conditions. Guidance to this good can be found only in the word of God."—D. Lipscomb.

Are you a student in Geology? Read of the "Rock of Ages." Do you love Botany? Study the "Rose of Sharon" and the Lily of the Valley." Is it Astronomy? See the "Bright and Morning Star." Biology? Learn of him who said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life."

In law, in science, in language, no one can come to understand them, much less defend them, without diligent study. The great Teacher said: "Come, learn of me." Sitting still in the school of Christ will not help. The divine injunction is "Study." "That from a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. To the Jew the Saviour said, "Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me."

"Go teach." Could I be a farmer, true to myself and Creator, and not teach the Bible daily to those with whom I associate? A merchant? A teacher in the school-room? Teach it everywhere—in the home, in the school, in the office, upon the farm, upon the highway. "Be instant in season, out of season."

Can we neglect the only book that reveals to man his origin, points him to his mission, and pictures his destiny? It meets the needs of man in all conditions of life and abundantly supplies them: the woman at the well and the cultured Nicodemus, the man of wealth and the poor blind beggar. The Bible finds every man and speaks the language of his heart.

"This Book contains the mind of God, the state of man, the way of salvation, the doom of sinners, and the happiness of believers. Its doctrines are holy, its precepts are binding, its histories are true, and its decisions are immutable. Read it to be wise, believe it to be safe, and practice it to be holy. It contains light to direct you, food to support you, and comfort to cheer you. It is the traveler's map, the pilgrim's staff, the pilot's compass, the soldier's sword, and the Christian's charter. Christ is its grand subject, our good its end. It should fill the memory, rule the heart, and guide the feet. Read it slowly, frequently, prayerfully. It is a mine of wealth, a paradise of glory, a river of pleasure. It is given to you in life, will be opened to you in

PULLIAS WINS

FOUNDER'S MEDAL

(Continued from page 1)

In tracing this wonderful scheme of representative government we find that the Anglo-Saxons before they cross the English channel bring forth the first idea of a government of the people which is the first step toward freedom. When the man among men discovered the New World and the English-speaking people began to inhabit it, they brought with them this infant conception and worded it in these phrases, all men created equal and have a right to speak concerning their government.

Time developed the colonies until they were thirteen in number, governed by the mother country England and her sovereign, its king. The mother proved unfair to the child and lashed it to move under burdens impossible to carry. Behold the Boston tea party, a move against the injustice of taxation without representation. One day we see it as it struggles to throw off the yoke which a few days later calls for courageous action from one of our statesmen, Thomas Jefferson, as he locks himself in his chamber and guided by the hand of inspiration pens out the immortal Declaration of Independence. It inspires us today to look back and see the fathers of this country as they defy the sovereign English government and fight for freedom. This picture pledges our undying love for the Constitution. After years of conflict from the battle of Lexington on through Valley Forge and finally on to Yorktown, when they stand in the presence of liberty the cry goes up how shall we be governed as a nation, and I hear our great leaders, Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson and others echo back "of the people, by the people and for the people!"

They set to work and wrought out the Articles of Confederation under which they lived while debating and pondering over a more perfect union.

In the year 1787 in the month of June the God of the universe looked down upon fifty-five of the greatest statesmen who ever assembled in one body as they came from the different colonies to formulate the Constitution of the United States of America and to establish a more perfect union.

These patriots of the pioneer days had no thought of selfishness nor self-interest, they were looking down the vista of years to the interest of generations to come, they sought to meet the needs of the rich and the poor, the small and the great; they showed no partiality toward any man or set of men; they gave every man a right to worship God after the dictates of his own conscience and forbade the forcing of religion upon any person; they gave every citizen the right of freedom of speech and freedom of press; they gave the people a right to select their own leaders and to make their own laws. How well this has been carried out intervening years have proven. Our Presidents have been born in log cabins and some of our greatest minds have come from the most remote places. Abraham Lincoln was born in a log hut and split rails in his boyhood days for a livelihood. This shows what an opportunity our Constitution offers to every American boy and girl.

No other government had ever yet set forth all these principles from the myriad interests of millions of men North, South, East and West; these wise minds welded the body of our Constitution fitted to the interest of all, neglecting the interest of none.

How interesting it is to note the inevitable truth of these concrete principles. All world powers were skeptical of the working of these plans, but nevertheless in less than fifteen years this infant government was able to defy Napoleon in all his power. In less than twenty years she sends her fleet to the Mediterranean and destroys that notorious band of pirates and establishes her trade there. In less than twenty-five years she had victoriously measured swords with Great Britain both on land and on sea, and through the progress and changes of one hundred and fifty years, from the one-horse shay to the motor car, from the wilderness trail to the airplane, she stands the greatest nation of the ages with only nineteen small amendments to the original form.

In comparison with other nations, Greece with all her oratorical glory and fame in art and music never possessed our unity. Rome with all her wealth and military splendor never attained our freedom. Any other nation that you might mention lacked some principle that is embodied in our glorious Constitution.

(Continued column 3)

judgment, and will be remembered forever. It involves the highest responsibility, rewards the greatest labor, and condemns all who trifle with its contents."—Unknown.

What is school without the Bible? 'Tis a school where day is night, Starless night, for o'er life's pathway Heaven can shed no kindly light.

What is school without the Bible? 'Tis a school where daily bread For the mind is provided, But the soul is never fed.

What is school without the Bible? 'Tis a school out at sea, Compass lost and rudder broken, Drifting, drifting, thoughtlessly.

Lost! The Bible!
Lost! Its teachings;
Lost! Its help each day in seven;
Lost! To live by!
Lost! To die by!
Lost! What's lost?
The way to heaven!

Mr. Cuff: "Mr. Hughes, your reports should be written in such a manner that even the most ignorant may understand them."

Hughes: "Well, er-r-r, what part is it you don't understand?"

Every civilized nation is trying to adopt this form of fundamental law. France was the first to overthrow her king, then nation after nation followed, until finally I see the Russian people slaves under their absolute monarch rise up and down the old Czar in an attempt to adopt the principles of freedom. This shows what an influence our Constitution has had on outside peoples and nations.

And then to think that some of the people who inherited this wonderful government do not honor and respect it. If the people of the U. S. of A. would study and compare their Constitution with those of other nations they would learn to appreciate more fully the freedom that they enjoy. There are people in this fair land who would overthrow our government in order to establish a monarchy. They know not what they do. Remember people of America, that every principle that is embodied in our glorious Constitution was bought by the precious blood of your fathers and mine.

Therefore let us resolve here to-night never to be found guilty of violating any one of the precepts, but let us appreciate this tranquil life, honor, respect and be loyal to the Constitution of this democracy within a republic, a sovereign nation of states, a perfect union one and inseparable, established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

Since the day that Old Glory unfurled her silken folds over this land she has never been lowered in the dust of defeat, and may the strong arm of freedom forever grasp that staff of liberty and hold high the Stars and Stripes as we see the blood of every true American coursing through it.

MEMORY OF FOUNDER OF COLLEGE SUSTAINED

(Continued from page 1)

been and still is an effort to put the greater emphasis upon the Word of God.

Prof. Boles stated that he had secured a speaker for Founder's Day who was his classmate and a student under David Lipscomb. With this he introduced S. H. Hall, an alumnus of the Nashville Bible School of 1906 and now located with the Russell Street Church of Christ.

Mr. Hall spoke of the influence which caused him to fall under the hand of David Lipscomb—how certain papers had been wrangling over certain religious matters and he had become partisan to these matters. He entered school and D. Lipscomb's class not to learn from him, but to find fault with him. But in studying this man, Mr. Hall found him to be the very essence of honesty, a lover of justice and kindness, and a man who would die before misrepresenting anyone. He kindly and gently called attention to tendencies not for the best, and thus his students grew to love and respect him.

The speaker described David Lipscomb as a man who loved the truth so deeply that it was impossible for him to tell a lie, and told that David Lipscomb would tell the truth and the whole truth at all times.

E. A. Elam told of the deceased follower of Christ's work in and about Nashville and of the congregations he and his co-laborer, E. G. Sewell, established. "It has been truthfully said," said Brother Elam, "that no city in the world in ratio to its population has as many congregations claiming to be Christian only as has Nashville. These came from a willingness on the part of those who went and preached to any who would hear."

From his intimate acquaintance with David Lipscomb, Brother Elam was able to say that a firm foundation on the Rock of Truth made that man what he was. Such characters as Lipscomb, Huffman, Fanning, Sewell, Fall and Harding, he said, must not be forgotten, and the present generation should be thankful for the influence of such men.

Though not reared under the influence of David Lipscomb, A. G. Freed spoke of his deep interest in Lipscomb's writings. Since boyhood he has read the Gospel Advocate, and from his writings judged him to be harsh and severe, yet when meeting him found him to be the opposite of harsh and critical. Brother Freed commended David Lipscomb's writings as no uninspired writings of all time has surpassed him in his realm.

President Boles concluded the exercises of the morning by telling how Brother Lipscomb died. Almost breathlessly the student body listened to his account. For some time before his death Brother Lipscomb had been feeble and paralyzed. He would come to class room and listen to Prof. Boles teach until he became paralyzed to the extent that he could not express himself. The time came when he seemed near. For three days he lingered, then on a Sunday night between ten and eleven o'clock Mr. Boles said to Mrs. Lipscomb, "The end is near." At the request of Mrs. Lipscomb those present knelt in prayer, but she did not arise when did the others. She saw that his spirit had gone and breathed very softly the prayer, "Lord Jesus, receive his spirit." Thus quietly passed away the man who has left to the present generation the works of his hands.

DID YOU KNOW—

That Clyde Hale wears glasses?
That "Peanut" Garner had defied the theory of evolution?
That Bill Brown had a new suit?
That Brother Cuff looks happier of late?

That Joyce Whitelaw has two "demerits" for this month?

That the next Babblers is Boys' Edition?

That the girls were serenaded Saturday night?

That this is examination week?

That Tolene Russell doesn't go to breakfast?

That Valentine Day will soon be here?

That Clayton James strained his eyes looking at the eclipse of the sun?

LIPSCOMB BOYS ENTERTAIN ROYALLY

(Continued from page 1)

soon. So, with reluctant step and words of praise for their associates, the brave knights escorted their ladies fair to the administration building. Here the last fond glances were cast, the girls went to their homes and the boys to their domiciles went thinking of the noble band of girls which it had been their pleasure to entertain.

Among the Lipscomb boys the words Lipscomb girls are equivalent to double strength in society work and activities. The boys, with due respect to all, think their girl friends the best in the world, and in this article express to those girls what they may have been rather shy about doing in their presence and that

They're the Finest Girls in the World

The girls have stood firmly for the Lipscomb boys in every endeavor, thus showing the finest degree of loyalty possible. Even though vicissitudes come, Lipscombs are Lipscombs yet, and as long as their banner waves and their name remains, this long shall they sing the praises of those loyal girls who have so often rallied to their support. Like the Gordian knot is the link between Lipscomb boys and girls, there is something to work for; there are principles to adhere to, and there is admiration and respect in store and overflowing from the depths of the Lipscomb hearts of gratitude for every semblance of support and loyalty shown to the wearers of blue and white. Every effort put forth by the Lipscomb Society may safely be trusted to be honorable and worthy of that support which has been so admirably given by the young ladies, and to return to them a like degree of loyalty in their societies.

To Lipscomb girls is given Due praise and high esteem, For help in all endeavors Which makes those colors gleam. The boys may safely trust them, True, loyal, to endure, And thus one band in purpose, Develop all that's pure.

FOURTH MONTH HONOR ROLL

(Continued from page 1)

Joyce Whitelaw, Coral Williams, Ora Lou Winters and Allen Wood.

High School roll: Lillian Burton, Ollie Cuff, Kathryn Cullum, Luther Deacon, Forrest Deacon, Lucille Hall, Eugenia Hammer, Corinne Harwell, Lillian Hertzka, Hazel Hyde, Armstrong Jones, John P. Lewis, Sam McFarland, Gerald Montgomery, Frances Neely, Harriet Orndorf, Karl Pitts, Kurfess Pullias, Enola Rucker, Fred Scott, Roy Selby, Emerson Simpkins, Corinne Smith, Vernon Spivey, J. Elmer Taylor, Thomas Titile.

THE CLASSICAL LANGUAGES

(Continued from page 1)

insula facing the west coast. Rome is its capital. For centuries after Rome was founded, the Romans were a feeble and insignificant people. In the third century B. C. the power of Rome grew rapidly. The importance of Latin increased with the growth of Roman power, and what had formerly been a dialect spoken by a single tribe became an universal language. In their career of conquest the Romans conquered the Greeks. Although the Greeks were inferior to the Romans in military power, they were far superior to them in culture.

And it so happened that while Rome conquered Greece by force of arms, Greece conquered Rome by force of her intellectual superiority and became her schoolmaster. It was soon the established custom for young Romans to go to Athens and other centers of Greek learning to finish their training, and the knowledge of the Greek language among the educated classes became universal. At the same time many cultured Greeks—poets, artists, orators, and philosophers—flocked to Rome, opened schools, and taught their arts. As a consequence of all this, the civilization and national life of Rome became largely Grecian, and to Greece she owed her literature and her art.

Latin continued to live, and the knowledge of Latin was the only light of learning that burned steadily through the dark ages that followed the downfall of the Roman empire. Latin was the common language of scholars and remained so even down to the days of Shakespeare. Our own civilization rests upon that of Greece and Rome, and it is obvious that we must look to the past if we would understand the present. A knowledge of Latin not only leads to a more exact and effective use of our own language, but it is of vital importance and of great practical value to anyone preparing for a literary or professional career.

In recent years there has been a very noticeable attempt to arrange courses of study that would do away with Latin and Greek almost entirely. But the recent investigation of the American Classical League, which covers a period of about three years, gives us a very graphic illustration of the part these languages are still playing in our modern education.

According to the investigation: "The total enrollment in Latin in the secondary schools of the country for 1923-1924 is estimated by the United States Bureau of Education at 940,000, slightly in excess of the combined enrollment in all other foreign languages. . . . The enrollment in Greek is only about 11,000, but shows some signs of increase."

"About 83 per cent of the 20,500 secondary schools of the country offer instruction in one or more foreign languages. Of the number 94 per cent offer Latin, a slightly larger percentage than in the case of all other foreign languages combined. The number offering four years of Latin is more than double the number offering three years of French, four

years being the ordinary maximum time given to Latin and three years the ordinary maximum time given to French."

"The Latin enrollment in the colleges of the country in 1923-1924 was approximately 40,000, and the Greek enrollment about 16,000. There are many signs in the colleges of an increasing interest in both Latin and Greek. Recent extensive studies show that there is a strong voluntary tendency to offer Latin for college entrance and that although the largest specific (foreign) language requirement is Latin, the average offering of Latin presented by candidates for college entrance amount to 'more than three times the prescription.'"

"Thirty-nine of the forty-eight state superintendents of public instruction state that their attitude toward Latin is sympathetic or distinctly friendly. Seven express themselves as neutral and two as unsympathetic or distinctly unfriendly. As regards Greek, eight are sympathetic or distinctly friendly, twenty-four are neutral and sixteen are unsympathetic or distinctly unfriendly."

Some of the general conclusions of the Classical Investigation are as follows: "The intimate relation of Latin to Greek has great importance in regard to the training of Latin teachers. The Latin teacher who does not know Greek has little knowledge of the immense enrichment of Latin which comes through Greek and is consequently shut off from full appreciation of Latin. Greek teachers know Latin, but only a minority of our Latin teachers have studied Greek. We therefore urge that all teachers of Latin should be trained to know Greek also and that full provision be made to insure this result as soon as possible. It will give us better teachers of Latin and will also provide for the teaching of Greek in many places where for economic reasons a separate teacher cannot be allowed for each language."

Again: "The intimate relation of English to Latin and of Latin to Greek offers valuable opportunities for teaching the three languages in much closer connection than is effected at present. Latin stands between the other two and is intimate with both. The three naturally belong together."

In the 1924-1925 Bulletin of Vanderbilt University we find this recommendation concerning Latin and Greek: "It is recommended by the faculty that students who intend to take extended work in English or Modern Languages should include in their course both Latin and Greek."

About 67 per cent of our English words are derived from the Latin and about 13 per cent from the Greek. Thus it is seen that 80 per cent of our language is derived from Latin and Greek alone. Certainly those languages from which the English language is largely made up are too interesting, too valuable and too illuminating to be spurned by the youth who desires what is known as education.

THERE'S JOY IN MUSIC

Faculty Member Writes of the Joy and Life-Giving Power Contained in Music

We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers
And sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams;
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory;
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample an empire down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself with our mirth;
And O'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

—Arthur O'Shaughnessy.

Music is life, wonderful vibrating life. It vitalizes the greatest machine in the world, the human machine. Pity the individual that does not occasionally need reviving. When the day is dreary and it seems that everything has gone wrong, just one touch of the pianoforte or a strain of some sweet song and the dark clouds will roll away and before we are aware of it, we are humming the same melody.

Making music and having music made for you are two different things. This is why we are so greatly in favor of congregational singing. Let us have the best singing obtainable in our churches; let us not deny the most humble member the joy of making music himself. See that each member has a songbook and enough extra for the visitors.

People ought not to go to church to be sung at; they should go to sing—to make melody in their hearts unto the Lord.

If music is life, then perhaps, one of the reasons some churches and church members are dying is that there is no "giving out" upon the part of the individual members in the pew. This may be where the secret lies. If we will but teach people to sing and that the greatest joy comes from one's own singing then more people will take part and consequently more people will be benefited. The music that lifts you the highest is the song that comes from your own heart. Sing and the world sings with you. Keep mum and all is dark within.

"When Music Lovers Speak"

We can do without fire in the home for half of the year, but we must have music the year round.—Sidney Lanier.

WHAT THE ENG. COURSE SHOULD ACCOMPLISH

Faculty Member Gives Estimate of What an English Course Should Be Worth to a Student

In composition at the beginning of the course more stress should be placed upon content than upon form. At first it is necessary to teach the pupil something worthy of correct form before emphasizing form itself. In High School it is more important to teach how to use the mother tongue than to burden the student with loads of information about the language. After a person has begun to think straight and to observe eagerly the vast stores of knowledge which surround him in nature and after he, because of his own faltering efforts to pass his ideas whole to other minds, sees his need of language-knowledge there will be time enough to stress the technical forms of the English language. This is not saying that incorrect form should be encouraged but that the way to attain correct form is to develop in the student a real desire to express what he sees and thinks.

Professor C. O. Davis, University of Michigan, has tersely stated the aims of a course in literature in the secondary school as: (1) "To stimulate the taste for good literature and to give skill fairly to interpret it when read," (2) "To give a knowledge of the worthy masterpieces of literature, both ancient and recent, and the power to discriminate wisely among the mass of current writings of our own day," (3) "To inculcate ideals of life sanctioned by the best present-day standards."

At the last meeting of the National Council of Teachers of English (St. Louis, November 27-29, 1924) one of the papers dealt with the demands which business makes upon the English of a high school graduate. The English Journal summarized the paper, which was read at a session of the high school section of the council, as follows:

"The business man's demand that high school graduates shall have mastered the mechanics of English is reasonable and should of course be met, but this teaching of mechanics is not the English teacher's chief service to business. We need today more altruism and less selfishness in the business world. The chief function of the English teacher is to create a state of mind. This is to be done not merely through the teaching of literature, but through the development of personality, especially of the following five qualities:

"(1) Clarity of thought, including accuracy in comprehending what is read and concise exactness in statement.

"(2) Accuracy of functioning—that is, the habit of doing, as well as knowing, the proper thing.

"(3) Selective industry, the spirit of inquiry, a thoroughness that will not stop without knowing the whole of any matter in which the individual is concerned.

"(4) Poise of personality. 'The business world is full of men who prate about personality and have none themselves.' What they call personality is sales force, the ability to 'put it over.' Its manifestations are pep, punch, aggressiveness, craft, doggedness. A few finer ingredients are tact, breeziness, optimism, and a sense of humor. There they stop. But what we are inclined to call personality is politeness, charm of manner, tolerance, ability to ignore pettiness, personal poise under trying circumstances, sensible humility, grasp of others' point of view, comprehension of essential worths and vital values. . . .

"(5) A sense of deferred values, of values beyond the present and even beyond the material."

To the college section of the council Professor C. C. Fries of the University of Michigan made a talk in which he named the divisions of College English and stated the aims which college students themselves have when studying English, especially the elective courses. The field of College English, as he viewed it, consists of three divisions: (1) "the required work in English Composition," (2) "the introductory course in literature, frequently required, usually a survey," (3) "the advanced elective courses in English composition, English language, and English literature."

(Continued on page 4)

The art which I feel must be introduced into all American schools in the shortest possible time—and it will take time—is the art of music.—Charles Eliot.

The real test of all great art is its power to give pleasure to the largest number of persons capable of appreciating it—for the greatest length of time.—The Archbishop of York.

Music is an abstract art. It is possible for it to be both entertaining and uplifting—but quite frequently it is just the former. . . . There is need for entertainment, but I do contend that in music there should be more than entertainment.—Leopold Godowski.

Music is almost all we have of Heaven on earth.—Addison.

Music washes away from the soul the dust of every day life.—Goethe.

Education shall begin with music.—Plato.

Perhaps the greatest means of expressing the power of music is to state that very few great men in history have failed at some time to pay homage to it.—Felicitas.

Puckett: "That was some scrap at supper last night."

Shorly: "What's that, a scrap?"

Puckett: "Yep. The coffee soaked a roll."

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We did the photographic work for 1923-1924 David Lipscomb College Annual.



CALLIOS WIN THIRD STRAIGHT. SAPPHONEANS TIE SERIES

Great Activity On Court; Review of Games and Style of Play Given. Girls' Teams Own Two Decisions Each. Coach Priestley Picks All-School Team.

Since the appearance of the last issue of the Babblers five games of basketball have been played in the gymnasium and two series have been decided.

A great improvement has been shown over previous years in the science of the game. The boys used a five-man defense system with a four-man offense. The girls teams employed man-to-man defense and a zone system of offense in all games except the last one between their societies when they used a five-man defense.

Three games have been played between the Lipscombs and Calliopeans. All three were won by the Calliopeans. The first game required two extra periods of play to decide it. The final count was 20 to 16. The second game ended 22 to 17, and the third game 22 to 18.

The Calliopean team was more aggressive in every game and carried the game to its opponents. They hawked the ball constantly and took advantage of every break, showing a fine sense of the game.

The series was to be two out of three games, or five if the losers demanded that many. The winning of these three gives the championship to the yellow-jerseyed team, and it is not known whether the Lipscombs will demand two more games.

Kappa Nus—Sapphos

On January 31 the Calliopeans took the fourth game of the series from the Kappa Nus in a fast game by the score of 9 to 6.

This was one of the best games of the series. The spectators were given a good exhibition of floor work, but poor shooting kept the score low.

Landers was easily the star of the game. She repeatedly dribbled through the Kappa Nu defense. Six of the Sapphoneans' nine points were made by her. The guarding by Lewers was outstanding for the Kappa Nus.

Only one more game remains to be played between these teams, and the winner of this one will get the Jordan Cup. This game will be played Saturday night, February 7.

Second Team Games

In addition to the first team games the second teams of the Calliopeans and Lipscombs scheduled three games. Two of these were won by the Calliopeans by the scores of 9 to 8 and 17 to 14, thus giving them the series.

Hall was the Callio scoring ace with long shots over the defense, and Dodd starred for the Lipscombs.

Line-up of Games

FIRST TEAMS

January 24

C. L. S. (22)

Montgomery, R. F., 10.
Sterling Jones, L. F.
William Brown, C., 6.
Leo Boles, R. G., 6.
Jimmie Boles, L. G.

L. L. S. (17)

Andrew Mason, R. F., 7.
Ed Bourne, L. F., 4.
Walter Campbell, C., 4.
Merwin Gleaves, R. G.
Emmett Page, L. G.
Subs—Dodd (2) for Campbell; Campbell for Dodd.

FIRST TEAMS

January 21

C. L. S. (22)

Montgomery, R. F., 4.
Sterling Jones, L. F.
William Brown, C., 10.
Leo Boles, R. G., 6.
Jimmie Boles, L. G.

L. L. S. (18)

Ed Bourne, R. F., 11.
Andrew Mason, L. F.
Walter Campbell, C., 2.
Carl Pace, R. G., 3.
Merwin Gleaves, R. G., 2.
Emmett Page, L. G.
Subs—Thurman (2) for Montgomery; Dodd (1) for Mason; Mason for Dodd; Kinnie for Boles.
Owen White, C.

SECOND TEAMS

January 21

C. L. S. (9)

Basil Hall, R. F., 5.
Bruce Crawley, L. F., 4.
Robert Fox, C.
George Kinnie, L. G.
Leonard Kirk, L. G.

L. L. S. (8)

Harvey Dodd, R. F., 5.
Kurfess Pullias, L. F.
Fee Thomas, L. G.

KAPPA NU—SAPPHO.

January 31

K. N. (6)

La Nelle Goodwyn, R. F., 2.
Hazel Dennison, L. F.
Mary L. Dixon, C., 1.
Martha Lewers, L. G., 1.
Anne Beasley, R. G.

S. L. S. (9)

Freda Landers, R. F., 6.
Lorena Barber, L. F., 1.
Inez Kinnie, C., 2.
Maudie Morgan, L. G.
Gertrude Russell, R. G.

Subs—Burch (2) for Dennison; Tittle for Barber.

G. Montgomery, L. F.

Ed Bourne, R. F.

Wm. Brown, C.

Leo Boles, L. G.

Emmett Page, L. G.

SECOND TEAM

Basil Hall, R. F.

Robert Thurman, L. F.

Harvey Dodd, C.

Carl Pace, R. G.

Geo. Kinnie, L. G.

No players were considered who were listed as first team men in the games.

An all-school girls' team will appear in an early issue.

TEACHING OF NAT. SCIENCE

The purpose of this brief article is not to enter into the technique of the teaching of the natural sciences, but rather to discuss the viewpoint from which the subject should be approached. There is no small amount of agitation in the country now concerning the teaching of theories of evolution contrary to the inspired account given by Moses in Genesis. Mr. Bryan has been active in the defense of the Bible account of the origin of man, and has been a target for the advocates of the Darwinian theory. Legislative bodies have interested themselves in the controversy to the extent that efforts have been made to prevent by law the teaching of evolution in the schools. Such a bill has been introduced recently in the legislature of Tennessee. The tendency of many modern institutions of learning to lead young people away from the faith of the Bible is alarming not only to some of our legislators, but to a conservative and thinking public as well.

The science department of David Lipscomb College is one of the strongest in the school. Considerable addition has been made this year to our splendid equipment. Classes are now being taught in both high school and college physics, chemistry and biology. These subjects receive emphasis here, not only because that in this age the sciences are so closely interwoven into our everyday life that some scientific knowledge is indispensable to our health and general welfare, but also because we believe that the best way to counteract the destructive influence of atheistic teaching and protect our young people against the attacks being made on their faith in the Bible in the name of science is to help them to become able to discriminate between scientific truth and unsupported theories that sometimes masquerade under the guise of scientific facts. This can be done best by a careful and thorough study of the sciences under the direction of a competent and faithful instructor. The wonders of science, when understood and properly appreciated, most surely tend to increase our faith in the all-wise Being who created all things.

There can be no conflict between truth, from whatever source it may come. The Bible is the great foundation of truth, and every fact of science is in accord with its teaching. Unsupported theories of science may contradict the teaching of the Bible, or truths of science may contradict certain interpretations of the Bible; but when both science and the Bible are rightly understood, they are

(Continued on page 4)

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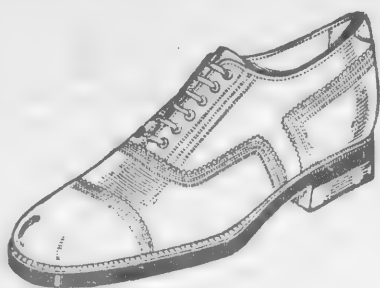
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SOME SIGNIFICANT FACTS ABOUT COMMON EDUCATION

Dealing With the Vastness of the System, Its Responsibilities and Significance, Together With a Hope That Present Day Problems Will Be Met

The American public school system is a thing of vast proportions. The 1922-23 enrollment in the public schools was more than twenty-three millions. Add to this number the total enrollment of all the private schools and colleges and the grand total of our school army is nearly twenty-five million. The number of teachers employed in the public schools is well over seven hundred thousand. The expenditures for the same schools is nearly one and three-quarter billion dollars.

These figures tell us very emphatically that the business of public education is a tremendous enterprise. To say nothing of its ultimate effect for weal or woe, the problem of economically administering so vast a business is staggeringly complex. Some questions demand the attention of every thoughtful citizen: Are our schools managed in the most business-like way? What is to be the effect of popular education carried on in such a wholesome way? What are our schools teaching? What kind of training are they giving our children in the fundamentals of life?

These questions are serious from any point of view. Twenty-five million future citizens in training in our school system! What a responsibility. Can the school alone carry this responsibility successfully? Probably not. Education that fits one to live more wisely, happily and successfully cannot stand upon the foundation of schools alone. It must be a matter of the combined influence of school, home, church. School teachers cannot alone give all the training that life demands. That means that in addition to the task of handling twenty-five million pupils, our schools also have the problem of devising just the right kind of co-operation with the other educative agencies of civilization.

Another sobering thought for teachers, fathers and mothers, leaders of church and state, is that the home-makers and defenders of the next generation are already in our schools getting some kind of training, good or bad. Those who must take up the work of the church or fail to take it up, when the present generation goes, are already under training. And what kind of training are they getting? A kind that creates respect for virtue and honor, reverence for God and love for his word and work, or a book instruction that leaves God out? All the governors of our forty-eight States for the next twenty-five or fifty years are being "educated" right now in our schools. All our Congressmen for a generation to come are coming up through our schools. And what of all our leaders, statesmen, executives? What of our Presidents? Perhaps twelve future Presidents are now in our schools. What is the school giving them that will best fit them for the great responsibilities they must meet? Are they being trained in heart as well as in intellect? Are they being schooled in faith as well as in knowledge? We do not ask these questions to answer them positively, but to show how the problem of education affects everybody. The nation cannot escape the influence of its leadership. The church cannot escape the consequences of its leadership. In the school our leaders are now being prepared. But prepared for what? To lead on toward things enduring, or off into the isms of destruction? Surely no one can be indifferent to these questions. The endurance of every good thing is involved in the leadership which education prepares.

It is hoped that these problems in education will be met in present-day tendencies. Reorganization of the school systems is taking place and courses of study to suit the individual differences of pupils are being offered. Above all, the Bible is coming back, which of itself bids fair to help meet the present-day problems.

The outlook for education grows brighter. With a demand for better teachers and a reorganization of the school system there is an increasing conviction that common education will come to realize that

"Nothing is worth the making That does not make the man."

TEACHING OF NATURAL SCIENCE

(Continued from page 3)
in full accord. To help our young people to see and appreciate this fact is an important part of the work of the department of science in David Lipscomb College. How fitting, then, that these two great sources of truth be studied together, taught together, and correlated one with the other. And how dangerous to the faith of our rising generation to have them study science under atheistic teachers in the absence of Bible teaching and Bible influence!

Whoever takes up his pen or mounts the platform or pulpit in defense of the Bible against the attacks made upon it in the name of science should have more than a superficial knowledge of both subjects. Serious blunders may be made and more harm than good may be done if the speaker or writer undertakes to discuss something about which he knows but little. Scientists should study the Bible and preachers and Bible teachers should study science. The supposed conflicts between the two will disappear when both are understood. The God of revelation is the God of nature. "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." Our students are taught not to believe any theory that contradicts the teaching of the Bible when rightly understood. They are warned, also, against holding to any unwarranted interpretation of the Bible that contradicts established facts of science.

THE VALUE OF FOREIGN LANGUAGES

And How These Values May Be Derived from a Study of Foreign Modern Languages

No attempt is made at an exhaustive study of this subject in this article; only a few values of the study of modern language shall be briefly pointed out.

One thing gained from the study of any language is an added knowledge of words, an improvement of vocabulary, a broader philological outlook. This is especially true in the philological study of the English language on account of the heterogeneity of its composition. A glance over the pages of our dictionary affords sufficient evidence to justify the statement that the derivation of our words is largely Anglo-Saxon, Latin, and Greek, but that many of our words have been received from the languages that our neighbors are now using. The one peculiarity in the development of our language which enhances the value of the study of foreign tongues is the irregularity of method or lack of rule by which these words have been received and embodied in our everyday speech. Some have been given an American spelling and some an American pronunciation while others have been accepted and used without change. Among these words there are many in common use such as meter, centigrade, cafe, detour, etc.

Besides improving our wealth of expression and increasing our appreciation of the mother tongue, the study of foreign modern language enlarges the channel through which we receive our knowledge and proper appreciation of foreign talents and arts. The progress of the nations in science and invention is fully known and truly weighed only when it can be received through their own medium of expression. The beauties of their literary and musical arts can be best appreciated when they are interpreted in the wonderful harmonies of the native tongue.

Another value derived from the study of foreign languages is the vocal culture. The vocal organs must be trained to make sounds that are foreign to the American tongue which means that the human voice receives a fuller development.

The use of foreign languages in our trade relationships is generally mentioned as the practical value received from the study of them. This value may not be so great now, but if our international relationships are strengthened as much in the next two generations as they have in the last two, we will be able to make a much greater use of the language of other peoples.

One acquainted with the modern movements in education might ask why foreign modern languages are being studied by a smaller number of people and why have the public school men threatened to strike it from their curriculum? The answer is simply an indictment against the methods that have been employed in teaching modern language. They cannot be taught by methods used in teaching history or mathematics or by the methods used in teaching Latin or Greek for they are fundamentally spoken languages and call for methods which are now in the process of developing. When the proper methods are fully developed the values derived from the study of foreign modern languages will be realized.

CLEVER COMMENT

Mr. Cuff: "Why do words have roots?"
Christine: "So the language can grow?"

Roy Johnson emerged from beneath Bro. Boles' car and struggled for breath.

Bro. Boles, who was holding an oil can, said: "Roy, old boy, I have just given the cylinder a thorough oiling."

"Cylinder!" said Roy, heatedly, "that wasn't the cylinder; it was my ear."

Roy Selby: "I don't see how Lot's wife turned to salt. It looks impossible to me."

Goobar Garner: "That's nothing. I saw Wood and Hale coming down the walk the other day, and they saw a pretty girl going to the gym. Well, Wood turned to Hale and Hale turned to Wood, and they both turned to rubber."

Harriett: "You're a pill."
Sutton: "Then, why don't you take me."

Hunter: "Funny thing about food, isn't it?"
Leo: "I don't know. Why?"
Hunter: "Well, with me, a shortage and a longing always exist at the same time."

For Sale—A large stock of second hand chewing gum at reduced prices. Call or see any member of Senior class.

Pupil: "Can you find me the story of Romulus and Remus?"
Bro. Vaughn: "I don't believe we have any of those Uncle Remus stories, but I'll see."

WHAT AN ENG. COURSE SHOULD ACCOMPLISH

(Continued from page 2)
and American literature." According to Professor Fries, some of the students in the elective English courses "aim at a general liberal culture," "a few, with talent," at producing literature; "but most of them are preparing to teach English."

The present writer is making no complaint at those who want to study English for cultural value. Indeed, he believes that a vicarious living of the experiences that are told in literature will help to inculcate noble ideals and to form sturdy character. He realizes, however, that not every one who attends high school or college will become an English specialist. Although he does not desire that the English course be wholly utilitarian in purpose he believes that "the demands of business, home, and community life upon English" should be met. Let there be no curse of modernism! No surrender to the dollars-and-cents point of view. Let cultural values be sought, but let cultural value be well woven with practical purpose. Teach the pupil English that he will need in life. Instruct him how to write letters, send telegrams, make social calls, get rid of a book seller, and order merchandise. Then, before leaving him to settle down in his satisfaction with the practical value of English show him the horizon of beauty and power beyond what he has attained.

Let him know that knowledge of the English language and of the literature brings power, and that the literary art is fascinating almost beyond comparison. Tell him of the world's great epics—"Iliad," "Aeneid," and "Paradise Lost;" of the greatest English elegies—"Lycidas," "Adonais," and "In Memoriam;" of the world-wide liking for prose fiction; of the beautiful Elizabethan lyrics; and of Shakespeare's unparalleled dramatic genius. Encourage the student to seek reading that is above the Zane Grey level. Point him to the richness, the diversity, the infinite moods of English literature. Let him taste the acidity of Swift and feel the geniality of Lamb; let him listen to the Shakespearean symphony and to the Kipling military band; let him hear the thunders of Carlyle and the sweet music of Tennyson; let him note the masterful grace of the late Joseph Conrad; and let him imbibe the courageous faith and fighting strength of Robert Browning. Then, throw out before the student English translations of Balzac, Bjornsen, Cervantes, Dante, Dumas, Ibsen, Homer, Maeterlinck, Omar Khayyam, Plato, Tagore, Tolstoy, and Virgil. Is all that wealth of great literature available to the student of English? Yes, it may be had for the asking. But most high school and college students have not asked for it. One of the main purposes of the English course is to inspire them to ask and to appreciate.

Literary appreciation developed by courses in English should enable the student to read with enjoyment, to evaluate the intellectual or emotional appeal of a writer's work, and to recognize and have sympathy for that which is great and lasting in literature. God speed the day when more people will love more dearly what is admittedly the greatest modern literature—that which the Anglo-Saxons have wrought.

DAVID LIPSCOMB COLLEGE
CALENDAR, 1925
Winter Quarter ends March 14, 1925.
Spring Quarter begins March 16, 1925.
Spring Quarter Examinations end Saturday, May 23.
Commencement Sermon, Sunday, May 24.
Alumni Reunion Day, Tuesday, May 26.
Commencement Day, Wednesday, May 27.

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HISTORY OF THE COLLEGE

Beginning and Growth
David Lipscomb College is the outgrowth of a strong desire on the part of D. Lipscomb and J. A. Harding for a school that would educate young people for the greatest usefulness in life. These great men thought that the educational institutions were deficient in giving the kind of training which God demanded of Christian parents, hence they founded an institution which more nearly met the requirements for the education of young people.

On October 5, 1891, on Fillmore Street, Nashville, Tenn., the first session began in a rented house. There were only nine young men in attendance the first day, but during the session thirty-two students were enrolled. The name Nashville Bible School was given to the institution.

The second session opened October 4, 1892, in a rented house on South Cherry Street. During this session the enrollment was 42. In the summer of 1893 lots were purchased on South Spruce Street, and buildings were erected for the school. The third session opened in these buildings, and the enrollment was fifty-two pupils. In the summer of 1894, a large dormitory was built for young men. The school remained at this place for ten years, and its enrollment gradually increased. On February 2, 1901, the school



"ONE OF THE BIG TREES ON AVALON HOME LAWN"

David Lipscomb College is co-educational. God intended that boys and girls be trained together—in the same family are brothers and sisters. The associations of the boys and girls are restricted and guarded by teachers and matrons.

was incorporated as an educational institution. The charter, under which it was incorporated gave it the authority to confer degrees and issue diplomas.

D. Lipscomb deeded his farm of sixty-five acres on Granny White Road, about four miles from the Public Square and about one mile from the corporate limits of the city of Nashville, to the school in the summer of 1903. Here a large three-story brick building was erected for boys and a two-story brick structure was erected for recitation rooms and chapel hall. The old home of D. Lipscomb was used as a girls' home. The school bore the name of Nashville Bible School until April, 1918; then its name was changed to David Lipscomb College in honor of its deceased founder.

The college has had a continued growth, both from the standpoint of student attendance and material educational development. David Lipscomb College is the oldest institution of its kind. It recognizes the fact that the spiritual welfare of young people is of supreme importance. The Bible occupies the most important place in the curriculum. From the first the emphasis has been put upon the teaching of the Bible to every pupil every day.

A Small College
David Lipscomb College belongs to that type of educational institutions called "Small College." There are distinct advantages to the student who has received instruction in such an institution. Among these are the individual instruction, a closer contact, and more intimate personal relation with experienced teachers, made possible by smaller classes and a smaller college community. There is also a better opportunity for the development of individuality and of the qualities of leadership in the greater community of interest.

The record of David Lipscomb College in producing leaders in public, professional and business life is an unusual one, and is due in a very large degree to the fact that it has always been a small college.

DESIGN OF ORIGINATORS

David Lipscomb College originated in the twofold desire on the part of disciples of Christ to see schools in which children, while obtaining a literary education, will be taught daily also the Bible as the most important study of life and as the only rule of faith and practice, and, therefore, excluding all additions and devices of human wisdom from the work and worship of the Christian. This purpose was set forth in the original subscriptions to build the school, in the following clause:

Bible Teaching Supreme
"The supreme purpose of the school shall be to teach the Bible as the revealed will of God to man and as the only and sufficient rule of faith and practice, and to train those who attend in a pure Bible Christianity, excluding from the faith all opinions and philosophies of men, and from the work and worship of the church of God all human inventions and devices. Such other branches of learning may be added as will aid in the understanding and teaching of the Scriptures and as will promote usefulness and good citizenship among men."

Design Secured by Deed

This purpose was further set forth in the deed conveying the property on Spruce Street for the use of the school as follows: That the property shall "be used for maintaining a school in which, in addition to other branches of learning, the Bible as the recorded will of God and the only standard of faith and practice in religion, excluding all human systems and opinions and all innovations, inventions, and devices of men from the service and worship of God, shall be taught as a regular daily study to all who shall attend said school, and for no other purpose inconsistent with this object. This condition being herein inserted at the request of the founders of the proposed Bible School, the same is hereby declared fundamental, and shall adhere to the premises conveyed as an imperative restriction upon their use so long as the same shall be owned by said Bible School, or its trustees, and to any and all property which may be purchased with the proceeds of said premises in case of sale or re-investment.



Gordon H. Turner, Superintendent of Maury County Schools and former teacher in David Lipscomb College.

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Miss Ellen Chambers.
Miss Nelle Boyd.
Mrs. W. H. Owen.
Mrs. Fred Hall.

CALLIOPEANS ANNOUNCE A PROGRAM

Given in Honor of Founding of Society to Determine Winner of Medal

The annual program of the Calliopean Literary Society has been announced for February 23, 1925. This program will consist chiefly of declamations and quartettes, the declamations to determine the winner of a medal offered annually by the society.

The anniversary of the founding of the Calliopean Society is February 22, and it is in honor of this event that the medal is offered. Extensive preparations are being on for the program.

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Mr. Owen: "Miss McMahan, can you tell me anything about prussic acid?"

Miss McMahan: "Yes. Its a deadly poison. One drop of it on the end of your tongue would kill a dog."

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THE BABBLER

"What would this babbler say"—Acts 17:18

Enola Tucker

"As unto the bow the cord is
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draw him, yet she
follows:
Useless each without the other:"
—Longfellow.

"Man for the field, woman for the
heart,
Man for the sword, and for the
needle she;
Man with a head, and woman with
a heart,
Man to command and woman to
obey;
All else confusion."
—Tennyson.

Vol. 5

DAVID LIPSCOMB COLLEGE, NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY 20, 1925.

No. 10

GIRLS ENTERTAIN WITH VALENTINE PARTY

SAPPHONEANS CROWNED CHAMPS IN BASKETBALL

Win Three Games in a Series of Five, Defeating Kappu Nu Team and Winning the Jordan Trophy for One Year.
Last Game Was Time of Intense Interest

MEETING ENDS SUNDAY NIGHT

Interest Shown Throughout. Sermons
Were Forcefully Delivered and
Eagerly Received

The week's meeting, which has been conducted at David Lipscomb College by C. M. Pullias, came to an end Sunday night, Feb. 15. As predicted, the services were much enjoyed by all who attended. As visible results of the meeting there was one baptism and one restoration. As unseen results, the student body especially has been much benefited by the spiritual sermons of Bro. Pullias. As readers may note from the reading of statements made by Bro. Pullias, found elsewhere in this issue, C. M. Pullias stands second to none in the ability to impress practical lessons.

Bro. Pullias was present each evening at 7:30 and at chapel exercise each morning at 9:30. His chapel talks were very pointed and impressive. As a basis for most of the talks he took principles which Christ laid down in his sermon on the Mount: "Blessed are the poor in spirit," "Blessed are the merciful," "Blessed are they that mourn," etc. These lessons were enforced by practical illustrations and by the impressive manner in which they were presented.

The evening services were well attended by friends from the city. Some of the subjects used for these sermons are: "Righteousness," "Measuring Ourselves By Ourselves," "The Gospel," "The Commission," "The Early Church," etc. Each sermon was a masterpiece in itself and often the speaker would rise to such heights of eloquence that the audience sat almost spellbound. Seldom does the occasion come to the average person to hear such lessons presented in such a way.

A list of some of the high points of Bro. Pullias' sermons appears in this issue. These are commended to readers for their thought. Each is a gem within itself.

The meeting closed with three sermons preached Sunday. The afternoon sermon on "Abraham and Lot" was said by many to be the best of the meeting. All agree that the meeting has been a spiritual uplift and that there is a more spiritual atmosphere prevailing the college domains as a result of Bro. Pullias' stay.

GIRLS' EDITION COMES NEXT

Readers Are Asked to Compare Issues and Judge for Themselves Which Issue Is Better

With the boys, Avalon Home is forbidden ground or No Man's Land. Never do they pervade that holy ground. Nevertheless, in next issue of the Babblers the ladies of Avalon Home have charge and are expected to do justice to the occasion. Some one has said that girls are more "literary" than boys. They now have opportunity to prove that.

This issue, the Boys' Edition, goes to press with the staff well pleased with the material. Observance will be made of the abundant supply of poetry on hand. All this proves that spring is coming, for, "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love" and when a person is in love he almost invariably tries to write poetry.

On the surface, it may seem that this issue is a challenge to the girls but not so. It is merely a strong effort on the part of Lindsay Hall knights to show to the girls their possibilities for future success in the realm of journalism.

Readers are asked to look for the coming of the next issue and compare the two with unbiased minds. Expressions from readers regarding the paper would be greatly appreciated. The staff will be glad to receive criticisms from readers and endeavor to profit thereby. If the Babblers is enjoyed, let the editors know; if something is wrong, tell them so they can see more readily how to correct the paper.

Another Law Needed

The Man-With-One-Joke should be required by law to keep a list of the people he has already told it to.—Vancouver Sun.

"There is many a slip between the cup and the lip." Before Christmas the Kappa Nus won two of the five game series from the Sapphoneans. Few, except the Sapphos themselves, had any idea that they could now come back and win or even seriously contend for the series. But nevertheless this they did Saturday night, ending the series with a 22 to 13 win over the Kappa Nus.

It is hard when one has his hand outstretched to grasp the palm of victory after a hard but glorious battle and at the very instant that the light of triumph and victory is glowing in one's eyes to have it snatched away by a hair's breadth. It hurts more to lose after having almost sipped the wine of victory.

Yet there is something grand and magnificent in the team that can come back. There is a color and a glamor about a team that can emerge from the depths of defeat to a great victory.

Victory must be sweeter after having been dragged near the chasm of defeat. It is happenings and incidents like these that make the game of basketball what it is today. It is things like this that make good losers and sympathetic victors.

The game last Saturday night was one of the fastest and most interesting games ever played here. Both teams had the very cream of their material in the opening line-up. When the referee's whistle blew the Sapphos took it upon themselves to start the old game off. This was very efficiently accomplished by two field goals from Barber and one foul shot by Landers. Both teams were playing desperately. The quarter ended by the Sapphos having five points and the Kappa Nus zero. The Sappho rooters were jubilant but the game was yet young.

The second quarter saw Beasley tie the score by two field goals aided by a foul shot. This was the way it stood at the end of the second quarter.

The spectators were now waking up to the fact that they were watching a real basketball game. To the girls especially it was the climax of anything in the way of athletics this year.

In the second half of the game the Sapphos, led by Barber, who scored twelve points, gradually left the Kappa Nus behind despite the frantic efforts of the entire Kappa Nu team. Landers, Kinzie, and Barber were a scoring combination that cannot be beaten, while Russell and Morgan played well at the guard positions. Beasley was high scorer for the Kappa Nus. The guarding of Birch and Lewers was good, but they seemed unable to stop the Sapphos once they got winning in their blood.

The line-up follows:
Kappa Nus. Sapphoneans.
Goodwyn (F) Barber (F)
Dennison (F) Landers (F)
Dixon (C) (Capt.) Kinzie (C)
Lewers (G) Morgan (G)
Beasley (G) Russell (G)

Donkeys Do Talk After All
When the donkey saw the zebra
He began to switch his tail
"Well, I never," was his comment,
"Saw a mule that's been in jail."
—Southwestern Collegian.

CALLIOPEANS ENTERTAIN GIRLS

Spend Very Pleasant Time Together.
Music and Refreshments Add
to Delight of All

On Monday morning, January 3, much to the delight of the "Callio" girls, an invitation was given them by the Calliopean Society to come at 7:30 to Harding Hall and there pass away a few jolly hours together. The first thing that greeted their eyes on entering the hall was, "Welcome to the Callio Girls." This was printed in gold and blue, on a large board and placed near the entrance. The happy hum of voices and merry laughter testified to the good times. To add to the merriment, ice cream, cake and punch were served. Two violin numbers were rendered by Miss Moss, Miss Russel accompanying her. Mr. Roy Vaughan told many very interesting facts concerning the Calliopean Society. In a later issue some of these chronicles will be given to the readers of the Babblers.

Where the Hook Came In

Clerk: "Did the umbrella you are looking for have a hooked handle?"
Owner: "The entire umbrella was hooked."—Boy Life.

GLEANINGS FROM PULLIAS' SERMONS

"There are but few hearts that can do their best until a shadow falls upon them."

"It's a pity that we can't see the need of God while we are well and young."

"A man would never enjoy home had he never been away from home; he'd never enjoy health had he never been sick, and he'd never enjoy Heaven had he never lived on this earth."

"There is no greater nourishment than that which comes to us as blessings in disguise."

"Abraham's eyes of faith, though rainbowed with tears, signified that one day the dead should rise again."

"The Great Commission is the first and only proclamation given by the authority of Jehovah which extended to all peoples of the earth. It is the only commission which is supported by all authority. It is the only commission around which is thrown no time limit."

"There is not enough gospel flavor in sermons of today to give a taste."

"The cross has become a magnet which draws bleeding humanity to the feet of Jesus Christ."

"The man from whose hand no mercy has gone will reap no mercy from the hand of his God."

"The meaning of mercy is to let one off for less than he deserves."

"Your room is well-heated now, the light is burning brightly now, your hearthstone is not broken now—but some day it will be changed."

"When the cry of anguish comes to you from some broken heart and you refuse to answer, some time you will cry out and there will be none to answer you."

"Righteousness is a promissory note; unrighteousness pays now."

"The ensign of God's kingdom is not power as employed by earthly powers, but the scepter of his kingdom is righteousness."

"When God calls people, he calls those who are of a contrite spirit and who tremble at his word."

"The aristocracy of God's kingdom is to live in the dust of humility."

"A position should hunt the man rather than the man hunt the position."

"The man or woman who is arrogant will be blown about by every breeze, tossed by every wave and stranded on a coral reef of the sea of life, but God will guide the meek."

"BACKLOG" ASKS PATRONAGE OF ADVERTISERS

Bespeaks Support of Firms Which
Have Made Publication of Col-
lege Annual Possible

At the request of the management of the Backlog, the following firms are listed for consideration. These firms have made it possible for the senior class to publish the Annual this year. The Babblers and Backlog bespeaks the patronage of these firms:

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A NEGRO'S PRAYER

The story is told of a white minister who, after conducting services in a colored church, asked an old deacon to lead the congregation in prayer. In great fervor and profound sincerity the brother in black prayed for the brother in white in this fashion:

"Oh Lord, gib him de eyes ob de eagle, that he may spy sin afar off. Put his hand to the gospel plow; tie his tongue to the line of truth; nail his ear to de gospel pole; bow his head away down; twist his knees in some dark, lonesome, narrow alley where prayer is much wanted to be made. Noint him wid the kerosene ile ob salvation and den set him on fire."

PLAY LAST GAMES OF SEASON

Basketball Season Closes With De-
feat of Sappho Second Team
and Sympathizers

Last Saturday afternoon, Feb. 14, probably the last games of the season were played on the old gym. Although this was a sad occasion to some, yet in the minds of all basketball fans there could be heard the crack of the ash against the horsehide. The whirling sphere as it sped onward until it sunk into the gloved hand or bounded free over the greensward could be seen, followed by the hurried departure of the runner for first base, slinging dirt into the air from his spiked foot as he ran. Hence all came and entered into the games with almost unprecedented energy and enthusiasm.

The games between the Kappa Nu and Sappho first teams having been played off they were now pitting their second teams in a desperate struggle.

During the first half the Sapphos led by some points. O'Neal, Edmonson and Greenlee neatly looped a field goal each into the basket. When the second half started Tooker Raines opened up and darted over the court as though she were trained lightning. She registered point after point for her beloved society regardless of the efforts of the Sapphos to prevent it. Hence the score ended 12-7 in favor of Kappa Nus.

The line-up was as follows:

Kappa Nu.	Position.	Sappho.
Dennison	Forward	Little
Baines	Forward	Edmonson
Burch	Center	Greenlee
Broom	Guard	O'Neal
Williams	Guard	Dickerson

This game was followed by a game between the Kappa Nu and Sapphonean boy sympathizers. This game was featured by the excellent goal shooting of Boles (high scorer), Parham, Brown, Warren, Montgomery, Bourne and Campbell, and the guarding of Pace and Jimmie Boles. Result: Kappa Nu, 27; Sappho, 22.

The line-up was as follows:

Kappa Nu.	Position.	Sappho.
Boles (13)	Forward	Bourne (5)
Parham (7)	Forward	Montgomery (4)
Brown (6)	Center	Campbell (8)
JJ. Boles	Guard	White
Kinnie	Guard	Pace

CUPID'S DARTS PIERCE HEARTS OF YOUNG MEN

Girls Invite Boys to Time of Merriment Valentine (Feb. 16).
Gym Decorated for the Occasion. Games Played and
Refreshments Served. Fine Times Reported.

"The girls of Avalon Home
Send this little line
To remind the boys of Lindsay Hall
'Tis Valentine.
To Cupid's rendezvous, the gym,
please flock
On Monday eve, 7:30 o'clock.
Come over and help yourself to a
heart
And give Dan Cupid a chance to use
his dart."

Such was the invitation the girls sent to the boys of Lindsay Hall. At the appointed time the boys did not fail to flock to Cupid's rendezvous. They found it decorated in such a way as only the deft hand of woman-kind can do.

From the center of the court a huge heart was hung and streamers of paper extended from all sides to the balcony above. Meeting the eye as one entered was a Valentine request in large letters placed upon one side of the balcony. That request was simply, "Be Mine." To the left at one end of the court were the words so appreciated by all young men, "I love you," and at the other end of the court was formed the words, "Will you be my Valentine?" Scattered promiscuously about the decorations which suspended from the balcony on all sides were small hearts, each bearing a characteristic Valentine greeting. In the center of the court was a huge table filled almost to overflowing with tempting fruit—apples, oranges, and bananas. Such was the scene which greeted the brave knights as they made entrance to the court of the gymnasium.

Miss Baars was mistress of ceremonies and very aptly showed her command of every feature of the program. A chief part of the program was a letter-writing contest in which a prize was promised to the couple writing the best letter using the word "heart," the greatest number of times. After several letters were read by the composers it was agreed by the judges that Professor Cuff and Miss Frazier had written the best letter. Allan Wood, chairman of the judges, very highly lauded Professor Cuff as the greatest lover of all times, even surpassing the love affairs of King Henry VIII. As a prize, the winning couple was asked to proceed to the center of the court and take first choice of the fruit placed upon the table. Judges agreed that Professor Cuff's letter was a masterpiece and requested that it be published, but since the management of the Babblers wishes its circulation kept as high as possible, it has been deemed best to withhold the letter from publication.

The girls had planned many interesting games, all of which were very entertaining. These were enjoyed for some time when, upon invitation, the entire group of people moved as one body to the center of the court and reached forth, as Adam of old, and took of the tempting fruit.

The games being ended, all were told to wend their way to the balcony. Here were found four artistically and beautifully decorated booths from which ice cream and candy were served in abundance. In the meantime the hour of adjournment was observed.

DEBATERS READY FOR DICKSON

Speakers Are Selected in Tryouts and
Question Decided Upon for
Discussion

The high school department of David Lipscomb College has about completed arrangements for the debate with Dickson High school of Dickson, Tenn. The subject for debate is, "Resolved, That too much attention is being given to athletics in the schools of today." The date for the debate has not been definitely decided upon, but will probably be March 6.

The try-out for places on the High School debating team was held in Harding Hall Friday night, Feb. 6. Those trying for the debate were: Karl Pitts, Emerson Simpkins, George Warren and Sewell P. Lowry for the negative, and John P. Lewis, C. L. Overturf, Luther Deacon, Andy T. Ritchie and J. G. Hunter for the affirmative.

Lewis and Lowry were selected to affirm the question here. Simpkins and Pitts deny there.

This is the only debate now scheduled for this school year. Challenges have been sent to other nearby high schools, but Dickson is the only one that has accepted.

FIFTH MONTH HONOR PUPILS

Report of Month Closing February
7 Shows Decrease in Number
from Last Month's Roll

The close of each month seems to be hailed with both delight and dread—with delight because students are brought one month nearer May 27, with dread because the honor roll is posted in the Bulletin Board and printed in the Babblers each month.

For the fifth month there is a decrease in the number of honorary names. There have been many cases of sickness and other things which have caused the roll to be diminished. Forty-one names appear on the college roll; twenty-five on the high school roll.

College Roll.
Myrtle Baars, Linden, Tenn.
Alice Barber, Nashville, Tenn.
Anne Beasley, Franklin, Tenn.
Nelle Carver, Mt. Juliet, Tenn.
Henry Carter, Sparta, Tenn.
Margaret Carter, Smyrna, Tenn.
Hazel Dennison, Nashville, Tenn.
Mary Lois Dixon, Senatobia, Miss.
Nell Conlee, Trenton, Tenn.
Mildred Formby, Waldo, Ark.
Eleanor Franzier, Pulaski, Tenn.
Lanelle Goodwyn, Dresden, Tenn.
James Greer, Pikeville, Tenn.
Ethel Hardison, Columbia, Tenn.
Jimmie Ruth Harrell, Birmingham, Ala.

John R. Hovious, Nashville, Tenn.
Roy Johnson, Coldwater, Miss.
Miriam Jones, Henry, Tenn.
George Kinnie, Franklin, Tenn.
Andrew Mason, McMinnville, Tennessee.
Frankie Northern, Lebanon, Tenn.
H. T. Roberts, Nashville, Tenn.
Lorine Sims, Iron City, Tenn.
Leonte Sims, Iron City, Tenn.
Pearl Smith, Horse Cave, Ky.
E. G. Smith, Nashville, Tenn.
Thelma Soyars, Springfield, Tenn.
Jno. L. Sweatt, Kentucky.
Sam Tatum, Shop Springs, Tenn.
Herman Taylor, Kelson, Tenn.
Mary Tittle, Murfreesboro, Tenn.
Franklin Thomas, Athens, Ala.
H. Fee Thomas, Sparta, Tenn.
Leslie G. Thomas, Flint, Mich.
Robert Thurman, Sparta, Tenn.
(Continued on page 2)

ROY YEAGLEY PASSES AWAY

Dies February 11 After a Brief Ill-
ness. Was Formerly a Student
at David Lipscomb College

On Wednesday, Feb. 11, the student body and faculty were shocked to hear of the death of Roy Harlan Yeagley, former student of David Lipscomb College.

Roy was a student for a number of years, having attended the school under the administrations of Presidents Ward, Lipscomb and Boles. He was a popular and faithful student. Those who knew Roy remember him as an apt and energetic individual who led in all athletic activities and ranked among the first in his classes.

Roy was born Feb. 28, 1904; died Feb. 11, 1925; aged 20 years, 11 months, 14 days. He obeyed the gospel May 12, 1916, at the early age of 12 years, 2 months, 15 days, at Foster-street Church of Christ, under the preaching of Bro. C. E. Woolridge. Roy quit school in 1922 and on Dec. 31, 1923, was married to Miyella Burton, a schoolmate.

This death has cast a shadow over the hearts of all who knew Roy, for he was a boy who made friends of all whom he met.

On Feb. 7 Roy attended the games in the school gymnasium, but was forced to leave before they were over. He went to bed with a chill that quickly developed pneumonia. The crisis came the following Tuesday, and at 10:50 o'clock Wednesday morning he died.

Funeral services were held at the Waverly-Belmont Church of Christ Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Talks were made by Brethren H. Leo Boles, H. S. Lipscomb and Dr. J. S. Ward, all of whom had taught Roy in classes here. Honorary pallbearers were the elders and deacons of the Waverly-Belmont church and the office force of Robert Orr & Company. Active pallbearers were former classmates and close friends: David Leek, James Thomas Hill, Nelson Burton, Sterling Jones, W. H. Sewell, Jr., Herschel Priestley, W. D. Hunter and Jesse Reeves.
Interment at Mt. Olivet cemetery.

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SOME FACTS ABOUT JERICHO

By Leslie G. Thomas

1. Jericho was located in the territory allotted to Benjamin, just across the Jordan from the Plains of Moab.
2. The expression, "Beyond the Jordan at Jericho eastward, toward the sunrise," was used to designate many of the scenes of the activities of the Israelites, before they crossed the Jordan into the land of Canaan.
3. Jericho was called the city of "palm trees." (Deut. 34:3.)
4. Joshua sent two spies to "view the land, and Jericho." (Josh. 2:1.)
5. Jericho was the home of Rahab, the harlot, who hid the spies when they went to spy out that city. (Josh. 2:1.)
6. When the children entered the land of Canaan, the waters of the Jordan were cut off and the people passed over right against Jericho. (Josh. 3:16.)
7. The first encampment of Israel in Canaan was in Gilgal, "On the east border of Jericho." (Josh. 4:19.)
8. The first passover observed by Israel in the land of promise was "in the plains of Jericho." (Josh. 5:10.)
9. "When Joshua was by Jericho," he saw the angel with his sword drawn, who also told Joshua that God had given that city into his hands, and gave him instruction for taking it. (Josh. 5:13-6:5.)
10. Jericho was the first city taken by Israel after they reached Canaan.
11. The walls of Jericho fell down after the Israelites obeyed God's commandment concerning the capture of the city. (Josh. 6:1-20.)
12. A curse was pronounced upon the man who undertook to rebuild Jericho. (Josh. 6:26.)
13. Joshua's words were fulfilled when Hiel rebuilt the city in 918 B. C. (Kings 6:34.)
14. The destruction of Jericho by Joshua was held up as an example to other people. (Josh. 10:1.)
15. When David sent his servants to comfort Hanun, the king of the Moabites concerning his father's death, Hanun accused them of being spies. He shaved off one half of their beard and cut off their garments in the middle, and sent them away. The servants were greatly ashamed when David met them. He told them to dwell in Jerich until their beards were grown out before returning home. (2 Sam. 10:1-5.)
16. Elijah and Elisha passed through Jericho on their way to the place from whence Elijah ascended into heaven. (2 Kings 2:4.)
17. Fifty sons of the prophets that were at Jericho went to look for Elijah after he ascended to heaven. They thought that instead of going into heaven he would probably be cast upon some mountain. (2 Kings 2:15-17.)
18. Elisha tarried awhile at Jericho after Elijah's ascension. (2 Kings 2:18.)
19. Zedekiah, the last king of Judah was captured in the plains of Jericho as he was fleeing from Jerusalem, which had been besieged by Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, for two years. (2 Kings 25:5.)
20. The number of Israelites who returned from the Babylonian captivity to Jericho was 345. (Ezra. 2:34.)
21. The men of Jericho assisted Nehemiah in rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem. (Neh. 3:2.)
22. Jesus opened the eyes of two blind men at Jericho. (Mat. 20:29-34.)
23. The parable of the Good Samaritan had its setting on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho. (Luke 10:30-37.)
24. Jericho was the home of Zachaeus the publican, who climbed the sycamore tree to see Jesus. (Luke 19:1-10.)
25. The fall of the walls of Jericho is held up as an example of faith on the part of God's people by the writer of Hebrews. (Heb. 11:30.)

Garner Was Never Absent Before

It was a sleepy sort of day, the class was about half the usual size, and Professor Cuff was calling the roll in a half-absent manner. To each name some one had answered, "Here," until the name Garner was called. Silence reigned supreme for a moment, only to be broken by the professor's voice.

"My word! Hasn't Mr. Garner any friends here?"

CUPID'S DARTS PIERCE HEARTS OF YOUNG MEN

(Continued from page 1)

ment rapidly approached. All had seemed so interested in the affairs of the evening that all too soon it was announced that the entertainment was over. Rather reluctantly the girls were escorted to Avalon Home and leave taken of them.

The consensus of opinion among the young men seems to be that they have been fully repaid for the Thanksgiving banquet given in honor of the girls. Given as this entertainment was on Valentine, the girls need have no fear, for surely Cupid's dart has been driven straight to the heart of every boy so fortunate as to attend. And the Valentine greeting of "I love you," can be returned to the girls with even greater emphasis, and with every pierced heart as a trophy, to assure the girls that they have won their way to the hearts of those for whom they were so thoughtful as to entertain with a Valentine party.

FIFTH MONTH HONOR PUPILS

(Continued from page 1)

Ruth Underwood, Rosedale, Miss. Owen White, Florence, Ala. Coral Williams, Sparta, Tenn. Ora Lou Winters, Springfield, Tennessee.

Allen Wood, McMinnville, Tenn. Summary: Tennesseans, 31. Mississippians, 3. Alabamians, 1. Arkansians, 1. Michiganders, 1. Kentuckians, 2. Seniors, 22. Juniors, 18. Third year, 1. Kappa Nus, 18. Sapphoneans, 6. Lipscomb, 10. Calliopeans, 7.

High School.

James Byers, Chattanooga, Tenn. Ollie Cuff, Camden, Tenn. Kathryn Cullum, Nashville, Tenn. Harold Deacon, Nashville, Tenn. Forrest Deacon, Nashville, Tenn. Luther Deacon, Nashville, Tenn. Florence Denton, Oneonta, Ala. Clyde Hale, McMinnville, Tenn. Eugenia Hammer, Nashville, Tenn. Ruth Hayes, Athens, Ala. John Jackson, Canada. S. P. Lowry, Chattanooga, Tenn. Gerald Montgomery, Alabama. Frances Neely, Nashville, Tenn. Clyde Pruett, Tennessee. W. A. Pappolee, Kentucky. Andy T. Ritchie, Tennessee. Enola Rucker, Tennessee. Roy Selby, Alabama. Emerson Simpkins, Tennessee. Sam Smith, Jr., Tennessee. Corrine Smith, Alabama. Vernon Spivey, Nashville, Tenn. Elmer Taylor, Kelso, Tenn. Thomas Tittle, Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

BOY'S ESSAY ON GIRLS

Typical of the Conception of Many People Concerning Fair Sex. "She Are All Right."

What a funny animal the girl are. You kain't never know for certain nothing about her. When a feller has spent his cash for candy and given her and think she is reconciled to him, then and just then she ain't. In fact, when your cash is spent, she says, "We two don't suit."

When she goes back on you, you might as well let her go, for she ain't going to like you. She ain't got no ears and some say no sense neither. If she gets angry, better let her alone. When she acts strangely, she ain't feeling good, and when she ain't feeling good y'd better look out. You kin love her with all your heart, and then she don't care a straw for you.

When the girl balks there ain't but one way to get her to do what you want her to, and that's to tell her not to. When she say no, she mean yes; and she never say yes, but always expound this are so sudden.

She are the hardest puzzle a man has to deal with. Sometimes she seem to like you, and fore you know she hate you. She are indeed very queer. She are harder to understand than the ragged coat sleeve or the broken shoe-string. She ain't keering if you don't like her or not—say she kin ketch another as good. So there y'air!

She say you are silly if you tell her she look good. She say you are a story-teller if you tell her you like her. She don't like for you to love her, and she don't like for you not to. She are indeed a curious creature.

She are a good pal if she likes you. She help you to be good and keep you from being mean. She get tired of you in no time. She say she have a big time when she didn't do it.

After all, she are all right. She don't mean to hurt your feelings. She are the best thing in the earth. She are an angel if she do get mad at you. Maybe she kain't like you; maybe she don't want to like you. She are too young to like boys—yet, she are ashamed to tell her age. She like to chaw wax and make it like her, but she are strange. She are gooder than me, but she are all right. She are heaven on earth. I love her. If she read this, she say I are mean. I say she are good if she say I are. The girl are a strange and funny animal, but she are all right.

He Knew Where He Was

Steve Gave was traveling in a Pullman car for the first time. He awoke during the night.

"Do you know where you are?" asked his mother.

"Sure I do," answered the young traveler; "I'm in the top drawer."

HOW BOYS SPEND TIME

Wood, Clark, and Taylor Make Startling Revelation of What They Discover

Scene: Herman Taylor's room (241, Babbler office).

Time: 12:00 o'clock Sunday night.

Persons: Taylor, Clark, Wood.

Occupation: Writing Boys' Edition of Babbler.

Clark: "Whew! I must have strained a neurone."

Wood: "Pshaw, I twisted a whole synapse."

Taylor: "Yes, and I broke a vertebra. Let's take a period of relaxation for a couple of hours and see what the boys in the dormitory are doing now. We can finish the Babbler by morning, anyway."

Clark: "Let's meander around the halls a bit and goze through the keyholes."

Stealthily the three percolators approach Page's door; Clark and Taylor listen while Wood scrutinizes Page's action through the keyhole. Wood reports: "Page looks longingly from window with pencil in hand and exclaims, 'The enamored moon blushes with envy when it thinks of my love for thee, dear heart. Ah, Nell, my fair one, rise up and come away.' Page frantically begins to write on his paper. Pencil is half used up. Let's away to Goobee's castle."

Taylor takes his stand at Goobee's door; Clark stations himself across hall at door of Ebo Kinnie. Wood listens to their reports.

Taylor: "Garner sits bolt upright in bed, frantically shakes fist, exclaims in sleep, 'Kinnie, the low-down rascal, is eloping with my girl. I will challenge him to a pugilistic encounter!'"

Clark (at Kinnie's door): "Kinnie responds to Garner with, 'He, hi, ho, hum, I smell the blood of a goober-pea, Be ye alive or be ye dead, I'll grind your bones and make some butter.'"

"Kinnie continues: 'Ah, my loves, would that you two and I were in Salt Lake City.'"

At this time Burford and Kirk, respective roommates, relieve the sufferers by throttling them with pillows.

At 12:30 the three night venturers proceed to Campbell's room. Fumes of a mysterious aroma stifle them. They discover that Campbell manieures his toe nails. Lewis, his cell-mate, tumbles restlessly in his sleep and calls, "Help, help, my gas mask."

Wood: "Gentlemen, let's move on."

Next stop is when Clark bumps into Bill Mason, who is walking in his sleep. Bill seizes Taylor by the waist and passionately plants kisses after kiss upon his brow.

Taylor (aside): "Fellows, here's where we get some material." Changes voice to imitate certain fair damsel, "Bill, I thought you were mad at me."

Bill: "Who could be angry with such an exquisite bit of loveliness?"

Mason prosecutes kissing contest vigorously.

Taylor (aside): "Fellows, I can't stand this any longer." (Aloud) "We must stop, Bill, dear, yonder comes Brother Boles."

Bill awakes and makes rapid flight for his room.

At 12:59 the three watchers take their post at Roy Vaughan's room on the third floor. Vaughan is found reading a book of etiquette preparatory to a Valentine party. He reads aloud: "Never scratch head with a spoon; use a fork. If your shoe-string comes untied, blow your nose vehemently. Suspenders are more appropriate for banquet than a belt. When wearing suspenders, wear them under a coat. In drinking soup avoid as much static as possible. If your companion falls asleep, take full advantage of this by eating her ice cream."

Vaughan rises with an air of satisfaction and says, "A noble volume. Lucky I went to Woolworth's Monday, for tomorrow is the Valentine entertainment."

At 1:30 the heroes are again at the front of Page's room. Page continues his letter writing, but his pencil is almost gone. The three adventurers sadly chime, "Alas, poor Page, we fear 'tis too late." They return to the aforesaid office to finish this famous issue of the Babbler.

HOW TO HANDLE A WOMAN ELECTRICALLY

When a woman is bored—Exciter. If she gets too excited—Controller. If she won't come when you want her—Coxer. If she is willing to come half way—Meter. If she is willing to come all the way—Receiver. If she is an angle—Transformer. If she is a devil—Converter. If she tries to cross you—Detector. If she proves that your fears are wrong—Compensator. If your fears are right—Arrester. If she goes to pieces—Coherer. If she goes up in the air—Condenser. If she is hungry—Feeder. If she is a nice girl—Shocker. If you have one just like her—Alternator. If she is too fat—Reducer. If she fumes and sputters—Insulator. If she becomes upset—Reverser. And when you get tired of her—Electrocuter.

"TRIG. CLASS MAKES WILL"

To whom it may concern, especially to those who are contemplating taking that marvelous brain-building course in the realms of the mathematical world commonly and properly called trigonometry:

We, the greatest mathematicians of this modern age, who have so bravely and nobly struggle with those "diabolical" functions, who have been weighed in balances of trigonometrical knowledge and have been found wanting, and who soon shall lay down our battle-scarred armor, do most joyfully and willingly step down from our throne of transcendent glory and bid you mount that dizzy height, from which we descend, and leave you to delve into those well nigh unfathomable depths of mathematics and solve those mysteries which were too difficult for those gigantic minds of which our class is composed.

To you, our worthy successors, we bequeath an almost inexhaustible supply of A's—truly there are yet plenty to be given, for we have failed to appropriate a reasonable proportion in our journey through trigonometry.

It had been our most cherished desire to leave to you an innumerable host of C's and D's. But alas! Owing to the perilous times and the cruel hand of fate, we confess that we are unable to bequeath to you one such grade. Our present demands have more than consumed the supply and we are compelled to draw on the resources of our most noble successors. Even some of our worthy number were given grades of B and B—because there were no more D's to be obtained.

We bestow all our sympathy upon you—"Faith and you shall need it." Our peace we give unto you. You will have no peace of your own when first you pry open the lids of your book and allow the sunlight of the vast mathematical universe to penetrate the clouds of darkness, in a sky fraught with many a wind which shall toss your trigonometrical bark upon the shores of the islands of despair and failure.

And last, but by no means of small importance, we submit for your consideration the Ten Commandments, which, when carried out in the full letter and spirit, will entitle you to those A's aforementioned in this, our last will and testament:

1. Thou shalt put no other study before Trig.
2. Thou shalt not rest until thou hast completely mastered thy Trig. lesson, no matter how long and difficult thy Trig. may be.
3. Under no consideration shalt thou absent thyself from Trig. class lest haply some new thing be brought to light and thou shalt fail to receive the blessing.
4. Perfection shall shine forth in all thy notebook work in Trig.
5. Thou shalt not copy thy brother's Trig. notebook.
6. Thou shalt neither slumber nor sleep during Trig. class.
7. Thou shalt take all Trig. tests and examinations.
8. Thou shalt commit all rules, formulae, definitions, theories, and logarithm tables in Trig. to memory.
9. Thou shalt not seek, desire, nor covet any aid or assistance from thy instructor, for all the information necessary to thy welfare is contained in thy Trig. book which thou must peruse diligently and faithfully throughout the course in Trig.
10. Thou shalt study Trig. until everyone else in Lindsay Hall and Avalon Home is fast asleep; and, rising up very early in the morning, thou shalt pay homage unto Trig. These do and thou shalt receive credit for eight hours work in Trig.

Our task is done. And now be it resolved that this, the last will and testament of the Trig. class of 1924-25, be put into effect as soon as the Trig. class of next year shall be organized and shall begin the most dangerous and stormy voyage that they shall ever begin until they dare board the reeling, rocking, surging vessel of courtship and launch their boat upon the mighty billows of the sea of matrimony.

Trig. Scholar.

Deserves It, Too

An English paper tells the story: Two inmates of a lunatic asylum were comparing notes. Said one: "How were you found to be 'loopy'?" "I don't quite know," replied the other, "but this is what happened. A gentleman for whom I did odd jobs decided to sell up and go abroad and said that anything not disposed of at the sale should be given to his Scotch servant. I asked if I might have anything the Scotch servant didn't want, and they put me in here."—The Outlook.

Immigrant English

The following note was left on the desk of a social settlement worker in Cleveland. It is intended to be English. It is a message which was taken down just as it sounded to this foreigner, who did not know how to write English correctly.

"Mrs. Goltmeus galtop ans sezet suns jukom hom pliz galerop sez no mer howlyt agonbi sez galerop."

The meaning of this is: "Mrs. Goltmeus called up, and says that soon as you come (jukom) home please call her up. Says no matter how late it's going to be, says call her up."

Speaking of Blue Blood

Zealous Mrs. McDonald had gone up into the hills of North Carolina and established a Sunday school. When it was well under way she invited her pastor, a celebrated D.D., to visit the school. He felt it appropriate to catechise the children and asked:

"Now, boys and girls, who was the mother of our Lord?"

No reply, but Mrs. McDonald's hand went up.

"Wait, Mrs. McDonald," said the dominie, "I want the children to reply."

He put the question again. Again no reply. Again went up Mrs. McDonald's hand.

"INFLUENCE"

I shot an arrow into the air; It fell to earth, I knew not where. I, breathed a song into the air; It fell to earth, I knew not where. Long, long afterwards in an oak, I found the arrow still unbroke, And the song from beginning to end, I found again in the heart of a friend.

—Longfellow.

Influence is to a man as flavor to a fruit or fragrance to the flower. It does not develop strength, or determine character, but it is the measure of his interior richness and worth. As the blossom cannot tell what becomes of the odor which is wafted away, from it by every wind, so no man knows the limit of that influence which constantly escapes his daily life.

Influence is a power we exert over others by our thoughts, words and actions; by our lives. It is a silent magnet, a most wonderful thing. We neither see nor hear it, yet, consciously or unconsciously, we exert it. Your influence is not confined to yourself, or to the scene of your immediate actors; it extends to others, and will reach to succeeding ages. Future generations will feel the influence of your conduct.

What we do is transacted on a stage of which all in the universe are spectators. What we are, is influencing and acting on the rest of mankind. Neutral we cannot be. Living we act and dead we speak. What is done, is done—has already blended itself, with the boundless, ever-living, ever-working universe, and will work there for good or evil, openly or secretly, throughout all time.

It has been said that the life of every man is as the well-spring of a stream, whose small beginnings are indeed plain to all, but whose course and destination, as it winds through the expanse of infinite years, only the omniscient can discern.

God has written upon the flower that sweetens the air, upon the breeze that rocks the flower upon its stem, upon the raindrops that swell the mighty river, upon the dewdrops that refresh the smallest sprig of moss that rears its head in the desert, upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its channel, upon every penciled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, as well as upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers the millions of creatures which live in its light. Upon all He has written.

No one liveth to himself. Every person learns a history and an influence. The pebble, as well as the planet, goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain side, the river its channel in the soil, the animal its bones in the stratum. The falling drop marks its sculpture in the sand or on the stone.

The many golden words which good men have spoken, the example they have set, live through all time. They pass into the thoughts and hearts of others, help them on the road of life, and often console them in the hour of death. Their example still live with us, to guide, to influence and direct us.

It is what man was, that lives after him. What he said sounds along the years like voices amid the mountain gorges. Every man has left behind him influences for good or evil, that will never exhaust themselves. Since we all have a personal influence, and our words, actions and deeds leave an indelible trace on mankind, we should make that influence for as much good as possible. In order to do this we must prove ourselves to be a man among men.

FORREST DEACON.

ALABAMA MAR-VEL DESCRIBED

Some of us have a tendency to boast of things back home. I am peculiarly inclined that way when it comes to talking of the Wilson Dam.

To give you an idea of the magnitude of this project we need only to state that there is not a larger dam in the world save the Panama Canal. During the war over two hundred million dollars were spent in the Muscle Shoals section in the construction of two nitrate plants, which were to be used in the manufacture of ammunition for use in the war.

The marvelous part of this is the speed with which the workmen did their work. One of the largest steam turbine power houses in the world was built in less than two years at an expense of thirteen million dollars. Thomas Edison gave much honor to the section by coming from Detroit in a special train to see it.

The amount of money spent on the nitrate plants was not considered. The problem was to get them ready at the earliest possible date. But after the war the authorities turned their attention to Wilson dam, the construction being begun in earnest. The work has been carried on very economically, being in the hands of authorities. Many interesting things could be told concerning the history of the construction, its various forms of work, the fearful deaths that some of the workmen have met, its effect on the Tri-Cities and other points of interest. It is now attracting much attention and each summer thousands of tourists include this vicinity among their sight-seeking group.

It is now near completion and there is only a few of us who realize how valuable it is going to be to the South. Congress has delayed the construction very much, but there is but now the project is so near completion that there is little doubt but that it will be completed. To those boys and girls of David Lipscomb College who may spend part of the summer touring the country, you would make no mistake in coming to Florence and Muscle Shoals.

—O. L. White.

SENIOR BOYS DELINEATED

Amusing Sketches Given of Some of the Young Men Who Are Called "Noble Seniors"

This is a sketch of some of the boys of the Senior class of D. L. C. Those who do not receive treatment in this issue of the Babbler will be sketched in a following edition.

J. ROY VAUGHAN. When the Senior class wishes any job to be done they all say "Let Roy do it." Then they can rest assured that it will not be done. As a business man he is a hunk of cheese; as a ladies' man he is a good second hand. Judging from order in the library he will make himself famous as a rebellion agitator. It is predicted that he will "sell out his radishes in this mundane sphere."

HERMAN TAYLOR. As editor of the Babbler he is a good banjo picker. In love he is like the old postage stamp, because he is always discarded in favor of a younger one. In this world of sin and sorrow it is hoped that the voyage of his matrimonial canoe will not be wrecked against the cold iceberg of divorce.

BILL BROWN. Judging from Bill's successful career on the basket ball court it is predicted that Bill will be a gallant bull fighter. His ability in basket ball is eclipsed only by his aptness in affairs of love. His musical voice and winning smile has wrought havoc in the heart of many of the fair sex. It is regretted that his loud laugh always bespeaks his vacant mind.

JAMES R. GREER. Greer must have been born in a barn in a country far from civilization. Here he cultivated habits of making discords of ugly sounds and as yet he has not broken this habit. Greer is preparing himself for being a sexton in a country village. So toll the bell when the sun is low. Peace to his ashes.

SAMUEL TATUM. Be thankful that he is the only one of his kind in captivity. As an orator he produces good "tin pan thunder." A brilliant career is expected of this shining luminary of present day learning in the bloody battlefields of Russia. Beware future generations lest ye be visited by one of these.

ELMO PHILLIPS (the sculptor's model). "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." His favorite books are: "Love's Labors Lost" and "Just David." He is an eminent authority on social maneuvers. His motto is: Come into my book store and buy a cake of gum. If you see the teacher coming, drop the change and run. He is sure to scale the sapling of success.

If anyone feels that he has been overlooked, make complaint to the management of the Babbler and an effort will be made to right your wrong.

DESCRIPTION OF MUSEUM

Student Tells of the Many Interesting Things in New York

A few months ago while I was in one of our larger cities I had the chance of visiting the oldest and one of the largest museums in the United States.

The building is constructed in the shape of a square with an open court in the center. It is five stories high and each floor is crowded with things of interest. It is the finest arranged building in the world for exhibition purposes.

On the first floor is the largest and most complete collection of the natural history of America ever got together, consisting of every animal, shell, fish, reptile, insect and beetle fly found on the American continent, and a large collection of the same from every corner of the globe. In one corner is a section of the largest tree ever taken from the forest—seventy-seven feet in circumference.

The second floor is taken up with the rarest collection of ancient and modern curios on the continent, a description of which would take up too much space. However, a few of them deserve special mention. The one that interested me most was the remains of a mastodon—the most perfect ever discovered. Then there were something like seventy fine skeletons representing all species of animals, birds and reptiles. The skeleton of the humpback whale (50 feet long) is the only one in existence. There is also an interesting collection of deformities and some of the most wonderful freaks of nature in the world.

In the Egyptian gallery there is a fine collection of Egyptian antiquities and casts of the principle curios discovered in that country. The mummies are the only ones of royal personages exhibited in America. One of these is the only perfect specimen in the world. Some of the coffins are still in perfect condition and the funeral clothing looks like cloth of the present day.

There are writings and hieroglyphics of several of the ancient peoples. Also several bar-reliefs representing battles and royal personages of olden time.

In the art gallery are about two thousand scenes representing and illustrating all the interesting places and features of the world.

I saw the autographs of some of the eminent people of the world who have visited this museum. Among them were: Abraham Lincoln, U. S. Grant, Henry Clay, King Edward VII, Louis Bonaparte and Queen Emma.

Any student who has an opportunity to visit a museum should take advantage of it for there is no place where one can get more educational value of his time and money than in a first-class museum. One can see in thirty minutes what it would take a month to read about.

Homer McKelvey.

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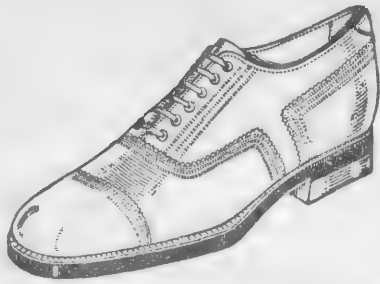
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ALL EYES NOW TURN TO THE BASEBALL DIAMOND

Lipscomb and Calliopean Writers Tell of 1925 Prospects. Interesting Season Is Predicted for the Baseball Fan of David Lipscomb College

LIPSCOMBS CRAVE ACTION

Writer Gives Prospects for 1925
Baseball and Expresses Desire to Be On the Field

This year bids fair to be one of the brightest years that the Lipscomb baseball team has ever seen. With nearly all of the old '24 team back and much new material, a championship team should not be hard to develop. With an entirely veteran outfield back the worries have been mostly because of the lack of infield material. Parham, the all school centerfielder, is back and is covering the ground and hitting like the veteran that he is. He led in runs scored during the championship series of 1924 and was an important factor in the Lipscomb victories. Campbell and Dodd from last year's team are also back and will be able to hold down left and right fields with ease. Both are of the slugging type and should be able to be well up among the leaders in individual batting. There is also much new outfield material in R. Mason, White, Pace, and Pullias.

The batting is another part of the team that should cause no trouble. With Gleaves and Campbell back from last year's team this part of the work can be left safely in their hands. Bogle is another man that has shown genuine promise behind the bat. He has a deathly peg and handles the ball in a clean, clear fashion. Should it be necessary, Campbell can be shifted to right field and Bogle can take up the duties of the receiver. Many new boys are going out for pitcher. Page and Clark have demonstrated that they must be taken seriously, and Dodd has all the armwork of a fine boxman. With his speed and Gleaves' cunning they should be able to defeat anything that comes in their path.

Most of the worries have been about the infield. With only one old man back, the infield has many gaps in it. Wood from the old '24 team is back and should be able to hold short down easily. He is one of the clearest and easiest fielders in school and should have no trouble with his position. First base, one of the hardest positions on the team, we have two good men coming out. Both Bourne and Terry are showing up good at this position. Bourne is a left hand man and looks mighty good, beside he is a good hitter. At second we feel that this position is filled too. Karnes from the Portland high school team, has shown fine ability at the key-stone bag. Coming with a record made at Portland, Karnes has upheld the reports that have drifted in, and has almost clinched a place in the infield. Porter has also shown good fielding ability and should be used to advantage during the forthcoming season. For the tryouts at third there are few men who can stand under the hot fire of right handed batters driving the old pill down third base line. Pruitt and Dodd should be able to hold this position down with ease should the occasion demand.

We long for the spring weather when we can hear the crash of the old willow, and see these ambitious players demonstrate their skill on the old diamond.

Above That

"Do you think your friend would lend himself to a shady political transaction?"

"No," answered Senator Sorghum, "he might lease himself, or rent himself, or sell himself outright, but he wouldn't stand any friendly borrowing."—Washington Star.

Patent Fertilizer

Mr. Suburb: "Yes, I planted some bulbs the other week and they came up three days afterwards."

Mr. Naybur: "Great! Some patent fertilizer, I suppose?"

Mr. Suburb: "No, your dog!"—Boys' Life.

New Love, Old Ring

He took her hand in his and gazed proudly at the engagement ring he had placed on her finger only three days before.

"Did your friends admire it?" he inquired, tenderly.

"They did more than that," she replied, coldly. "Two of them recognized it."—Good Hardware.

HOW THEY LOOK FROM GRAND STAND

Calliopean Writer Gives Outlook for
Baseball Season. Many Men
in Training

As certain of our woul-be poets has said: in the springtime, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love and baseball. This is borne out with the exception that the practice in baseball seems to be in earnest rather than lightly, which leads us to say the Calliopean nine bids fair to be the best of any previous season judging from the wealth of excellent material, both old and new men, from which the manager will have to select.

Hence it will require a discerning and critical eye to select the nine very best players from the store of first-class players.

The mound will be well inhabited by Warren, Thurman, Fox and one south paw, Craddock, which will allow enough changes to keep the batting eye of the opponents always in eclipse, and the prospects for receiving behind the plate is also above standard with three strong men, Kirk, Puckett and Lowery competing, any one of which is a good bet. Also either of these men can be used to good advantage in the outfield. The infield looks equally as strong as the batteries, for Boles shows by his diligent work he hopes to retain his former place on first, with keen competition between Burford and Hall for second and Overturf and Byers for third base. With two first-class men in Chick Jones and Crawley scrambling for shortstop. The outfield can't be predicted, for Dixon, Montgomery, Burton, Brown, Kinzie, Martin, Pitts and Hooper all play good ball, but it is certain that there is going to be some real striving for places, which insures an outfield that will be more than equal to the occasion, and is going to cause the manager to have to don his thinking cap and put his best eye forward.

These few facts guarantee the baseball fans some real choice morsels in the way of baseball, so get busy every one and get ready for some real lively and thrilling sport by purchasing your season tickets.

SUGGESTIONS FOR PLEASANT CONVERSATION

DON'T—

1. Monopolize the conversation.
2. Be loud and boisterous.
3. Be too sensitive and self-conscious.
4. Speak merely for self satisfaction, for the mere sake of saying something.
5. Be curious, inquisitive and critical.
6. Give too strong an expression of your likes and dislikes.
7. Be too blunt and self-assertive. If so, the entertainment will be at your expense.
8. Antagonize, criticize or moralize.

DO—

1. Show interest in what the other person is saying.
2. Be at ease, yet lively without so much noise.
3. Forget self and personal interests.
4. Be sure that what you say will be of interest to all your hearers.
5. Avoid making personal references which are apt to hurt some one.
6. Keep your hobbies and your pet opinions to yourself.
7. Be sincere and self-confident. Put self under control.
8. Be courteous.

"The Heathen Chinese"

"I suppose yve think we are smarter than the Chinese?"

"Aren't we?"

"The Cihenes are not saying a word. They are getting wheat and pork in exchange for Mah Jong sets."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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In Memory of Roy Yeagley

Another hand did beckon,
Another call was given;
And glowed once more with angel
steps
The path which reaches heaven.

Our brother and Lipscomb friend,
Whose smile
Made brighter passing years
Amid the whirl of time,
Has left us with our tears.

No paling of the cheek of bloom
Forewarned us of decay;
No shadow from the silent land
Fell round our brother's way.

The sun of his young life went down
As sinks behind the hill,
The glory of a setting star,
Clear, suddenly and still.

As pure and good his young life
seemed,
Serene as the sky;
And like the brook's low song, his
voice
A sound that cannot die.

This we thought he needed not
The changing of his sphere,
To give to heaven another gem,
He walked a jewel here.

The blessings of his quiet life
Fell on us like the dew;
And good deeds where his footsteps
pressed,
Like summer blossoms grew.

The transforming of thoughts into
deeds
Was in his very look;
We read his face as one who reads
A true and worthy book.

The church will miss his work so
faithful
And life so like a light;
No more the warm handclasp,
No more the merry "Good night!"

There seems a shadow on the day,
His smile no longer cheers;
A dimness on the stars of night,
Which fills our eyes with tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled,
That He whose love exceeded ours,
Has taken home His child.

Fold him, O Father, in your arms,
And let him ever be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.
(A tribute to a departed brother
and friend.)

Clayton L. James.

YOUR AIM

What is your aim my honest lad;
To stay at home and help your Dad,
Or else to wander far away,
And take the luck that comes your
way.
You had better stay and help the
one,
Who has cared for you, all through
these years
That you've passed through,
For if you wander far away,
You will not find it as folks may say.

And if perchance you strike it easy,
Someone is sure to be uneasy,
But if perchance you strike it rough,
You are the one that will take it
tough.

So think well before you start,
And try at all times to do your part,
After doing your part well,
You will succeed where others fail,
But let it be good or bad,
You had better help your Dad.
—F. D.

THE PAST IS O'ER, LOOK UP

By L. C. J.

The past is o'er—
Waste not your days in vain regret,
Grieve yourself no more.

Look not before
And not behind you; do not fret—
The past is o'er.

The pain perhaps was sore,
And you had cause for some, yet
Grieve yourself no more.

Close memory's door;
That day is dead, that sun has set—
The past is o'er.

There are in store
For you still happy days. Forget!
Don't weep any more.

Smile, dear friend, as of yore,
No longer let your eyes be wet—
The things of the past are o'er!

THE LETTERS I HAVE NOT SENT

I have written them keen and sar-
castic
With righteously wrathful intent,
Not a stroke undeserved nor a cen-
sure too strong—
And some, alas! they went.
I have written them challenging,
eager to fight,
All hot with merited ire,
And some of them chanced to be kept
over night
And mailed the coming day in the
fire.

Ah! blessed the letters that happily
go,
On errands of kindness bent,
And much of my peace and fortune
I owe
To the letters I never have sent.

Wrecking Their Nerves
"Oh, I've shot the wrong man,"
exclaimed a D. L. C. lassie. This
worrying over trifles is what's mak-
ing a nervous wreck of the Ameri-
can woman."

WHEN FAR FROM HOME

By Luther Deacon

I.
When you are away from home
And you feel so much alone
With the wide dark world around
you
And life is all unknown.

II.
When the clouds of trouble gather
'round you
And things look awfully blue
Perhaps in the cloud there is a rain-
bow
Just hidden from your view.

III.
When you rise early in the morning
With plenty of work to do
Just remember that there are many
others
Who have to do it too.

IV.
When a rainy day comes rolling
'round,
And the sky looks dark and drear
Think that just beyond those angry
clouds
The sun is shining clear.

V.
When you linger in the evening,
And the sun is low,
With a strong hand to guide you,
You will know which way to go.

VI.
And when the sun sinks to rest
In the far away West,
Be able then to say
"Today I have done my best."
—Composed by Luther Deacon.

"ODE TO TRIG."

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Trig is but an idle dream,
For the man will "funk" that slum-
bers,
And ignorant he will seem.

Trig will kill you—yes, in earnest!
And the grave will be your goal.
D's to you, when test day comes,
"Like a storm cloud o'er your soul."

Not enjoyment, but much sorrow,
Is our destined end and way;
And when in the class tomorrow,
"Prof." finds us crazier than to-
day.

Trig, oh trig! why art thou eating
At our brains so simple like?
Still the pulse of trig is beating
Toward the "bug house" on the
pike.

We fight those problems like a battle,
In the thickest of the strife;
We're just like dumb driven cattle—
Can't work one to save our life!

Trust no "function," how'er pleas-
ant!
They have killed a few "plum"
dead,
And left others at the present
With almost an empty head.

Lives of trig sharks all remind us
We can make our eyes go blind,
And departing leave behind us
Memories of our wasted time.

Memories, and perhaps another
Stumbling over such a stone,
Some poor, weak and ignorant broth-
er,
Seeing, may leave trig alone.

Why, then, should we keep on doing
When such grades have been our
fate,
And those D's like ghosts pursuing
From early morning until late.
Apology to Longfellow.

LET US BE CONTENT

By C. L. J.

When we are handicapped in the race
of life,
A generous heart will the bitter-
ness allay,
And we will be content in knowing
we
Are treading God's divine appoint-
ed way.

It is our pathway, and as God ap-
proved
When sending us to earth with or-
ders sealed,
We know not why or wherefore of
it all,
As goal or God's design is not re-
vealed.

In said defeat or in obscurity
Our hearts content will then ac-
cept the role,
Knowing that God's all-wise, all-lov-
ing hand
Will ever guide us to his hidden
goal.

FAREWELL

Farewell is a tender word,
It often brings a sigh,
But the heart moves not
When the lips move not,
And the eyes speak a gentle goodbye.
—Selected.

Sun-light may teach me forgetting,
Moonlight brings thoughts that are
new,
Twilight brings sighs and regretting,
Moonlight brings sweet dreams of
you.
—Selected.

Break, break, break,
On the cold gray stones, O sea!
If you were to break forty times,
You wouldn't be as broke as me.

A Center Shot
A member of a congregation, be-
coming angry at a sermon the min-
ister was preaching, wrote the single
word "Fool" on a sheet of paper,
called an usher to him and had it
delivered to the minister in the mid-
dle of his sermon. The minister
opened the paper and read what was
written, then he said, "An unusual
thing has happened. A member of
the congregation has signed his name
without writing the letter."—The
Baptist.

STUDENT HAS DAY DREAM

Sees Future of the Boys of Lindsay Hall. Girls Figure in Future to Some Extent

While thinking of the advantages
and privileges of the students of
David Lipscomb College and the
bright prospective future for them,
I fell asleep and dreamed of the
happy future.

Days, weeks, months, and years
had past since our pleasant associa-
tion together in D. L. C. It seemed
as though I was alone in the world,
when suddenly by chance I met
Allen Wood, who became my pal and
companion. Fortune seemed to have
failed to accompany us, we were
rolling stones.

Filled with a spirit of restlessness
we resolved to make a tour around
the globe. We at once set out. Meet-
ing with many obstacles and difficul-
ties we roamed over mountains, and
streams and across deserts, finally
reaching the cold land of the North.
There nestled among the snow-clad
hills, we found an humble cottage.
Tired, weary and hungry we entered
it. To our great surprise we found
the cottage to be the home of our
former friend and associate, Homer
Dudley with an affectionate help-
meet, Oma Morton. We talked of
the various students that were once
at D. L. C. They informed us that
Owen White and Miss Lorena Barber
had settled down to a quiet peaceful
life "Somewhere out in the West,"
while Bill Mason and Miss Nellie
Potts were traveling in Europe.

Traveling on in the colder regions
of the North on a huge iceberg, we
saw something that appeared to be
two human beings. Looking through
a telescope we beheld Harvey P.
Dodd and Miss Frankie Northern
drifting down the stream of time.

Continuing our journey over hill
and dale we came to what seemed to
be a ladder stretching heaven-ward.
On the top rung of it was Clarence
Garner, while on the bottom one was
Clyde Hale looking upward. We
were greatly puzzled. We asked
them what they meant. They said,
"Lo, these many years we have been
seeking love here in this cold bleak
world and have not found it, but on
a higher and nobler plane, we hope
to at least realize it."

Traveling into warmer regions we
found John P. Lewis expounding to
the crocodiles the unexpoundable,
and explaining the unexplainable and
proclaiming the unproclaimable.

Next in the far-off jungles of
Africa we found Clayton James
teaching the monkeys arithmetic.
Some distance away J. G. Hunter
was administering to the wants of a
cricket. Only a short distance over
the plains at a lake was Herman
Taylor trying to teach the tad-poles
how to swim(?)

Farther into the jungles we ran
upon Mervin Gleaves, Walter Camp-
bell, Philip Parham, Eddie Bourne,
and Leo Boles, playing basket ball
with the elephants.
In our further wanderings we
came to the sea where we were sur-
prised to find Roy Johnson trying in
vain to make a Ford car swim the
Atlantic. We told him that was use-
less, but he would be compelled to
find something that would sail. We
were all just about ready to set sail
for America in a coconut, when I
was suddenly awakened by a bin,
boom, bang at the door. It was Allen
Wood wanting me to take a walk
with him.

L. E. D.

PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

By JAMES

To be good is noble, but to teach
others how to be good is nobler—
and less trouble.

As a man soweth so shall he also
rip. He riseth up in the morning
and maketh the buttons fast to his
trousers and lo! in due season his
suspenders worketh on one cylinder
and three rusty nails.

Behold a woman taketh pride in
her crown of glory, but poor deluded
man hieeth himself to the place that
sellecth hair growth that raiseth more
hopes than hair, and bloweth forty
pieces of silver for liquid irrigation
to splash over his throbbing dome
of thought.

Woman is always in love—man
often.

Don't be "fixed," or you will be-
come like a monument, like a grave-
stone, with one blank line waiting
to mark the formal decease and
burial of your body.

My girl is so up-to-date that when
she heard about the New Testament
she wouldn't even read the old any
more.

Garner and Wood were over at
Radnor Lake fishing the other day,
but very new at the game, when
suddenly Garner ejaculated, "Got a
bite yet, Wood?" "Naw, Doc," said
Wood, "I don't believe my worm is
half trying."

The Pessimist

If a pessimist is one who is willing
to learn by experience, I'm guilty.
I ain't never been one to lead a
yeller-haired young hope around by
the hand and introduce it to the
world as a grown-up fact.

The Evidence Was On the Boy's Side
Seated on the bank of a river, a
young urchin was fishing. There was
a notice close by stating that fishing
was private. This, however, did not
seem to trouble the youthful angler.

Suddenly a wrattful individual
burst upon the scene and eyed the
youth and the very fine catch of fish
which was lying beside him.
"Hi, ya young rascal!" howled
the man, "what do you mean by it?
You can't fish here without a per-
mit."

"Can't I?" retorted the youth.
"Well, I dunno. I seem to be doing
very well here with a worm!"
—Western Christian Advocate.

BEWAIL FATE OF WRITER

Too Bad That One So Gifted Has Fallen a Victim to Cupid's Dangerous Darts

ANOTHER VICTIM OF CUPID'S DART.

The readers of the Babbl'ler will re-
gret to know the sad fate that has
befallen our dear young author,
statesman, poet and comic writer,
Mr. Wood. His articles have been
hailed with joy and have banished
many a cloud of gloom. Nothing but
the finger of genius could have
cheered so many people. His presence
in the classroom and on the campus
has been an inspiration to us all.
But alas! those sagacious darts of
wit and humor have become the sighs
and moans characteristic of a wooer.
We thought this great scientist was
immune to all the fatal maladies
characteristic of ordinary men. But
alas! he has succumbed to the most
fatal malady of them all. His heart
has been encrusted in a wall of
iron, which no fair damsel has been
able to penetrate. But now it has
melted, with fervent heat, and is
palpitating with ecstasies and thrills
so common to the fate of a lover. It
is so sad that one so young in
life and so unsophisticated should
come to such an ignominious end.
"Bent is the bough that might have
grown full straight. Burned is apol-
los laurel wreath."

We bespeak for our poor friend
many hours of sweet pain, and many
minutes of excruciating, hopeless ex-
pectancy. Can you imagine Wood
making every social with the one,
and only one and devoting every
spare moment to catch her eye in
the hallways and classrooms, and
spending all his solitary moments
planning love lyrics and lengthy
epistles? Declaring "that his love for
her will last till the sun grows cold.
Till the stars are old and the leaves
of the judgment are unfold."

THE GARBAGE CAN ROLLS

One night as several of us had
just returned from town, one sug-
gested that we throw the garbage
can down the stairway. I was the
first one to pitch it down and I did it
safely. Mr. Johnston suggested, a
few nights later, that we pull the
stunt again, so I told him to turn
the light and I would pitch the can
down. Mr. Johnston agreed to this
and turned the light off. Then I
threw down the can. We ran back
into my room and experienced the
icy sickness of the heart that comes
to those who get caught.

I was then brought before the
great D. L. C. court of justice, or
common pleas, or better known as
the council. I stubbornly denied the
charge for a while, but at last I
owned up and was sentenced to
sweep Lindsay Hall three days. Tak-
ing this as philosophically as is possi-
ble, I submitted to this outrage with-
out any voice of complaint.

But what a fate the destinies
sometimes plan for these poor mor-
tals that find a meager existence on
this earth. As I was standing near
the can one day (it had a strange
but fascinating attraction to me) Mr.
Robert Thurman came along and
said: "Let's pitch her down." I said
all right, so down we let it fall, mak-
ing all sort of unearthly noises. Mr.
Thurman and I appalled by the dole-
ful sound of the falling can hastened
into the pleasant room of our friend
Mr. H. Carter and placed ourselves
under his bed to avoid the watching
councilmen.

One H. C. Hale, a member of that
august body, had an idea that I was
the guilty person. So I was escorted
to the council meeting on the gues-
some night of February 3. Ah, that
night of all cruel nights. It seemed
to me that the demons of the other
world were whispering my guilt con-
tinually in my ears. Shaking off this
feeling as best I could I was ushered
into the presence of the body of
justice.

There sat Mr. H. J. Priestly. He
seemed to be that night one who
read my innermost thoughts. Phant-
om shapes seemed hovering around
me as I heard the sentence, to work
on the "chain gang." This was the
humble beginnings of this important
organization.

Mr. Thurman, before alluded to,
was then brought before the council
and while he was undergoing those
agonies his body was falling heir to
some ill fated soldier of fortune
threw that gruesome can down just
outside the window where the council
was in progress.

Mr. Thurman was then added to
the "chain gang." And the task was
now before the upholders of law and
order to chase to earth the culprits
who threw the can down the last
time; even under their very noses.

Mr. Dickerson and one J. Camp
were brought before the body and
confessed the crime. Ah! Can what
an instrument through which fate
performed such cruel and woeeful suf-
ferings. These two worthy young
men, fine physical and mental spec-
imens of young American manhood
were consigned the deplorable sen-
tence of work on the "chain gang."

The modest band was growing.
Seemingly it was influenced by some
unknown power; some secret force;
some mysterious motivation. This
band was being molded by a power
that is above my humble powers of
understanding. Fate was cruelly
seeking victims in whom to fasten
her phantom clutches. So in this
wise the "chain gang" grew.

One S. Rheas was the next victim.
His offense was that of smoking in
his room. The inevitable happened
to him. He was delegated to increase
the number of the "chain gang."
This rounded out the gang with
the exception of one Happy Stewart,
who is the real pioneer of this move-
ment. And now we are working,
working, working on the "chain
gang."

Now that these confessions and ex-
planations have been written which
rival the confessions of an "English

GLEANINGS FROM PULLIAS' SERMONS

"The thing that is above price in the sight of God is a meek and quiet spirit."

"When we try to be a deep diver, we are in danger of going too deep; when we try to be a sky scraper, we may go too high. Luckily, there is a happy medium for all."

"There is nothing that can't be done by the man who wants to do it. There is no height that cannot be scaled by the man who wishes to climb."

"The Savior laid the axe at the taproot when he laid down the principle, 'Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness.'"

"The religion of Jesus Christ spreads like a blanket over every detail of life."

"Nature tells that God is, but does not tell what he is."

"The reason we have not found God's kingdom and His righteousness is because we have not sought in the right place and in the right way."

A PSALM OF WORK

Tell me not in mournful numbers
That the student council's wrong,
I threw the ash can out the window,
Now my rep is almost gone.

It met on Wednesday evening,
In Bro. Priestly's room,
I walked in very bravely
As I knew not of my doom.

They asked me lots of questions,
Then I saw my chance was gone,
They gave me "seventy-two hours"
And asked "is that too long."

The verdict seemed to give delight,
I, myself, was sick with fright,
Only a few of those hours are gone,
But surely the council is not wrong.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
That the student council's wrong,
I threw an ash can out the window,
Now my rep is almost gone.
—B. S. Rheas.

SPRING PARTNERS

The south wind sweeps through the
treetops.

The sunshine smiles once more;
Into the big brass kettle
A crystal flood I pour.
I lay the firewood deftly
With leaves and grasses dry,
Out into the bright spring weather,
The wind and the sun and I.

The warm sap hums in the kettle,
Its song of mystery,
The fire in a soft staccato
Repeats its love to me.
I, too, possessed of the springtime,
Then as the flames rise high,
Yes, we three sing together,
The sap and the fire and I.

Up from the earth's deep bosom;
At call of sovereign sun,
Up through the good grape maples
The streams of sweetness run.
And, oh, from the forest country,
Which richens by and by,
Three in the sugar making,
The earth, and the trees, and I.

Count On the Dog

"A dog is a wonderfully faithful
companion," remarked the lover of
animals.

"Yes," mused Senator Sorghum.
"A dog's intelligence is not such
that he is liable to get far enough
into politics to be tempted to go
back on a friend!"—Washington
Star.

The Boss Knew

"I don't see that sausage I or-
dered," said the housewife to the
butcher boy who had just delivered
her order.
"Oh, that's all right, mum," said
the youngster. "The boss told me
to tell you that the wurst was yet
to come."—Everybody's Magazine.

opium eater" a phase of greater
understanding seems to invade my
clouded brain. It seems that after
all our seeming misfortunes of being
placed on the "chain gang" were
only a means to enable us to be a
real blessing to mankind, in that we
are now beautifying the campus of
D. L. C. which is badly in need of
this treatment.

So here's to that crooked, cantanker-
ous can,
O long may she be a blessing to man.
Yours very truly,
Calvin Hampton.

J. C. LAWSON

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THE BABBLER

"What would this babbler say"—Acts 17:18

Enola Rickin

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of angelic light."
—Wordsworth.

Vol. 5

DAVID LIPSCOMB COLLEGE, NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH 6, 1925.

No. 11

D. L. C. WINS DOUBLE VICTORY OVER BURRITT

KAPPA NUS DELIGHTFULLY ENTERTAIN WITH PARTY

Give Sapphoneans Enjoyable Time at a Tacky Party Monday Evening, March 2. Costumes and Decorations Grace the Occasion. Refreshments Are Served

FACULTY IS ENTERTAINED

Pres. Boles' Birthday (February 22)
Time of Banquet. Prof. Jno. L. Rainey Is Toastmaster

February 22 is a date familiar and dear to the heart of every true American. Why? Because it is the birthday of a man who was first in peace, first in war, and first in the heart of his countrymen.

This date bears the above significance to the students of David Lipscomb College, with the added one—the birthday of our own president, H. Leo Boles.

In honor of this occasion, Mrs. H. Leo Boles was the hostess of a delightful five course dinner given in the reception hall of Avalon Home on Monday evening, January 23rd. The guests were members of the board of trustees and faculty of David Lipscomb College.

The reception room was artistically decorated, carrying out the color scheme of red, white and blue. The Washington idea was emphasized in the table decorations; the place cards having figures of Martha and George Washington, and the favors being little Washington hats filled with salted peanuts. The central decoration was a bouquet of red roses, a gift to the honoree, over a mirrored service. The following courses were served:

Fruit cocktail.
Fish, sweet potato croquettes, peas in timbales, rice balls, olives, pickles, sliced tomato salad.
Fruit salad in apple baskets.
Ice cream and individual cakes iced and decorated with cherries.
Coffee.
Professor John L. Rainey acted as toastmaster. He offered a toast to Prof. Boles; Prof. Boles replied. Prof. Freed gave a toast to the trustees; Prof. Cuff offered a toast to wives of the faculty. Then Prof. Freed presented a genuine black leather traveling bag to Prof. Boles as a gift from the faculty, thus making a very suitable end to a very pleasant occasion.

Allan Wood: "My father built the Rocky Mountains."
Garner: "Aw, that's nothing. Do you know the Dead Sea? Well, my grandfather killed it."

"GHOSTS OF HILO" GIVEN BY SAPPHO SOCIETY

Girls of Sapphonean Society Present an Attractive Program. Chorus Is Very Effective and Color Scheme Good

"Ghosts of Hilo," the annual program of the Sapphonean Society, was very beautifully given Wednesday evening, February 25. The airy costumes so suggestive of Hawaiian sunshine and the gentle breeze of palm trees were very effective against a background of evergreens and roses, that covered the back of the stage. Across the front of the rostrum suspended from the top was a mass of vines interwoven with roses. Japanese lanterns of various colors, aided by shaded lights, were especially effective in the beautiful decorative scheme and added additional charm to the elaborate stage setting.

Miss Maudie Morgan, a very talented soprano, played with much skill and grace the role of the Princess. She possesses a clear, high, mellow voice that captivates everyone who hears her, and her voice was never sweeter than while she was singing the melodious strains so characteristic of Hawaiian music.

The part of the sorceress was well played by Miss Lillian Burton, who is very gifted in the art of expression. With her weird voice and gestures she could make her audience almost feel the cold mysterious hands of the ghosts of Hilo.

Miss Nell Conlee, with her childish actions, was very charming as Kealoha, the little sister, her voice being very sweet and tender, and she also showed much talent as a pupil of expression.

The young ladies of the Sapphonean Society who were in the chorus, sang well together. The entire program, from the prelude played by Miss Irma Lee Batey, to the last note of the final song, showed thorough preparation and much talent.

The Sapphonean Society has set a high standard and much effort must be put forward by those who are to play any part in the programs that are to follow in order to measure up to the standard they have set.

ONE OF GOD'S NOBLEST WOMEN

Our Matron! How dear to the hearts of the girls of Avalon Home. One whose truthfulness of heart gold cannot buy. Miss Delk is a wise counselor, a great and true friend. She laughs with us, guides us, sympathizes with us, understands us. Integrity, depth of personality, trust, gentleness, all may aptly be applied to our matron. Things foreign to her are anger, evil-speaking, malice and bitterness. Because she has sown courtesy she has reaped friendship; because she has sown kindness she has gathered love. Let this slight

token of the debt we owe, like the trailing arbutus under snow, take bloom and fragrance that all may know our deep appreciation.

Miss Delk, your girls hope the ways Which lie ahead may all be fair,
That God may guard you all your days
And joy attend you everywhere;
And that through all the years you live
You may have blessings rich and rare
For all the gladness that you give.

TATUM WINS CALLIO MEDAL

Annual Program of Orations Is Given. "Sam Davis" Subject of Winning Speech

On Monday evening, Feb. 23, the Calliopeans gave their annual program, since it is a custom for all four of the literary societies of David Lipscomb College to give a program each year. This program was given this year on Feb. 23, this date being chosen to celebrate the birthday of the founder of the society, Pres. H. Leo Boles.

The Calliopeans varied from programs given heretofore, by giving an oratorical contest, which caused much interest to be manifested. The society gave a medal to the winner, being presented by J. Roy Vaughn, chairman of the program.

The contestants and their subjects were: George Warren, "The Constitution"; Vernon Spivey, "Character or the making of Man"; Edward Craddock, "Belshazzar's Feast"; John R. Hovious, "Happiness and Liberty"; Leo L. Boles, "The Unknown"; Sam Davis Tatum, "Sam Davis" (original).

The contest was won by Sam Tatum, whose oration, which follows, speaks for itself.

"I pay tribute to one of the highest of human virtues, and emphasize the fact that an admiration still lives in the Southern heart for that exalted sentiment that 'A man's word should be his bond.' A few steps from his boyhood home sleeps the immortal dust of the South's greatest hero.

On October 6, 1842, near Smyrna, Tennessee, was born in a Christian home Sam Davis. His early life was spent on his father's farm, where his companions were mocking birds, bees, and butterflies. He had a winning way, an utter fearless eye, a frank and gentle speech, and the self poise of a great soul. He was tutored by his Christian parents who were of strong character and strict integrity. He learned as a country boy two hard lessons that few men learn in a life time: To obey orders and fear nothing but God. Next to his God, even above his tender love for his mother and home, Sam cherished that old time sense of "honor" so sacred among the traditions of the Old South where one's word of honor meant more than wealth, fame, or life itself.

The honor that gives Sam Davis place among the immortals was of the kind that sought not the life of another in revenge but gave one's life in devotion to duty.

When the war clouds began to rise, Sam was attending school in Nashville. Electrified by exciting speech, prophecy, beating drum (glittering steel, and tread of foot, he was aroused to his duty. He bade his teachers farewell as he did his dear father and mother and at the age of 17 enlisted at Murfreesboro in the First Tennessee regiment. Sam Davis' life, as a private soldier was one of drudgery and danger. After his enlistment he was assigned to Coleman's scouts, and commissioned as a regular spy. With other scouts he was sent into Middle Tennessee to get all the information possible concerning the movement of the Federals. With valuable information of his own and some received from Gen. Coleman, known to Federals as General Shaw, he was making his way to General Bragg at Missionary Ridge. On November 20, 1863, he was captured near Pulaski and taken to the headquarters of General Lodge. At the same time General Coleman, Sam's Captain, was captured.

Davis soon gained the respect of his captors. They realized his grave situation. They endeavored to obtain information from him that would enable them to find the traitor in their own ranks. General Dodge describes his meeting with Davis: "Davis met me modestly. He was a fine soldierly looking young man. I tried to impress on him the danger of his position but held out to him a lenient treatment if he would answer truthfully my questioning. Davis listened attentively and respectfully but made no definite answer." He

"SEEK FIRST HIS KINGDOM"

Is Subject of Sunday Sermon by E. A. Elam. Preached at David Lipscomb College, March 1

The sermon Sunday morning, March 1, 1925, by E. A. Elam was delivered in that thoughtful, careful, prayerful way so characteristic of the person speaking. The text was from the Sermon on the Mount, specifically, "Seek yet first his Kingdom and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

In his introductory remarks, the speaker called attention to the fact that Christ "spoke as never man spoke." No philosopher has been able to so speak for his words are higher than any of man even as the heavens are higher than the earth. Christ sought not the applause of the world, in fact, he was very unpopular with the rulers of the people. Yet his principles are so lofty and his examples so noble that all are called upon to "seek first his kingdom and his righteousness."

The exhortation, said the speaker in continuing the discourse, was not only applicable to the apostles at the time of Christ, but is applicable now to all men at all times. His law as applied to man cannot be amended. It is as eternal as the authority of Jesus Christ himself.

Those who fail to seek the kingdom will not get so much as a glimpse of that kingdom. Politicians seek offices, students at school and college seek an education yet may fail even in the seeking, but the person who seeks the kingdom of God in the right way has the assurance that such shall be found.

The speaker gave an exhortation to seek in youth. There is a time for this seeking and that time is when impressions are easily made and when vigor and strength of manhood and womanhood can be given to the greatest purpose on earth—service to God. Church members are called upon to seek first the affairs pertaining to Christ's kingdom. It is one's business to be at his post of duty always and when one is thus stationed, he is a partner or co-worker with the Lord. And since all are partners with the Lord, man has no time for anything else. The kingdom demands one's life, one's time, one's all.

The lesson was closed with a definition of the kingdom to be sought—righteousness, peace, joy in the Holy Spirit. When one seeks after these attributes, he is seeking the kingdom of God and shall in no sense lose the comforts needed in life nor the associations in the eternal kingdom in the hereafter.

was conscious that the possession of the documents unexplained would inevitably cause his death, but to contend that he was acting as messenger under the order of Captain Shaw would result in giving his Captain to death.

He was brought before General Dodge a second time. "I informed him," said the General, "that his silence would convict him and made a direct appeal to him to give the name of the person from whom he received the information. I knew it must be some one near headquarters who had the confidence of my staff, for he had accurate information concerning my army. He thanked me for the interest I had taken in him and said: 'I know that I will have to die, but I will not tell where I received the information and there is no power on earth that can make me tell. You are doing your duty as a soldier and so am I.'"

He was sentenced to die on the gallows Friday, November 27, 1863. Again and again Federal soldiers pleaded with Sam to disclose his informer's name and save his life, but all in vain. His last days were days of loneliness. Childhood scenes vividly flashed through his memory. He thought of his old home where he spent his happiest days, where he spent his last night with mother who tucked him to sleep. He remembered his mother's goodby kiss.

Chaplain Young of the 81st Ohio Infantry was his constant visitor and comfort, to whom the last messages and tokens were given. Chaplain (Continued on page 2.)

DEBATING TEAMS WIN LAURELS UNANIMOUSLY

Opponents Brilliant in Efforts but Fall Under Heavy Hand of D. L. C. Representatives. Child Labor Law Is Question Under Discussion

The initial forensic number, the debate with Burritt College, February 28, 1925, resulted in a unanimous victory for David Lipscomb College at both places. Question for discussion was, "Resolved, That the proposed child labor law amendment should be adopted by the Congress of the United States." In the field of debates, D. L. C. has thus held aloft her standard and promises well to continue to fling her sails to the winds and press onward. Each college was represented by two teams, one to affirm the proposition at home and one to deny the proposition abroad.

In the fight on home grounds, David Lipscomb College was represented by Clayton L. James and John R. Hovious. They were opposed by Messrs. Acuff and Fox. Both teams seemed evenly matched, yet in the progress of the discussion it became evident that the affirmative was putting up a defense that could not be penetrated. The affirmative plead for the child labor law for one reason and that the inadequacy of present-day state child labor laws. Hovious maintained that laws thus far passed have been proved invalid, which necessitates an amendment which shall take the situation in hand.

Acuff came back at his opponent with ten objections to the law as proposed. Since the bill is sponsored by Socialist leaders, he contended that it places the nation on the path to socialism. Further, Acuff argued that the law would work injustice to the youth of the land, causing a widespread prevalence of idleness. "Child idleness of the many," he very forcefully maintained, "is more dangerous than child labor of the few." He argued also that this national law could not be adapted to the states.

Clayton James rushed violently into the affirmative discussion with the making of a clear-cut distinction between a national and a state law. Showing that the labor question cannot be handled by the respective states, he made it all the more evident that the national government must handle this question.

Fox continued the argument in favor of the negative, contending that it is not necessary to disregard state laws and invade state rights merely to pass a law not justified by present needs. Such, he said, is merely a step toward giving Congress all authority in any matters of state's rights.

The discussion was closed by four. (Continued on page 2.)

"BACKLOG" GOES TO THE PRESS

Arrangements Complete. Editors Baars and Taylor Predict Beautiful Annual

As has been previously announced, the Backlog staff has been working faithfully to get the "dummy" to the printer as soon as possible. The task has now been completed, and the Backlog will soon be in readers' hands.

The editors feel that this volume is an improvement over last year's edition. They have endeavored to portray the school spirit, friendly rivalry, and general good feelings that exist in David Lipscomb College.

The 1925 Backlog will contain about one hundred and fifty pages of carefully chosen scenes, material, etc. The various clubs, classes, societies, and organizations were given recognition. Two hundred and fifty copies of the annual are being printed, and it is thought that the sales will be rapid. So all should send in four dollars and secure one of these, the fourth volume of the Backlog.

The staff hereby wishes to thank all those who have so kindly assisted them in getting out this edition. Especially do they thank those who have advertised in it and promise to show their appreciation by co-operating with the following firms:

Cain-Sloan Co.
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FAMOUS READER MAKES SECOND VISIT TO D. L. C.

Miss Florence Lutz, of New York, Very Cleverly Presents "The Passing of The Third Floor Back." Audience Is Charmed by the Story

LINDSAY HALL CATCHES FIRE

Boys Fight Heroically and Extinguish Flames Before Damage Is Done

At eleven o'clock Friday night, Feb. 27, 1925, the halls and several rooms of Lindsay Hall were filled with smoke. Calls of "Fire" were heard, valuables were being collected and rooms deserted, and the location of the fire undiscovered. Finally, flames were seen to issue from a cabinet on first floor of the west wing of the dormitory. It was rapidly fanning into a dangerous flame when first discovered, but every boy present secured a bucket and soon the "Lindsay Hall Fire Brigade" was dashing water on the fire with the speed and skill of an expert fire department. Not until late in the night was the smoke cleared away and all the boys had told "What I did." Heroes were numerous and as plentiful were those who "first saw the smoke." A thrilling chapter was added to the chronicles of Lindsay Hall.

It is not known how the fire began. The cabinet where the fire was found was used by the commercial department for storing materials. The contents were consumed. The fire was extinguished at an opportune time as it was at a place and at such a point in development as to easily destroy the entire building.

Gerald: "What is worse than a man without a country?"
Ollie: "A country without a man."

On Saturday night, February 21, David Lipscomb College was honored for the second time by a visit from the famous reader, Miss Florence Lutz.

Miss Lutz is from New York, and although for some years she was connected with the Curry School of Expression in Boston, Miss Lutz has given up her position there and is now making extended tours to the cities over the South and elsewhere, reading and lecturing. Her fame is national, and this school deems it indeed a privilege and an honor to hear her. Miss Lutz read at Ward-Belmont on the preceding Wednesday night. Although all of the schools of Nashville that wished to hear her read were not able to get her. It was through the efforts of Miss Crabtree, the splendid expression teacher, that this college was able to get her. All are very thankful to Miss Crabtree for doing this, as they are for the many other good things she does for the school. Miss Crabtree is herself a graduate of the Curry School of Expression and a personal friend of Miss Lutz.

Miss Lutz read "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." It was a beautiful story and the artistic way in which she handled her characters was wonderful. Although there were many characters to play, she did it so well that the audience was never confused. Her tone-color was beautiful and especially in the latter part of the story. Another thing one cannot help noticing about Miss Lutz is her grace and ease on the stage. She is a marvelous reader and it was a great inspiration, especially to the members of the Expression Department to hear her. All sincerely hope that Miss Lutz's visit to David Lipscomb College will be an annual event, and look forward with pleasure to her next visit.

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"WOMAN"

Someone has said, "There is no jewel in the world so valuable as a chaste and virtuous woman." And another one, "Woman is the salvation or destruction of the family; she carries its destiny in the folds of her mantle." Now since the family or home is the unit or strength of a nation, it might be well for us to consider woman, her characteristics and her virtues.

A true and virtuous woman is the embodiment of all that is good; Solomon said her price is far above rubies. Woman has been called a Chinese puzzle and a mixture of complexity. This may be true, but underneath all this lies many noble and excellent virtues. Some of these are sympathy, gentleness, endurance, patience, loyalty and love.

In woman resides sympathy, which indeed satisfies many a thirst. Woman is governed by sympathy and understanding. Sympathy is that hidden stimulus which responds in understanding—then

"Thank well the gods when she comes to you,
The woman who understands."

Another characteristic of woman is gentleness, which is closely akin to meekness. Her gentleness has calmed many a tempest and soothed many aching hearts, bringing the light of joy in lives where sadness has dwelt. G. W. Langford said:

"Speak gentle! 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well.
The good the joy it may bring
Eternity shall tell."

Endurance is another of these virtues. Woman often endures the seemingly endurable for the sake of others. Unselfishness is essential to endurance. She believes that endurance is nobler than strength.

"Endurance is the crowning quality
of patience,
All the passion of great hearts."

Woman is endowed with that priceless gift—patience. She believes that by patient waiting all things come in due season.

"There is no great achievement
that is not the result of patient working
and waiting."

Constant loyalty in small things is a great and heroic virtue. Shakespeare very beautifully paints the loyalty of woman in the character, Imogen, in his play Cymbeline. Through every adversity she remains loyal to her husband. Her action is typical of every woman's character.

Oh, where is loyalty?
If it be banished from woman,
Where shall it find a harbor in the
earth?"

Love is woman's crowning virtue. Samuel Smiles said, "A woman's best qualities do not reside in her intellect, but in her affections." This may or may not be true, but one must acknowledge that woman exceeds the generality of man in love.

"Love is the life of the soul. It is the harmony of the universe."

Woman has been defined with the following terms: Beauty, chivalry, civilization, curiosity, friendship, lady, laughter, love, manners, mother, purity, reputation, secrecy, talkativeness, thought, virtue and wit. Was Holmes right when he said, "Nature is in earnest when she makes a woman"?

**TO THE MOTHERS
OF D. L. C. GIRLS**

Mothers of the girls of D. L. C., wherever you are, it matters not that you are far away, we do not forget you nor cease to love and honor you. We miss you, yes, but we know that in staying away from you we are helping to fulfill your hopes and plans for us. We do not want to disappoint you, but are working that your dreams as well as ours may be made a reality. We know that for long years you have labored and planned that we might have an education, and that we might have all the advantage and opportunities possible. We are now enjoying these opportunities, and we can never express to you our thanks and appreciation for your helping make them possible for us. However, we will do our best to show this appreciation by taking advantage of these opportunities and shaping our lives as best we can, so that you may ever be proud to own us as your own.

**DEBATING TEAMS
WIN LAURELS**

(Continued from page 1.)

minute rejoinders from each speaker. In these rejoinders James and Hovious swayed the evidence to their side thus securing the unanimous decision of the judges.

The team representing David Lipscomb College at Spencer, Tenn., was composed of Walter Campbell and Owen White. They were met by Messrs. Brady and Taft. Similar arguments were used by the debaters here as were used by the other teams save in the case of Campbell and White, who at a strategic point produced a convincing chart which took their opponents by storm.

White was brilliant in his denial of the question; Campbell made a record speech, winning the decision for best speaker. Burritt teams at both discussions deserve much commendation as their arguments were concise and well delivered.

Campbell and White report a pleasant time at Burritt College. Sunday morning Mr. Campbell spoke at the church and both men speak well of the people of Spencer.

Judges for debates were men of no connection with either college. David Lipscomb College chose for judges professors from Vanderbilt and Peabody; Burritt College chose professors from Union University and Sparta High School, with a Sparta lawyer, Mr. Butler.

**TATUM WINS
CALLIO MEDAL
UNANIMOUSLY**

(Continued from page 1.)

Young said: "The night before he died we sang together, 'On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand,' and as he desired I prayed with him. I was glad to learn that he believed in Christ and was sustained by noble principles. These simple words of his faith in God were more beautiful to me than the most impassioned eloquence that ever fell from the lips of man. Flowers too rich and rare cannot be placed on his grave, and no monument can be erected to his memory with shaft too polished, too high. The towering shafts that mark his memory shall crumble to earth while yet the lustre of his glory shall shine on wherever manly virtue is regarded. On that last night he wrote his farewell words to mother. It may be ministering angels came that night and gave him strength.

The fatal morning came and I can see his calm eye, firm lips, and steady look as he was ready to be offered up. On the morning of his execution he was taken from his cell and seated upon his coffin in a wagon rode to the gallows. With a smile on his face he waved a sad farewell to his fellow prisoners. Upon reaching the gallows, surrounded by thousands of Federals with tear stained faces, amid the noise of the beating drum, he got out and took a seat beside a tree. He shortly asked a Captain how long he had to live. The Captain replied, "Fifteen minutes." He then asked about the latest news from the front. He was told of his army's defeat at Missionary Ridge. He expressed regret and then with one last quaver in his voice he spoke of his comrades in gray, "The boys will have to fight the remainder of the battles without me." Then the Captain broke down and said, "My son, I had rather die myself than execute sentence against you."

Davis was ordered to the gallows. General Lodge had hopes that Davis would recant when he saw death staring him in the face, and would reveal the name. Davis with the noose around his neck was offered freedom if he would only speak the name. To this he made his immortal reply: "If I had a thousand lives I would lose them all before I would betray my friend or the confidence of my informant." This passed away one of the sublimest and noblest characters known in history, and through all ages his act can be pointed to as worthy of emulation.

Unless we cherish his memory we are a race of reprobates. Emerson says, "Few men find themselves before they die." The South found not Sam Davis until his body lay in the grave. Other heroes have died; but Davis had life, liberty, a pardon and a safe passage to his lines offered him. The man who gave him the information was within the sound of his voice. He gave no hint of his inenuity. By a single word the prison doors that held him captive would have stood ajar. Yet he chose to meet death without a tremor, when, to let the current of life flow on would be to sacrifice his honor. He sealed his faith with blood and gave his life on the altar of duty rather than betray his country and his friends.

Blind Homer, who sang the story of Troy; Milton, who told of Paradise Lost; Shakespeare, who sounded every depth and touched every shore of humanity; Dante, and all the other masters can nothing add and nothing take from the simple majesty that clothed the death of Davis. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." His memory will ever be sacred to those who love the pure, the true, the brave. When we gather the children around the hearths, tell them that brave men really never die, that truth is worth more than gold, that honor is more precious than life.

"O, stars, that now his brothers are,
O, sun, his sire in truth and light,
O, tell the listening worlds afar
Of him who died for truth and right:
For martyrs of all martyrs he
Who dies to save an enemy."

Mary O.: "When was the Revival of Learning?"
"When monthly reports came in."

"Miss Landers, how do you like Walt Whitman?"
"Like him? Why, I don't even know him. When did he come?"

**A FISHING TRIP
IN THE ROCKIES**

The sun rose late that beautiful August morning, as it always does when it has to climb up over the mountains before it can be seen.

Long shadows were cast out over the valley, some rounded and some pointed, according to the shape of the mountain peaks they were representing.

Although the sun was lazy, it was the only dilatory thing that morning. Everything about the ranch was in a hustle. Horses were being fed and saddled; fishing tackle was being got together. Meantime in the house breakfast was being prepared and lunches packed, for we were going for a fishing trip in the mountains. We were going to Lake Kama in Big Bear Canyon, about halfway up Mt. Blanca.

Mt. Blanca is the highest peak of the Rockies in Colorado. It is located in the San Luis Valley, about one hundred miles south of Pueblo, and it has an elevation of 14,390 feet.

Most of the peaks, rivers, lakes, and falls there have Spanish names because the Spaniards and Mexicans once ruled this country. The name "Blanca" means "white," and it is applied to the mountain to which we were going because of the snow that is there most of the time.

But this bright morning we were not bothered much about names or history. Indeed, our minds were centered on a good time and "rainbow trout."

"Our hearts were light and merry as our company of four galloped away from the ranch house, taking with us lunch boxes, fishing poles, kodaks, and everything that would help us have a good time.

About half a mile up the hill we stopped at a log cabin where two friends joined us. From there on our real climb began. The road we were traveling turned into a narrow trail, as it wound up and around and in and out. Some places were so steep that I thought sure I would slide off. But by desperately "choking" the saddle horn I managed to stay with my steed. It was necessary to stop every few minutes to let the horses rest; and I, being unaccustomed to those mountain ways, would feel sorry for the poor horses and call a halt much oftener than it pleased the guide to stop. Sometimes we stopped when I ordered, sometimes we didn't.

By this time we were pretty well up the slope we had to climb before going down into the canyon. Up there on the rim of the canyon I noticed that most of the trees appeared dead and everything was quite bare. Upon inquiry I learned that there had been a forest fire there the year before, and that a great scope of timber had been destroyed.

We were now at the top of the ridge. From there we could look down and see the bottom of the canyon hundreds of feet below. I could not see how it would be possible to get down such a place. From the steepness of the slope I was positively sure we would fall and go sliding, tumbling, crashing—men, horses and lunches—all into one big heap at the bottom. I called another halt and asked as to the safety of this adventure. I was instructed to get off and lead my horse down. This I agreed to if they would promise to let me be last. For if we were going down as I had anticipated, I didn't want to be on the bottom.

Of course I was the laughing stock of the crowd, for nothing of the sort happened. But by going down in a spiral fashion we were soon at the bottom.

The next proposition was to cross the stream we found there. It was not wide, but it was rather deep and coming down at a terrific rate of speed. We mounted out horses and sent a scout in each direction to look for a ford; and soon from the lusty cry coming from the scout that had gone upstream we knew that a suitable place had been found. When we got to the place we saw the water was lashing and whirling over the rocks. It looked dangerous, but by holding our feet high up on the horses' sides we managed to get across without getting wet.

By this time there was no trail at all, but the leader said that the quickest way to get there would be to climb the other side of the canyon and follow along its edge. This was the worst time of all. The incline was so steep that we could not ride. The ground was loose and wet because of the melting snow, and there was great danger of slipping. We started, and by catching hold of weeds, bushes and twigs pulled ourselves up over many places that we were able to surmount only with much difficulty.

This was the most frightful adventure I had ever had. I would climb up a few feet until the bridle rein became taut, then the horse would come lunging up, and I would scramble on to keep out of the way; dead sure all the time that I would be run over the next moment. On and on I scrambled; and on and on the horse came. Once I slipped and fell, and then I knew I would be crushed by the on-coming horse. But I suppose he felt sorry for me this time, for he stopped right beside me.

When finally I got to the top, the whole party had gone on. I was so angry because we had been brought up such a place that I sat down and cried. They began to call me. I went on and found them waiting a short distance ahead.

We followed the edge of the canyon for some distance and then crossed again to the other side. But this time with less difficulty, for we had found the trail again. We found wild raspberries along the way, and we stopped to get a few and to take some pictures of the lovely scenes.

We reached Lake Kama about noon. It was the most beautiful lake I had ever seen. The water was clear and blue. On one side of the lake there were beautiful pine trees that had their reflection in the water. On the other side there was

**GIRLS' ESSAY
ON BOYS**

Girls Give Opinion of Boys. "He Am Fine Anyway Almost."
(Oh, Boys!)

A boy am a gallant piece of architecture now. He looks like he am ascended from an ape. He hasn't no mnemocines and he am needs of confablation with mnemosyne. He am constantly in a monomania to be saluterous. He am of an appetite liken unto an whale. He acts like he am what he am not. He love a girl until he see a prettier one and then he ruthlessly break her heart in two and deceive the other. He tell every girl she am the only girl he have ever loved and will ever be able to love. He am a critter of words rather than actions. He am boastful of a tomorrow and whiles away today. He am proud as a peacock and struts amazedly. He thinks he am a good-looking fellow when he am ugly as the ugly duckling. If you brag on him his head swell fit to burst and if you won't praise him he am sulky as an possum. If you don't talk to him when he want you to or go where he want you to go he am mad at you. He think every girl am in love with him. He think she ought to give him every date he ask for. He think she no have nothing to do cept look at, talk to, or write to him. He think she ought never get tired of his un-couthness. He think she never notice his impoliteness, but he am badly fooling himself all the time. He think a girl am a inanimate object in motion and must remain unchanged no matter how the boy do. A boy am like unto a little puppy, when you pet him he bark kindly and when you don't not he bite like an lion, growl like an wind, roar like an thunder, and flash like an lightning. He am too low for an high praise, too brown for an fair praise, too little for an great praise.

And yet he am capable of acting lovely. He am a real piece of loveliness at times. He am a friend and protector in time of need, trouble, tempests, and storm when he want to be. He send us candy when we be well and flowers when we be sick. He give us a seat when we ain't got any hardly at all. He carry our bundles when we are good to him. He am fine anyway almost. We marry him if he must want us to. Summing up: we ist love him heaps cause: firstly, he love us a little; secondly, we ain't got anybody else to love; sixthly, he send us good things; to conclude: he am a brave knight; thirdly and lastly: we want to love him firstly.

Alice: "I showed father the verses you sent me. He was pleased with them."
Herman: "Indeed! What did he say?"

Alice: "He said he was delighted to find that I wasn't going to marry a poet!"

a great mass of rocks that had tumbled down from the cliff above almost into the lake.

There was more than watches to tell us it was dinner time. So we unsaddled our horses, picketed them, and sat down on a big pile of boulders and ate our lunch. How good everything tasted! I didn't know anything could taste so good; and there wasn't half enough. During the climb we had used up much of our energy.

After lunch we went up above the lake a little way to explore. We found a little two-roomed log cabin that had been built for campers. There were names carved on the walls by people from all parts of the United States.

We then followed the mountain stream down to the lake. Such beautiful, rushing, foaming water! Such magnificent pines! As I stood there gazing up at those trees, trying to see the tops, I caught sight of Blanca peak, more than a thousand feet above us, and then of the blue sky far above that, and I thought, "How truly wonderful God is to make all these things!"

We soon got our fishing tackle, for we were determined to have some fish. I didn't know much about fishing for trout. But after changing places about a dozen times I managed to catch seven. Altogether we got about fifty small ones. We dressed them, and as the sun was getting pretty well down the western slope we began to make preparations to go. It was such a pretty place that it was with great regret that we took our leave.

The route seemed much shorter going home. As we approached the mouth of the canyon we could look out over the surrounding country. But, behold! some clouds had come between us and the valley, and instead of looking on the land, it seemed as if we were looking out on an ocean of big white waves. To be sure, these were white clouds, but it was a very good imitation, indeed.

The clouds continued to gather, and the air began to get cool; and as showers came up so quickly in the mountains, we began to hurry so that we would be down out of the hills before it began to rain. We were hurrying along as fast as we could when we came upon a tree that had fallen across the trail. The hills were rather steep, and there were many big rocks in our way. In going around the tree my horse stumbled over a rock and fell with me. Like a flash he jumped to his feet. It didn't hurt me much, but I was unable to get up. There I lay frightened, half laughing, half crying. My head was down hill and my feet up, and I was on such a steep incline that I could not get up. I called for help, and I was soon on my horse and going again.

We were just out of the canyon when it began to rain. And, O, such a cold rain! It seemed that we would freeze, but we didn't. We reached home about dark, drenched with rain, and cold, but happy and full of adventure.

O, it's great to be a Westerner!
ALICE M. BARBER.

**MARIE'S
LOST VOICE**

Marie Blanton was the accomplished daughter of the village blacksmith. Her people were happy and poor. Just as the miller sang, "I envy nobody, but nobody envies me," so did this proud father of Marie Blanton. Mrs. Blanton was happy, too, for she had a good, hard-working husband, a pretty daughter that could sing, and another daughter not so talented, but wise, prudent and sweet-tempered.

Marie had a voice and her singing was sweet and melodious. At night, when the mother and second daughter had finished the supper dishes they were pleased to rest while Marie sang to them. Mrs. Blanton was especially fond of "In Ole Virginia," for she was reared in that state. Often as Marie sang her eyes were set and she almost experienced again her girlhood days. She never grew tired of this song and every night she requested Marie to sing it again. It seemed to have such a restful effect upon her body, which was worn and tired from hard work. In every possible way the other three members sacrificed and saved in order to pay for Marie's voice lessons and pretty dresses which she had to have.

When Marie was seventeen she graduated high school from the small village school. Her classmates asked her to sing on the program the day they received their diplomas. Gladly she consented, for she was very proud of her good voice. Attending this program was a strange man who at once realized the remarkable quality in Marie's voice. He visited her home, and after much persuasion induced her family to send her to New York to a big conservatory of music to study. Marie was anxious to go, but her parents knew they were too poor to send her. Nevertheless she went.

In New York, Marie was very popular and her voice became famous in only a short time. When it was generally known that she was of such unusual power on the stage, many people sought her. She met many friends and had two very serious love affairs. One was with an old man with whom she had made a contract. She was to star in one of the biggest operas then known. Of course this was a wonderful opportunity for Marie, and in all this splendor she soon forgot her humble home.

One night back at the little village the father and mother and daughter were sitting around the piano and wishing for Marie to sing to them. "I wonder why she doesn't write," said Mrs. Blanton. "I wish she were here tonight to sing 'In Ole Virginia' for me. All were silent for a few minutes and then six large salt tears fell down three sad faces. They had mortgaged their home to give her money which she needed, and now the time had come for them to pay or move. Of course they couldn't pay, so they put themselves at the mercy of the owner of the mortgage. The poor mother became sick from exposure and lack of proper rest. She worried continually about Marie and cried of the danger she was probably in. The father was sad but would pat his wife with his large rough hand and say, "Don't worry, Love, the Lord always provides."

Back in New York Marie was infatuated with the splendor of the life she was living in and thought of nothing except herself and her voice. The time had come when she would make her debut in the musical world, for she was the leading lady in the best opera. Jimmy, her other suitor, was very jealous of Marie and especially was he angry because she accepted this place with "that old man," as he called him. He wanted her to live a quiet life and marry him. Enraged, he enters the auditorium among thousands of other people who are anxious to hear Marie's voice.

As she enters a loud applause is given her and she smiles her appreciation. She sings so beautifully that people are speechless with interest. She proceeds in the play. A baby is put in her arms. She sings a lullaby as she slowly nears the edge of the stage. Her old lover and manager is waiting to embrace her, for he is pleased with her success. The audience couldn't see him, but Jimmy could, for he was in a box. As she entered the stage for the second act and opened her mouth to sing, "boom." And she fell prostrate on the floor. Jimmy had shot her.

In her exquisite apartment a few weeks later the doctor said, "She'll never sing again." Marie's heart was broken, her hopes had fled, and she would be penniless. Now her thoughts turned toward home. She wondered why she had neglected them. Now she was ashamed to write or come home. In four weeks from the night she was shot she received a telegram from the little village. Trembling she opened it. "Mother is dying; come if you want to see her."

When Marie came in the house her mother was past speaking, but she seemed to recognize her. Not as a proud and happy girl, but as a woman with a lost career. Marie never spoke but wept bitterly. To the surprise of all, Mrs. Blanton spoke, "Marie, darling, sing 'In Ole Virginia' for me while I'm dying." This only added to Marie's grief, for she had lost her voice. What could she do? It was no time for explanation then. She decided to try to sing. What had happened? Her voice had come back. She was happy, for as she sang she could see her mother revive. Slowly a faint attempt was made at a smile. It was there. The father's eyes opened in amazement and he was too happy to speak. As Marie finished the song she kissed her mother, who made a desperate effort to return it.

Mrs. Blanton is sitting up and how happy they all are. Marie had helped her father and sister work and now they were content to live forever in the little village.

"LIFE'S ANCHOR"

A ship is sailing on a stormy sea. The crew is hoping against hope to steer it to the distant shore where the anchor will keep it safely moored against the storm. The waves dash on the vessel, but they cannot destroy it, because just ahead is the zone of safety where it may rest securely as though the waters were calm and tranquil. A cry comes from the captain to put forth every effort to reach the shore, which is bidding the tempest-tossed sailors a glad welcome. Slowly and safely the ship anchors and rests against the wave-ribbed shore. Night comes on, the storm has ceased, all is calm and peaceful, the sun has dipped his golden head in the liquid ocean bed. As the darkness slowly gathers only the faint outline of the ship can be seen as it gently rocks to and fro. The mists of the night gather, and as the dark veil is slowly drawn an echo comes from the receded waves that all is well.

Time is a sea, the sea whose waters reach from the Garden of Eden to eternity. Every one who lives must sail this sea; all who have lived before us have guided their boats through its waters, and those who will walk in our footsteps will ply the same course. Kings and peasants alike must man their own vessel. Every individual is a drop in this great sea, every trial a wave, every soul a ship.

When the ship of life begins its cruise the sea is calm and undisturbed, because to youth there are no dashing waves and angry winds to turn the bark in the opposite direction. No gale turns the sail from the goal.

As the days of happiness and pleasure emerge into those of responsibility the winds begin to blow, the first wave lashes the vessel and soon the sea becomes disturbed and threatens to send the topsail beneath the billows. It is then that we realize life is not all serenity and quietude. We know then that we need the Pilot to point out to us the anchor of life. When the waves of adversity, grief, loneliness and sorrow beat against our bark the Master Sailor is the only one who can launch it safely. He who can say to the waves, "Peace, be still."

Were it not for this Hand that bids the foaming waves recede what would life mean to those who must sail this sea? If we had no part in which to steer our ship and no anchor to keep it from sinking in the deep we would all perish beneath the billows.

After three score and ten years of sailing on these waters, when the shades of death's night begin to lengthen, when the sailors' mystic song has ended, when the notes of the fog horn begin to fall on our ears, will we see the lights of that golden strand beckoning us to enter and anchor forever?

When the night mists gather over our ship and we can see no longer our course, may there come an echo from the serene waters that all is well, and that God, the everlasting Pilot, is waiting to clasp our hand as our souls anchor in the waters of eternity.

OUR SOCIALS

We will never forget the socials at the tapping of the bell,
On Sunday afternoon at four we always hear that happy knell,
Oh the tripping, tripping, tripping of the footsteps on the walk
As the pretty (?) maids go tripping to the social for to talk.
As they enter in the hallway they are met by Friend Bean,
Then chatting very gravely, up the stairs they go,
On the front seat quite serenely sits Eleanor and Brother Cuff,
Just to see their smiles and blushes reveals quite enough.
Over in the corner sits Sam and Gwendolyn Moss,
Sam doesn't like the seat, but Gwendolyn is boss.

There on the back seat is Bill and Nellie B.,
Their brown eyes shine brightly and they seem full of glee.
Right in the middle of the social Herbert Jordan strolls in,
He looks to Chick's latest girl, then strolls out again.
Ruth McCarley is so dainty and so very full of poise,
She and Philip talk right low and never make any noise.
There's a reserved seat for Deacon and Oma Morton,
They choose the nicest seat to do their courtin'.
Mildred and Jimmy Byers through smiles and tears,
Have gone together for two happy years.

Red Page and Nell fell in love so quick
We are all afraid it won't stick.
We'll remember Elmo and Myrtle by their shy looks,
Their loves the kind you read of in books.

Lorena and White choose a seat in the middle,
If they don't they won't show, 'cause they're so little.
On the back seat sit Skipper and LaNelle,
They have a race their news to tell.
Gerald Montgomery, who talks to Ollie Cuff,
Rings the bell when we've talked long enough.

What a shadow of sadness passes o'er the room,
For we have to go home all too soon.

Free Translation
A certain Siamese teacher was recommended by a former missionary chiefly because of his unique definitions of English words. Some of these are the following:
Kick—A verb of the foot.
Hop—A verb of the frog.
Liar—A bad adjective for boy.
Flattery—A good kind of curse word.
Wig—A hypocrite hair.
Bullet—Son of a gun.
Whiskey—Sin water.

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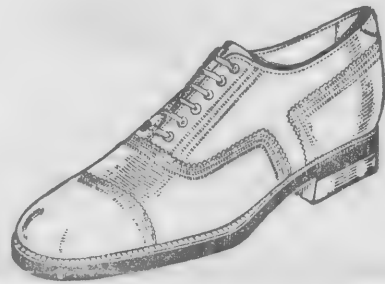
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THE POETESS' PAGE

LIFE'S RAINBOW ODE TO GIRLS OF AVALON HOME

We look at the rainbow that spans
the skies
And wonder at the beauty that in it
lies,
Not thinking of the rainbow that we
should desire,
A rainbow that will our lives inspire.
This rainbow consists of seven vir-
tues divine,
As the rainbow has seven hues, which
God's hand has designed.

The first of these virtues is that of
love,
Not a love for earthly things, but for
things above.
Not a love for the faults and base of
this world,
But the love for God's wonderful
banner unfurled.

Another great virtue in this rainbow
of life
Is that of friendship, that endures
through trouble and strife.
For a friend is only a friend indeed
who will help a poor fallen
brother in need.

Temperance is a great virtue in life's
rainbow,
Self-control in all things in this evil
world below.
To be able to say to temptation I
will not yield
When the evil one his wicked scepter
wields.

A fourth virtue to be desired by the
human race
Is the symbol of hope, which time's
hand will not erase.
A hope for things unseen on a
brighter shore,
A light that ever points to future's
door.

Another virtue the love of which will
never cease
Is that of soothing and perpetual
peace.
Let us always be as peaceable as we
can,
Always at peace with the world and
our fellowman.

Another virtue in this rainbow divine
Is that of charity, the deeds of which
will ever shine
As a light to guide us on our upward
way
To the land that God will give to the
faithful some day.

Honesty is one of the virtues admired
by every one,
One that is admired by all and de-
spised by all.
If everyone's life consisted of these
virtues so true,
They would in every one's life new
courage and strength imbue.
B. K. B.

"TRUE LOVE"

Come listen to my song,
O maidens come along,
And gather with the throng,
Ding, dong!

In the land of nobody cares,
In a house that nobody owns,
A sorrowful ghost sits on the trunk,
And moans, and moans, and moans.

His hand is forever reaching out
For the maid that he loved so well,
A beautiful maid that lived, and
loved
The memory of Handsome Dell.

A perfect knight when on earth he
lived,
And golden were his days,
With silver clouds above his path
Which revealed the sun's bright rays.

But alas! those days were snapped
into,
And his soul soon took its flight;
Then fair Emilia's days became
One long continuous night.

Oh! poor ghost! mourn no longer,
Emilia soon will follow thee,
For the poor heart has been broken,
But grieved no more she'll be.

Handsome Dell and fair Emilia,
Are united now on high,
There is a love, one greater than
love,
A love that will never die.
E. L. S.

Selling Talk

Elmo (bookstore salesman): "My
love for you, darling, surpasses any-
thing else that can be offered in that
line."

Cecil Clark: "I want to try on that
suit in the window."
Clerk: "Sorry, sir, but you'll have
to use the dressing room."

Oma Morton received the follow-
ing note a few days ago:
"Dear Madame: 'Will you please
send the amount of your bill.'
The answer was sent immediately:
'The amount is \$5.00. Yours res-
pectfully.'"

"Pat, I'm sending your waist-coat.
To save weight I have cut off all the
buttons. Your Loving Mother.
"P.S.—You will find the buttons
in your upper left pocket."

When the birds forget to carol their
glad refrain,
When summer forgets to follow the
spring;
When the moon forgets to send forth
her silvery light,
When the stars forget to twinkle at
night,
Then friends of Avalon Home will
I forget you.

When winter winds forget to rage
and blow,
When Father Time forgets to cover
the earth with snow,
When the clouds forget to send forth
rain and dew,
Then friends of Avalon Home will
I forget you.

When the world is free from sorrow
and care,
And God forgets to answer our pleas
and prayers,
When the hand of death forgets to
take the pure and true,
Then friends of Avalon Home will
I forget you.

When my spirit forgets to be happy,
joyous and free,
When the sea of memory forgets to
roll back to me,
And the voice of God calls from be-
yond the mystic blue,
Then perhaps, girls of Avalon Home
will I forget you.
G. B.

"LOVER'S ISLE"

Oh take me to that land called
Lover's Isle,
Where everyone lives in gorgeous
style,
Where lords and ladies in bright
array
Are happy forever and a day.

Let me sail on the sea of mystic dew,
Underneath a sky of mystic blue,
In a fairy boat with a great white
sail

With one by my side in whom my
trust shall never fail.

In this land of sweet music, where
all is content,
Where nothing ever happens, sweet
joys to prevent,
Great knights are there so noble and
grand,
I know that this place is some won-
derful land.

There a glad joyous laugh will be
wafted to me,
A laugh like fairy music, so sweet it
will be.

The serenaders will play on their
great harps of gold,
Such rapturous music with beauty
untold.

Then come my lover, let's sail away,
We'll sail on the great and mystic
bay,
We'll find this land of beauty rare,
I'm sure that forever we'll be happy
there.
B. K. B.

EXAMINATION DAY

The end of month approaches and
then comes card day;
Examinations are but a few weeks
away,
So get out your books, take your
trusty pen in hand,
And resolve that you are going to
make as much as you can.

Shall we cram our head full
On the night just before the "ex-
ams?"
And then get up and you will sure
feel cramed,
Or do we think we know just enough
to pass without a pull?
Can we expect our brains efficiently
to serve,
When they have just been rammed so
full?
Can we derive the profit that we
would
If we had studied as we should?

Shall we study ever so hard to make
good marks
As the time quickly passes by?
Because we are none too familiar
with some of our books—
For this the teacher will testify.

Tell us, students, what you're think-
ing of the "exams" we confront,
Many hints may help the hardest task
to solve,
Put your thoughts in circulation so
that we may know,
And you'll help us all—I know it's
so.
C. M.

George Kinnie: "There are a lot
of girls that don't want to marry."
Alex Berford: "How do you
know?"
G. K.: "I've asked 'em."

Professor Cuff (giving lecture): "I
don't mind if a student looks at his
watch once in a while, but what gets
me is to see some one take out his
watch, shake it a few times, and then
put it to his ear."

Mrs. Murphy: "Why are you feed-
ing the baby yeast?"
Mr. Murphy: "She swallowed my
dime, and I'm trying to raise the
dough."

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STUDY HOUR IN OLD DORMITORY

Epidemic Seems to Be Sweeping Dormitory, Causing Lessons to Be Neglected

Time—8 o'clock Friday night. Scene—Room in old dormitory. Quietness reigns everywhere. The four occupants of the room are busy studying.

Door opens softly, Betsy Kirk enters.

Betsy: "Oh, Martha, I ain't gonna stay, but I want to tell you I got a letter from Aunt Lillian today and she wants to know how you and Bill are getting along in your love affair."

Martha (absent minded, thinking of Bill): "Oh, you know what you are."

Betsy (mocking her): "Oh, you know what you are. Why don't you talk so I can understand you?"

Martha: "Shut up. I talk perfectly plain English, can't you understand that?"

The argument is on and seems to be about to end in the accustomed scramble. When it is at its height, Kimbal rushes madly in the room to tell us of her latest "crush."

Kimbal: "Oh, ain't Frank the dearest boy, don't you think he's cute, I just adore him."

Elizabeth stops writing her letter to Vaden long enough to say:

"He ain't near as sweet as my Vaden."

Mary Lois (rousing from her struggle with Greek): "Suffering cats, can't you talk of nothing but Bill, Kirk, Vaden Allen and Frank Jones. That subject is as ancient as this horrid Greek, but I hear the bell clapper coming, I bet she can change the conversation."

"Oh, what you talking about. Tell me something, quick. I can't study. Tell me something, anything. (Slings a book on the floor.) Oh, I won't let you study cause I can't. Those horrid teachers, making us memorize those theses. I will die. I can't do it. I'll go home."

The sleepy voice of Birdie is heard from down the hall.

"Oh, me, Catherine Johnson, hush your mouth so I can sleep. It will soon be 8:30 and I haven't gone to sleep yet. It's the latest I have been up this year and I'll die tomorrow."

In the meantime Margaret and Nell are ministering water and smelling salts to Catherine, trying to calm her down.

Leona, Hazel, Erlene, Ruth and Harriet, hearing the noise come in to join and see the cause of it. By this time Catherine has quieted down some.

Martha: "Come in, girls. Ruth, what you going to write your theses on?"

(Margaret grabs the smelling salts and gives it to Catherine so she won't start her noise again at the mention of theses.)

Ruth: "Well, Aunt Martha, I thought I would write on 'The Loveable Personality of Philip.'"

Harriet: "Caesar's ghost, I pity the poor folks that have to listen to that."

Ruth: "Huh, keep your pity till somebody asks for it. I guess you won't have a better subject."

Hazel: "Well, if that's all you are going to do, I am going to write to Kenneth. I thought from the noise I would get to see a 'free for all.'"

(She goes out. Leona feeling she owes her spare time to Conrad goes back to writing her daily letter.)

The door is opened again and Mrs. Boles enters.

"Is Martha Lewers studying for her quality points?"

Martha: "No. How can I study when Betsy and Catherine are making so much noise."

Betsy, feeling insulted, grabs a book and throws it at Martha, who skilfully dodges it. Mrs. Boles seems horrified.

Margaret hastens to drive away Mrs. Boles' fear by saying:

"Oh, Mrs. Boles, don't get excited. This is a common occurrence of late. Its effects of that terrible disease called 'love.' It seems to be an epidemic among some of our girls over here. Martha started it off, Betsy caught it from such close contact with the letters of Little Andy, and now Catherine has it. I don't know how she caught it, but I notice she has suffered much since Fee ate at her table."

At this time the retiring bell rings and Mrs. Boles sends them to their rooms. In a few minutes quietness reigns again and the four occupants of the room continue their studying.

M. L. D.

BITS OF PHILOSOPHY

If you suspect him,
Then reject him.
If you select him,
Don't suspect him.
There's nothing like a woman's grace and beauty
To waken mankind to a sense of duty.

Avoid suspicion: When you are walking through your neighbor's melon patch, don't tie your shoe.

This one makes a net,
That one stands and wishes.
Would you like to bet
Which one catches the fishes?

You nearly did it? That's your loss.
I'll pay you just the fare
Due him that rowed me half across
The stream—and left me there.

Little tasks need little force;
Any fool can make a fan.
Leagues of travel prove the horse,
Years of service prove the man.

"FRIENDSHIP"

Among the richest blessings which God has bestowed upon mankind is friendship; it is one of his most noble gifts. Friendship is not confined to any particular class of society or any particular geographical locality. The word friendship comes close to the heart of every normal human being, and yet many times it is so casually regarded. Friendship is a costly gift; there is nothing else in life except motherhood that costs so much. The elements which compose this enormous word are truth and tenderness. It consists of oneness of purpose, is based on virtue, and is our choicest earthly possession.

Now since we know something of what the word embraces, I think it wise to consider what it will do and learn something of its test. First I would say a friend has a rare privilege. He may praise and we are not embarrassed; he may rebuke and we are not angered. If he is silent we understand. Mr. Emerson has so beautifully said, "Our chief want in life is somebody who can make us do what we can. This is the service of a friend." Thus we see there are possibilities in us all, which only need friendship to bring them out.

Friendship speaks a various language; it extends itself as a mighty helper to many of the weaknesses of the human race. To the timid it speaks words of encouragement; to the weak it lends a helping hand; to the bold it says be cautious; to the sorrowing one, it will sympathize; and then it is ready to rejoice with those of good cheer. Mr. Landor voices something similar to the above when he said: "In the hour of distress and misery the eye of every mortal turns to friendship; in the hour of gladness and conviviality, what is your want? It is friendship. When the heart overflows with gratitude, or with any other sweet sacred sentiment, what is the word to which it would give utterance? A friend."

Just here I think it wise for us to consider what different thinkers in different ages have said on this subject; hence the following:

"The making of friends who are real friends is the best token we have of man's success."—Hale.

"A friend is a person before whom I may be sincere. Before whom I may think aloud."—Emerson.

"It is a miserable solitude to want true friends without which the world is a wilderness."—Bacon.

"Treat your friends for what you know them to be, regard no surfaces. Consider not what they did but what they intended."—Thoreau.

True happiness consists not in the multitude of friends, but in the worth and choice."—Ben Jonson.

"Blessed is the man who has the art of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts."—Hughes.

"If we have no friends we have no pleasure."—Lincoln.

"A friend is a rare book, of which only one copy is made."—Anonymous.

"A friend is the first person who comes in when the whole world has gone out."—Not known.

"A friend is one who knows all about you and loves you just the same."—Not known.

"Friendship is the great chain of human society."—Howell.

Who has not longed for the friendship which stands the test when faced with adversity as well as prosperity, with sorrow as well as joy? This is indeed a plant of slow growth, but Shakespeare said, "The friends thou hast and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel." For examples of tried friendship I ask you to consider:

Thesus and Pirithous.
Achilles and Patroclus.
Orestes and Pylades.
Damon and Pythias.
David and Jonathan.
Ruth and Naomi.

We must acknowledge a tested friendship which gave utterance to such a passage as, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if I ought but death part thee and me."

In a friendship like the above can you conceive anything false or untrue on the part of any of these? Indeed, it does seem foreign; yet many a heart, which has stood for just as much in the world of friendship, has had to drink the bitter dregs of untrue friendship or betrayal. Now some maintain that a blighted or crushed friendship can never rise to its original heights. But be that as it may these words ring clear and true, "There is no folly equal to throwing away friendship in a world where friendship is so rare."

When we study and meditate on the friendships of the ages gone by, and then come down to our own lives, we are ready to exclaim—it has no equal! And yet with every joy there comes an equal responsibility. The question that comes to each of us is, will you meet it? It takes a great soul to be a true friend. It takes one who is willing to forgive, to forget, and forbear much. I have already referred to its cost; it not only costs time, affection, strength, patience, and love—but sometimes it costs life, and Jesus has said:

"Greater love has no man than this; that he lay down his life for a friend."

Though gentler hands reknit the silken chain
Of severed friendship, still the knots remain.

A Dreadful Place

Nightmare Land—She (in art gallery): "So that's one of those cubist paintings. What a dreadful place Cuba must be!"—Boston Transcript.

EXCITED BOYS FIGHT FIRE

Prove Gallant Firemen. Girls May Well See That Some Are Real Protectors

In any case of a fire there are many unusual and amusing happenings. The recent fire in Lindsay Hall carried its number of interesting events. The following things done on the spur of the moment are worthy of special mention. These are collected from among the boys and will be of interest to the girls and Babblers readers:

Upon discovery of the smoke and fire a mighty stampede of boys took place. Doors were slammed, buckets rattled, muffled voices heard, and sound of a pattering of bare feet resounded from all angles. John P. Lewis, hearing this, arose and locked his door thinking the "Knights of the Cold Bath" were coming for him.

Herman Taylor, seeing his room filled with smoke, grabbed a much-valued picture from the wall and a new pair of socks and rushed for door. Turning to Elmer who was in bed, he yelled, "Better grab your hat and run."

Garner, who was spending the night with Vaughan, learning that the dormitory was on fire, forgot everything and rushed to his room to rescue his "old lady" who was sick in bed. Later, he made a rush for the fire in time to receive a bucket of water from the hands of one of the "Fire Brigade."

Abernathy threw aside all encumbrances caused by much clothing, made rapid change and prepared to take place in front ranks. Clayton James locked picture of Miss (?) in a trunk, put on his best socks and got ready for an interesting fight.

George Kinnie turned over in bed at Burford's call of fire and said, "Ah, let it rain, Alex." In the midst of all the noise and confusion, Prof. Rainey came from his room and stormed, "What's all this noise about? How do you think a fellow can sleep?"

Elmo Phillips brushed his hair carefully, took a last look in the mirror, and joined the procession to the scene of the fire. His room mate, Robert Mason, took a look at the smoke coming from the window under his room, decided there was fire below.

Numerous blows on Prof. Priestley's door were of no avail. Thinking it was the milk man, his only answer was, "One pint this morning, please." In the confusion, Prof. Cuff was said to have come down the steps making for the front door with a photograph in one hand and a volume of Shakespeare's plays in the other.

After the brilliant fire fight, a more dangerous fight followed to determine who first saw fire and who was the hero.

Rappolee, who rooms above the scene of fire, heard all the news next morning.

SHAKESPEAREAN ROMANCE

Who were the lovers?

"Romeo and Juliet."

What was their courtship like?

Midsummer Night's Dream.

What was her answer to his proposal?

"As You Like It."

About what time of month were they married?

"Twelfth Night."

Of whom did he buy the ring?

"Merchant of Venice."

Who were the best man and maid of honor?

"Antony and Cleopatra."

Who were the ushers?

"Two Gentlemen of Verona."

Who gave the reception?

"Merry Wives of Windsor."

In what kind of place did they live?

"Hamlet."

What was her disposition like?

"The Tempest."

What was his chief occupation after marriage?

"Taming of the Shrew."

What caused their first quarrel?

"Much Ado About Nothing."

What did their courtship prove to be?

"Love's Labor Lost."

What did their marriage life resemble?

"A Comedy of Errors."

What did they give each other?

"Measure for Measure."

What Roman ruler brought about reconciliation?

"Julius Caesar."

What did their friends say?

"All's Well That Ends Well."

"Can't Be Done"

Liddle Sammy: "Faffer, vas your beebles vell to do?"

Sig Sammy: "No, but mein gosh, dey vas hard to do."—Wittenberg Witt.

"Not Knocking Nobody"

Under the head, "Not Knocking Nobody," the Journal of the American Medical Association reprints this news item from the Ojibwa (Wis.) Courier:

"Erick Erickson returned to his farm. He has been to Mayo Bros' Hospital at Rochester, Minn. He also had the bad luck to get in a fierce cyclone at St. Peter, Minn."

Didn't Need Attention

"Tact," said the lecturer, "is essential to good entertaining. I once dined at a house where the hostess had no tact. Opposite me sat a modest, quiet man. Suddenly he turned as red as a lobster on hearing his hostess say to her husband: 'How inattentive you are, Charlie! You must look after Mr. Brown better. He's helping himself to everything!'"—Congregationalist.

The Honest Apple Girl

"How do you sell those apples, little girl?" asked the tourist of the farmer's child.

"Well," replied the girl, "we puts the big ones on top."—Everybody's Magazine.

AN IDEAL HUSBAND

I am afraid I am using the wrong heading for this article. Every sentence is supposed to contain some vital truth, but I cannot contend that "ideal" is he word to use in the subject, since there is an improbability if not an impossibility for an ideal husband to exist. "Ideal" carries with it the idea of perfection, and I have the man to see yet who does not have some kind of an undesirable characteristic habit, physical or mental defect to mar his life. Why, it is even hard, sometimes, to find a perfect woman. Yet there has been a great deal said on this subject of an "ideal husband" (called as such), and I offer no apology for announcing my subject thus, but for the lack of a better name.

I would say first that he must be of medium size for the sake of good looks as well as convenience in borrowing a neighbor's clothes to fit in time of need, because they tell me that men are "bad about laying their clothes around and misplacing them." Jimmie Boles, for instance, is a fair example. His head is so big that he has to look all over the dormitory to find a hat large enough to fit him when he misplaces his and wishes to make a special call on Mary Ethel, and when he does find one it looks like Happy Hooligan's little red can he used to wear on his head. Yet Jimmie can't help it, I dare say, and instead of going about with an air of superiority because of his "big head," he is adorned with humility.

Again, an ideal husband must be sincere in all that he does, making no pretensions toward anything save the truth, if it hurts to do it sometimes. Like little "Goober," who actually lets girls know when he is getting extremely tired and bored before the social hour closes. Watch him, girls! He will tell you the truth without your asking, and you may feel complimented if he sits with you a full hour without complaint.

All will agree that faithfulness is an ideal quality. Look to Merwin Gleaves, whose faithfulness to society, school, friends, etc., stands like a rock that cannot be moved.

Can you imagine an ideal man without a cheerful smile to greet you? There is our poor brother, Clyde Hale, who seems "sour on the world." Who has stepped in his way to cause that everlasting pensiveness and melancholy which so fitly characterizes him? I am sure he could relieve us of lots of worry if he would only show us that he could at least laugh.

And, you know, I think it would add much in the way of attraction (this isn't absolutely required, since nature ruled it) if this "he" I am talking about could be fortunate enough to have dimples like the editor-in-chief of our Babblers and curls like our English teacher. Yet "I speak advisedly," since they might cause others to be envious.

But the greatest requirement of all is that all prevailing power which all will accept as essential to an ideal husband—love. I know Allen Wood is reading this with intense interest, and is beginning to think that he may be the very man until he comes to this last requirement, and I can see him shake his head and drop the paper. So, I say, there is always something lacking.

Girls, an ideal husband "is only a dream," so my advice is to take next best, Roy Vaughn, or do without.

HOME

Not long ago I attended a musical entertainment. There was a large crowd. A great deal of interest was manifested before the program, but the program was a failure. The musician was not winning the attention of his audience. He played several foreign pieces and some popular airs which did not seem to take well.

The musician of course realized his predicament and was visible nervous and perturbed. As he played the audience became less and less attentive; there was a low hum of conversation. Few were giving their entire attention to the program.

In the course of the program, toward the last, the player began "Home Sweet Home." There was a sudden stillness. Everyone listened soberly and attentively. The remaining numbers were listened to with greater interest. Many who had not heard the first of the program through inattentiveness went home declaring the program a success, with words of praise for the musician.

As I walked home that night I began thinking over the program and as I remembered the effect of that simple melody I wondered wherein the popularity of such a song lay. The music of "Home Sweet Home" is simple. The words are simple everyday words, the largest has only three syllables. The sentiment is the same that is breathed in a thousand songs and poems. As a rule the American people abhor such repetition and would give no attention to so common a song.

But this song has a universal appeal. It is as much appreciated now as it ever was, while the popular songs of its age are forgotten.

Though the sentiment is old and often expressed there is a heart appeal that perpetuates it. It has a universal appeal; an appeal based on one of man's strongest passions: the love of home.

The power of this song certainly lies in its sentiment. Man is a home lover. His earliest recollections are of happy days spent in a loving mother's care. There is his refuge. When he is tired there is the place of complete rest. When he is beaten by the world, when all others fail, he can return home, where all believe in him, love and trust him; where all sympathy and attention is given to his wants; where he is strengthened to again plunge into the world with renewed determination and a calm resolve to succeed.

There all is understanding and sympathy; there his faults are excused and his errors forgotten; there

"HAPPINESS"

To be happy or unhappy,
That is the question;
Whether 'tis better to pine and pout
And be all down and out;
Or to endure what Fate shall bring,
And make the best of everything.

In what does happiness really consist? In riches and fame? Must one be free from all care and sorrow to be happy? Must we be interested in ourselves alone to secure happiness? Let us consider these questions.

Wealth properly used is all right and may be a blessing. It does not necessarily debar one from happiness. Worldly fame, glory and honor appeal to our fleshly natures and to some extent may bring happiness. Success, in the minds of many, is a great factor in happiness. But let us remember Emerson's advice, "Come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas." I had rather be a common workman in the service of God than an imperial king, surrounded by every luxury.

One must not have his life all sunshine and live on flowery beds of ease to be happy. Just as gold, representing purity and brightness, is tried by fire to bring out its true value, our lives must be tried by disappointments and hardships to test their true worth. Gold represents the perfection of character, but it would be far from pure were it not for the blend of black. Just so our lives shine with a brighter lustre through the shadow. If everything in life were smooth sailing we could not appreciate it. When calmness reigns over the sea, after the ships have been tossed by a tempest, the seamen can appreciate quiet. This is illustrated by "The Storm" and "The Calm" from William Tell Overture. While coping with the problems of this life we are preparing ourselves for a higher, nobler, better life, in the Home of the Soul. We have this greatest of all consolations, that we may go there if we continue faithful to the end, and this alone should make us happy.

Those who search for happiness may not find it. Pollyanna, the sick girl, was always happy because she spent her time making others happy. Though she was a cripple, she always had a cheery word for everyone. Ann Rutledge, Abraham Lincoln's sweetheart, proved herself to be an optimist by meeting her early death so bravely. There are countless other examples that might be given, but I trust these will be sufficient. Without happiness one cannot derive pleasure and benefits from life, and can be of no great service to God and humanity. In conclusion, listen to these words:

"When you wake up in the morning
On a bright and sunny day,
And begin to count the blessings in
your cup,
Just glance into your mirror
And you will quickly see
'Tis just because the corners of
your mouth turn up."

"When you wake up in the morning
On a chill and cheerless day,
And begin to pine and pout and
frown,
Just glance into your mirror
And you will quickly see
'Tis just because the corners of
your mouth turn down."

"Then take this simple rhyme
And remember all the time
'Tis always dreary weather in coun-
tryside or town
When you wake to find the corners
of your mouth turned down."

E. L. H.

he can drop the mask of feigned feeling that is carried before the world and rest in full assurance of his standing and position. There his greatest griefs are born; there his greatest joys are given. There are all the ties of love and kinships. Therein lies the fulfillment of his noblest ambitions.

Therein lies the popularity of "Home Sweet Home." As long as man lives and his natural affections about such songs shall be esteemed. The popularity of this song, "Old Folks At Home," "Old Kentucky Home," and others is not due to intricate composition or to flashing airs.

A. M. BURTON, President

In Youth or Age

Be Satisfied with
Nothing Less than
the Best.

Which Means That

In Ordering Ice Cream

See that it is

Union
ICE CREAM

Made its way by the way its made

Thrift

"Thrift is the great fortune maker," said Andrew Carnegie, and his life proved it.

The right-using of all the values of life is thrift. This is as true of your energies as it is of your money and material wealth.

The student who employs his time and his strength constructively is almost sure to become one of the successful and dependable men of his community.

To live according to principles of thrift requires strong character.

Life insurance is a great institution of thrift. It is a practical system suited to the needs of every class.

The first investment a man or a woman should make is life insurance. Endowments and Thrift policies not only furnish life insurance but guarantee \$1,000 or more in cash to the insured in a specified term of years.

When you finish school and enter the business or professional world, make it a point to save a portion of every dollar you earn right from the start.

We are especially interested in the young men and women of the South, and would be glad to have you listed with our great number of patrons who are saving in this way.

Thrift is one of the great lessons of life. System is necessary to success.

A. M. BURTON, President

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"In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest."
—Tennyson.

THE BABBLER

"What would this babbler say"—Acts 17:18

"In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."
—Tennyson.

Vol. 5

DAVID LIPSCOMB COLLEGE, NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH 27, 1925.

No. 12

D.L.C. AGAIN DOUBLE VICTOR IN DEBATES

JUNIOR CLASS PRESENTS PLAY, "IN THE VANGUARD"

Annual Program Given Before Crowded Audience on Evening of May 21, 1924. Cast of Characters Shows the Class Well Represented

NEW COUNCIL TAKES RULE

Men Chosen for Last Term of School. Organization Effected with Priestley as President

On Monday night, March 9, 1925, the boys of Lindsay Hall assembled in mass meeting for the purpose of electing a new Student Council. The following were chosen: Graves Williams, George Kinne, Charles Smith, Earl Pullias, Harvey P. Dodd, Merwin Gleaves, Gerald Montgomery, Sterling Jones, and Elmer Taylor. Professor Priestley was again elected President of the Council.

The new Council met for organization Wednesday night, March 18, and elected Graves Williams Vice-President and Elmer Taylor Secretary-Treasurer.

It is hoped that the present administration will be pleasant and profitable to all. With the school year so near its close, every one is bent upon making the most of the time that remains, and with the opening of baseball season there is an added precaution on the part of most of the boys, lest they fail to make the required grades and consequently be ineligible to take part in the coming inter-society games. Having successfully passed through two quarters of the school term, the Students' Council should have become firmly established. Also with Prof. Priestley at its head there should be no apprehension of serious trouble. Professor Priestley is the principal factor in the success of the Council in the past, and the greatest hope for its future. Perhaps no one so well understands the conditions of life at Lindsay Hall as he, having been a student here for several years. He has every interest of the school and student body at heart and expects every boy in Lindsay Hall to cooperate with the Students' Council in making the remainder of the year as pleasant and profitable for every one as possible.

LAST TERM OF SCHOOL HAS BEGUN

Seniors Have Promise of Very Busy Times and of Sad Leave-Taking When They "Turn Again Home"

As the last term begins the teachers are giving warnings that these last days will flit by on the wings of the wind. The students in turn gaze pensively out the window and sigh for the old homestead. They are hearing in their imagination the babbling brook and the hum of the bees in the meadow back at home; while knowledge is calling from the class rooms, their minds are roaming in tranquil bliss far away. Oh when will students learn the value of time!

Many think they are glad as they see the last day approaching. They do not understand. The Seniors, however, tolling over their theses are undecieved. They know the strange sadness and loneliness of heart that comes as old chums one by one wind their way across the campus for the last time. They have experienced the deathly silence that pervades the old halls when the last farewells are spoken. They have felt the sickening of the heart and a dampening of the eyes as the buildings fade from view. They have experienced the twitching of the heart strings that comes when the teacher's hand is grasped in theirs for the last handshake. They know what it means to turn their backs on D. L. C. and go away. They are undecieved.

May this term be the best D. L. C. has ever known.

One furnace that melts all hearts—Love.
One balm that soothes all pain—Patience.
One medicine that cures all ills—Time.
One peace that ends all strife—Death.
One light that illuminates all darkness—Hope.

Professor Murphy: "Why was Charles V's reign so uneasy?"
Thomas Tittle: "Anybody's life would be uninteresting if it were a Diet of Worms."

The Juniors portrayed splendid talent and dramatic ability in the production of one of Katrina Trask's plays, "The Vanguard," last Saturday evening. Under the able direction of Miss Crabtree, they gave one of the most artistic programs that has been given this year.

The leading roles were taken by Miss Mary O. Jones and Walter Campbell. Miss Jones' characterization, poise, and ability were surprisingly remarkable and promise a great future for this charming young lady. Mr. Campbell's part was well done and everyone is now fully convinced of his ability, especially in romantic roles.

The costumes and decorations were very effective and the large audience which enjoyed the play expressed their appreciation for the splendid entertainment. So horrible were some of the scenes, that one almost held his breath, and so charming were other scenes, that they were quite overcome by emotion and pathos. The scenes which represented so well camp life during the World War, true to life though they were, were very humorous and indeed comical.

"The Vanguard" was a great success. The Juniors are to be congratulated. The Junior class is really a splendid class and their year's work has been well pleasing in every respect. The school's progress is largely shown by the material which it turns out, and that is "getting better and better as the years go by."

Cast of characters:

Mr. Greart.....John R. Hovious
The Rector.....Clayton L. James
Philip Gordon.....Walter N. Campbell
Jack.....Merwin Gleaves
Mr. Gordon.....Harvey Dodd
The Enemy.....Leo L. Boles
The General.....Emmet Page
Elsa.....Mary O. Jones
Mrs. Gordon.....Lillie Mae Brown
Minnie.....Martha Owen
The Rector's Daughter.....

Francis Greenlee
A German Girl.....Bernie DePriest
Girls.....Nell Condie, Margaret Carter, Inez Kinne, Gwendolyn Moss, Lorena Barber, Maurine Hughes, Maudie Morgan.

Soldiers.....John L. Sweatt, Geo. Warren, Robert Terry, Ray Harris
Boys.....Smith, Clemens, Tollman, Cave, Boyd, Neil and others

Act I. Scene 1
On a village green in May.
Act I. Scene 2
Same as Scene 1. One week later.
In the morning.
Act I. Scene 3
Same as before. Two months later in the afternoon.
Act II. Scene 1
(Continued on page 2)

ALUMNI WRITE NEXT ISSUE

All Are Asked to Contribute Towards This Issue. Send by April 4, 1925

This issue of the Babler is the last to be published by the regular staff. The next edition, Alumni Edition, will be followed in order by editions written by High School, Junior College, and Senior College. It is deemed nothing amiss here to compliment the staff of the Babler. There has been very much interest in the college paper among students and especially have members of the staff endeavored to make it a worth-while publication.

For this work of the members of the editorial staff and their earnest cooperation, the editor justly feels gratified. With the aid thus given the Babler has gained favor in many homes, David Lipscomb College has been extensively advertised, and great help has come to those who have taken part in writing the Babler. It is only just, therefore, that occasion be taken to thank the several editors for what they have done. And it is only right that those who may follow be encouraged to keep the Babler mounting higher and higher until a recently used phrase, "South's leading school paper," may consistently be applied to the semi-monthly publication of David Lipscomb College.

The editor-in-chief of the Babler asks support from Alumni for their edition (April 6) and of the classes which follow with special editions. May readers of these special editions insight into class spirit and enthusiasm which reigns supreme in David Lipscomb College.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF PROGRAMS

Full Schedule Ready for Remaining Part of the School Year. To Have Cultural Value

PUBLIC INVITED

Details for Commencement Week Are Now Under Way, and Will Be Published as Soon as Possible

From time to time, worth-while programs are given at David Lipscomb College, showing real talent and diligent preparation. To all programs given here friends and patrons are invited. The college feels that those who attend the programs will waste no time in so doing for the aim of all the entertainments is to present something that will contribute in a cultural way to the development and appeal to the better qualities of mind.

A list of programs has been secured and is here printed so that all may make preparations to attend. Announcement will be made from time to time relative to coming events. Details concerning commencement exercises will be published as soon as possible.

Programs:
Piano and Voice, March 30.
Lipscomb Literary Society, April 4.
Voice Department, April 10.
Kappa Nu Society, April 25.
Home Economics Club, May 2.
High School, May 9.
Advanced Piano Class, May 16.

PROF. TURNER MAKES VISIT

Supt. of Maury County Returns to Scene of Former Work. His Attitude Toward D. L. C. Expressed

The student body of David Lipscomb College was very favorably surprised Sunday morning, March 22, 1925, by having in their midst Prof. Turner, former teacher in Lipscomb College and now Superintendent of public instruction in Maury County, Tennessee. Prof. Turner preached at Green St., this city, and he and Mrs. Turner spent Sunday night with President Boles.

Although Bro. Turner has been absent from the college for some time, he is still present in spirit in all the work being done here. A letter written to the editor of the Babler some time ago will probably be of interest to every student of D. L. C., and also to the faculty. This letter, which follows, shows very clearly his attitude toward David Lipscomb College and its work:

"Now that I have left David Lipscomb College and am actually engaged in a different work elsewhere I am in a position to take an inventory of the work I did there and the general character of the work that the college is doing. I am not far separated in the point of time from my work there, though as the gap widens I realize all the more what a great school we have in David Lipscomb College.

Mrs. Turner and I sincerely enjoyed our work there and deeply regretted to leave. The reception that we have had in our new work at Columbia could not be excelled socially or professionally, and we have entered upon our work here with pleasure and success thus far, but the ties still bind us closely with the work that we left.

We appreciate more than words can express the high regard which we believe the students and faculty held toward us. We are indebted for the resolutions adopted by the faculty and for the splendid statement of the Babler concerning our work there and our departure for a new field. We humbly thank we merit these praises, and if living as God would have us live has anything to do with it we shall continue to deserve such here and wherever we may go.

And may we state here that we number among our acquaintances at David Lipscomb College some of the best boys and girls and men and women in the world. If it be possible at any time and in any way for us to assist those connected with the school or going out from it as graduates, we shall be more than glad to do so and will consider it an honor to have been so requested. May God bless David Lipscomb College, its faculty, students, and earnest endeavors to uphold the Bible as one of the vital factors in a thorough education."

Every student of David Lipscomb

THE PARABLE OF TALENTS

Prof. Yowell Shows How Parable Is Applied to the Three Fields of Religious Activity

SELF-RESPECT NEEDED

One Must Also Show Respect for One's Fellowman and Must, as Daniel, Be Loyal to God. Talent Buried in Idleness

Upon request from Harding College, the service Sunday morning was begun by a special prayer for that institution. Brother McCannless gave an interesting and profitable lesson on prayer in which he urged Christians to pray in faith. "Prayer alone," he continued, "is not enough. The reason our prayers are not answered today is that we pray for something and then do not use the means which God has given us for obtaining these things."

After this talk Prof. Yowell gave an interesting account of his connection with the different schools and colleges which teach the Bible to every student each day. He urged upon all the importance of giving the glory to God in all things. "There is," said he, "only one institution that I love more than the Bible School, and that is the Church of Christ."

At the evening service, Bro. Yowell took for his theme the Parable of the Talents. Instead of treating this subject in the usual

(Continued on page 2)

SENIOR CLASS VERY BUSY

Writing Theses Holds Sway. Plans Made for Graduation. "Back-log" Soon Ready

The most important and outstanding feature of Senior life just now is the long dreaded "thesis" which all must write, and deliver to the public, in the near future. Many are already thinking seriously on a subject and, possibly a few, have begun their tasks.

The Senior meetings have been very interesting lately on account of the interesting business they have had to attend to. The class invitations to the graduation exercise have been selected. One may even hear the "fair ones" discussing dresses, hats, etc., which of course shows great plans for their long dreamed of graduation. Bro. S. P. Pittman has been asked to deliver the class address, and Bro. C. M. Pullias the Baccalaureate sermon. The class feels highly honored to have these two noble men speak to them and encourage them in "the long way that they must tread alone."

The Senior class also feels the responsibility of the Backlog which is so soon coming from the press. This "proof" shows that the success which has been anticipated is to be realized and with much suspense do they await the day when they can hand over their labors, trials, and endeavors to you, in the form of the fourth volume of the Backlog.

As the schools year draws to a close there are many things to be done, but the Seniors are not shirkers and they have already decided to give a morality play, "Everywoman." This play will feature a large part of the Senior talent and give them a chance to show that they play (?) as well as work!

Clayton L. James was quietly perusing in the realms of Spanish lore the other night in his studio and began reading aloud, when suddenly his attention was drawn to Elmer Taylor standing over him with an up-lifted book crying, "Take that back. I don't want 'no' trouble."

Leslie Thomas took a seat in a barber's chair.

Barber: "Would you have a haircut?"
Thomas: "Lands, no! Cut them all!"

College is always glad to see Mr. and Mrs. Turner come for a visit to the college. Not one but that deeply regretted their leaving, yet all are glad that they have advanced to a position of so much honor and trust.

Prof. Turner has the best wishes of every one for success and happiness in his new field of work. Welcome home again Prof. and Mrs. Turner.

DEBATES WITH DICKSON WON BY LOCAL TEAMS

David Lipscomb Teams Win Here by Unanimous Decision; at Dickson by 2 to 1 Vote. "School Athletics" Is Subject Under Discussion

The second debate in which David Lipscomb College has engaged this season witnessed another double victory for this institution. Dickson High School met defeat on the evening of March 14 from the hands of the high school teams furnished by David Lipscomb High School. Two teams were furnished by each school, one to affirm the proposition at home and one to deny the proposition abroad.

The men who clashed in verbal combat here were John P. Lewis and S. P. Lowry for D. L. H. S. and Glenn C. White and Roy H. Gilberman for Dickson High School. The debate was featured by clear and concise thinking on both sides. The subject under discussion was "Resolved, That too much attention is being given athletics in the schools of today." Lewis and Lowry were brilliant in their efforts. Three main points were used by them: (1) Athletics destroys results of play; (2) Lowers standards of morals; and (3) Educational value of athletics is destroyed. These points were so clearly analyzed and backed up by such conclusive evidence that the affirmative had a breastplate before them that could not be shattered.

The negative fought valiantly against the affirmative breastworks, but in vain. It was contended by the negative that there is a value to athletics as exercise, as an incentive, as a means of developing character, and as amusement. Gilberman maintained that ten times as much was spent for hogs as for training boys and that the training of the physical body is advocated by all educators. An unanimous decision for the affirmative was the vote of the judges.

At Dickson, Carl Pitts and Emerson Simpkins were met by Miss Crystine Yates and Henry Sensing. A lively battle ensued. Speakers used much the same arguments as used by speakers here. The decision as rendered was a vote of 2 to 1 in favor of the negatives.

This is the second of the forensic program scheduled for David Lipscomb College. A name is being made for this college in the realm of debating. One other victory, the coming Bryson debate, would see David Lipscomb College the victor in every program.

MRS. FREED IMPROVING

For the last week (March 16-21), Bro. Freed has been unable to meet his classes in college because of the illness of his wife. At the time of this writing Mrs. Freed is somewhat better and as the Babler goes to press hope is expressed for her recovery. The entire student body loves Mr. and Mrs. Freed and are so sorry that this illness has come causing Bro. Freed to miss the meeting of his classes.

BRYSON DEBATE COMING SOON

To Be Held March 28, 1924. Teams Plan for Final Victory in Forensic Field

This year David Lipscomb College has had singular success in her debates, having won four and lost none. This speaks well for the representatives of the college and the student body is proud of them. Much is expected of them in their several walks of life. Debating develops straight thinking and mental alertness as few things will do. For this reason David Lipscomb College encourages debates and as she does in all lines of endeavor is setting a rapid pace in the field of debating.

However, in Harding Hall at eight o'clock, March 28, D. L. C. will defend her colors again. The debaters are expected to uphold the high standard set by the previous debaters and the whole student body is behind them.

The proposition is: Resolved that the proposed Child Labor Amendment to the Constitution of the U. S. should be adopted. The action of State Legislature in January and February not to be regarded.

The David Lipscomb College team will affirm the question here.

Affirmative—Leslie G. Thomas, Conrad Copeland.

Negative (Bryson)—D. Clark Askins, Matt Jennings.

The proposition will be denied by David Lipscomb College team at Bryson at the same time.

Affirmative (Bryson)—A. Foster Bridges, William T. Johe.

Negative—C. J. Garner, H. L. Carter.

SIXTH MONTH HONOR ROLL

Month Ending March 7 Shows Thirty-Nine on College List and Twenty-Four from High School

The honor roll of Lipscomb College for the sixth month which ended March 7, 1925, shows thirty-nine from College and twenty-four from High School. This includes all students who have as many as three grades of A for the month.

The College roll: Myrtle Baars, Alice Barber, Anne Beasley, Alice Myrtle Blair, Lillie Mae Brown, Walter Campbell, Margaret Carter, Nell Conlee, Hazel Dennison, Mary Lois Dixon, Jewel Edmondson, Eleanor Frazier, Lady Cullie Gaither, Aloise Herndon, Ethel Hardison, Jimmie H. Harrel, Jno. R. Hovious, Ennis Hughes, Maurine Hughes, Roy Johnson, Nannie Dunn Jones, Miriam Jones, George Kinne, Andrew Mason, Mamie Russell, Leonte Sims, Lorine Sims, E. G. Smith, Thelma Soyars, Sam Tatum, Herman Taylor, Mary Tittle, F. Thomas, Franklin Thomas, Leslie G. Thomas, Joyce Whitelaw, Coral Williams, Ora Lou Winters and Allen Wood.

The High School honor roll: John Clifford, Ollie Cuff, Kathryn Cullum, Elizabeth Cullum, Forrest Deacon, Florence Denton, Chester Estes, Clyde Hale, Lucille Hall, Eugenia Hammer, Lillian Hertzk, James Holingsworth, Sewell P. Lowrey, Sam McFarland, Randall Martin, Nellie Potts, Clyde Pruett, W. A. Rappolee, Andy T. Ritchie, Fred Scott, Roy Selby, Corinne Smith, Elmer Taylor, and Thomas Tittle.

Hale: "Brother Owen pulled something on me this morning that made me howl."

Steve: "What was it?"

Hale: "My ear."

"All's well that ends well."

BURRITT MAN SPEAKS WELL OF "BABBLER"

Prof. James E. Chessor, Teacher of Bible and English, Says "Bab-bler" Outstrips Other School Papers

A recent letter from Prof. James E. Chessor of Burritt College to Prof. R. P. Cuff speaks very favorably of the Babler. The letter which is here printed states that the Babler surpasses the leading schools of the South in the paper enterprise. The editor takes occasion here to thank Bro. Chessor for his commendatory remarks and begs leave to state that the paper is made what it is by "the everlasting teamwork of every blooming soul."

Other criticisms of the Babler are invited. The text of Bro. Chessor's letter follows:

Dear Brother Cuff:
I have just read the last issue of the Babler, that of March 6. I think the girls surpassed the boys, but it was by a small margin. This number is a thing of beauty and of art. For its symmetry of arrangement, choice of material, and striking headlines, the first page is almost perfect. It would meet the approval of technical newspaper critic. And throughout, the paper is wholesome and good. It is strange how you folks can outstrip, in the paper enterprise, the leading schools of the South, but I unhesitatingly say that you are doing this very thing. I congratulate you all, editor and contributor alike.

Doubtless no small share of this achievement is due to the English department, of which you are head. Credit to whom credit is due, and honor to whom honor. I congratulate you.

Fraternally,
James E. Chessor.

Be what nature intended for you to be, and you will succeed. Be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing.

THE BABBLER

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EDITOR GROWS INDIGNANT

It seems to be a psychological principle that a little praise helps the lauded person to better apply himself. But, in the case the writer has in mind, the rule failed totally. The editor-in-chief of the Babblers was called on Saturday afternoon to leave for a distant appointment. So confident was he that his editors would respond with enough material for the Babblers that he rose early Monday morning and wrote an article praising the work of the staff and their co-operation in writing the paper.

But alas! Imagine that person's surprise upon returning at eleven o'clock Monday and finding only a few articles written, and those by two editors. All this carelessness on the part of some necessitates a very severe rebuke. There are some students on the staff who are an asset—take a real interest in their work—but there are others of whom the editor would like to ask their "resignation." The mere fact that one's class selected him for editor seems to be enough to cause that person to contribute something, at least once a year, to the school paper of which he has been chosen as an editor. It is not expected that the class editor himself do all the writing, but it is expected that the editor appreciate his position on the staff enough to encourage his class to write. Each editor is expected to collect about two thousand words for each issue. Of those who are thus expected to respond are four society editors, three class editors, and the sports editor. It is not deemed best to embarrass those who have fallen short of requirements by stating their names, but it is a certain fact that there would be more embarrassed in case names were called than there would be of those who have always brought up their part. As a matter of personal protection for the editor-in-chief, he postpones until the last issue the report on the work of members of the staff.

This issue goes to press one day late, due to the failure of the editors to supply enough material. It is hoped that more interest will be taken in the Babblers and that staff members will understand that it should be sufficient honor to be on the Babblers staff as to cause them to help in the publication and not leave the entire work in the hands of a few faithful, trustworthy writers.

JUNIOR CLASS PRESENTS PLAY, "IN THE VANGUARD"

(Continued from page 1.)
Three months later. In a room in a house in the enemy's country.
Act II. Scene 2.
In the enemy's country. Twilight.
Eight months later.
Act II. Scene 3.
In the enemy's country. Sunrise.
The next day.
Act III. Scene 1.
Same as before. A month later.
Act III. Scene 2.
Same as Act I, Scene 1. Four weeks later.
Act III. Scene 3.
A room in Mr. Gordon's home a few minutes later.
Time—During the World War.

THE FLU RAGES

There has been an epidemic of influenza raging among David Lipscomb College students for quite a while. With the patient nursing and care of fellow students the sick have been made well. There is now a decrease in the number of cases and it is hoped that the coming of spring will put a ban on the flu.

Fashionable and Then Some
Sign on the back of an old gentleman who had chronic fainting spells: "If I fall on the street and am taken to the hospital, do not operate. My appendices have been removed twice already."—Flamingo.

THE PARABLE OF TALENTS

(Continued from page 1)
manner, he gave it an application to the three fields of religious activity. The first of these is respect for self. All things that bring us near to God make for self-respect. Here Bro. Yowell gave especially to the girls a splendid lesson on the use of beauty. No matter how homely a person may be, there is always some market for beauty. Taking the example of Vashti from the book of Esther, he showed how she refused to sell her beauty to a drunken mob and unknowingly brought about the saving of the Jews from destruction. Just so, every one should use beauty for the glory of God. To the boys he gave the lesson on the use of power and urged that they never tempt the girls, as Ahasuerus did Vashti, to sell their beauty. All power should be used to the honor and glory of God.

The second field is respect for one's fellowman. Not only should all be ready to help others in a monetary way when they are overtaken by some disaster, but every Christian should be ready at all times to give spiritual aid. Souls are being lost every day and no one takes notice, yet every one is ready to help in a physical way when money is being lost. God counts souls of more value than this physical life and every one should assist in the salvation of souls. Last and most important is respect for God. Daniel is a most worthy example of this trait of character. Although he knew that he would be cast into the lion's den, yet he prayed to God daily with his face toward the city of Jerusalem. The temporal things of this world soon pass away, but God is everlasting. Therefore it is all the more important that each Christian have respect for God.

One may say that because he has not the talent of another, he cannot do much and therefore does not try, but, like the man with the one talent, buries his talent in idleness. When one does all that he is able to do, God requires no more whether a man has five talents, two talents, or one talent.

THE IDYLLS OF THE KING

Tennyson obtained his material for the idylls from Sir Thomas Malory, an English writer of the fifteenth century. Before writing these idylls Tennyson wrote several lyrics. The idylls were produced at different periods—the last one first, the beginning next, and the middle last. There are in all twelve idylls: "The Coming of Arthur," "Gareth and Lynette," "Lancelot and Elaine," "The Passing of Arthur," "Genevieve," "The Last Tournament," "The Holy Grail," "The Marriage of Geraint," "Geraint and Enid," "Merlin and Vivian," "Pelleas and Ettarre," and "Balin and Balan."

The Idylls of the King convey a splendid moral lesson to the mind of the reader. They represent the war between the flesh and the spirit. The central thought is the ruin of a great and noble ideal by the broadening and deepening influence of sin. The whole story centers around King Arthur and his Table Round. Most of the idylls are very pathetic. They give a beautiful contrast between the reward of living pure lives and the punishment of leading sinful lives. Remember that "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." "The Coming of Arthur" represents the springtime of the year, when the flowers are blooming, the birds are singing, and there is happiness everywhere. The author could justly say, "In the heart of Arthur joy was lord," for King Arthur had married a very beautiful young lady, established his Table Round, and was successfully subduing the heathen. "Gareth and Lynette" also represents a time when Arthur's kingdom was in its purity, before corruption had crept in.

On the other hand, "Lancelot and Elaine" represents the late summer, when crops cease to be planted and previously planted crops begin to die. It is here that corruption creeps in, because knights break the vows they have sworn to keep. Some of their vows were: "To reverence their king," "To ride abroad, redressing human wrong," "To speak no slander—no, nor listen to it," "To break the heathen and uphold the Christ," and "To love one maiden only, cherish her and worship her by years of noble deeds until they won her."

"The Holy Grail" deepens the sad condition of affairs. In seeking for the Holy Grail, the knights place pleasure before duty, and after long years of searching discover that it cannot be found abroad, but that by staying at home they might enjoy the blessings derived from the Holy Grail.

"Genevieve" represents the winter, when everything has been killed, and even the atmosphere presents a feeling of terror. It is here that the guilty love of Lancelot for Genevieve is discovered, and King Arthur is broken-hearted, not only because of this, but because the majority of his knights have proved untrue and are even waging war against him.

"The Passing of Arthur" ends the sad story. The author here says that "In the heart of Arthur pain was lord." Arthur comes to the realization of the fact that his living not reformed the world as he had wished it might, because of the disloyalty of his wife and friends. However, he has the consolation, at the end of his life, that he has lived a pure life and will be rewarded in that home of the soul. E. L. H.

Sure Enough

Teacher was telling her class little stories in natural history and asked if anyone could tell her what a groundhog was.
Up went a little hand.
"Well, Carl, you may tell us what a groundhog is."
"Sausage."—The Progressive Grocer.

A TRIBUTE TO MOTHER

Myriads of orations have been given both by statesmen and school-boy about such great men as Washington, Grant, Lee, Caesar, Pompey, and Napoleon the Great. Monuments of stone and marble have been erected that future generations may praise the memories handed down by those men. But there stands a monument towering even above that of the Father of Our Country, made neither of stone nor marble. Nor does it stand on a hill or any sacred spot of the earth. Moreover, this monument shall never crumble with the passing years, but as the sun shines brighter each hour of the morning, so does this memorial glow more beautiful as the years pass. I refer to that chivalry imbedded in the hearts of noble men for true women.

Too long have we neglected woman; and as we recall those days of her bondage, when man thought he was a man, but was a brute, our hearts melt in grief for his sins. But when we think of her gentle submissiveness, her meekness through it all, our admiration is infinite. "God said it is not good that man should live alone; I will make him a help meet for him." It was God's desire that woman equally enjoy life with man.

True woman never sought for man's place in the state and general affairs of life, but sought to fill full her mission, to be queen of the home. Here reigning in pensive quietness, "she openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness." Men are kings, soldiers of fame, statesmen, educators and preachers, all influencing civilization for good or ill. But it is the mother who nurses the babe, rears him into boyhood, and trains him into manhood. While his body is young and his mind is tender, she instills into his soul the principles of true manliness, inculcating in him the love of truth and righteousness, that when he is old he will not depart from them. As a rule, he who is thus taught forgets not the loving mother that trained him, "but rises up and calls her blessed."

The soldier, war-worn and homesick, at night will dream of home; and ere the dawn of a new day, before the cannons roar and the strife begins, we will hear him sing:

"Just before the battle, mother,
I am thinking most of you."

Vanity, vanity, saith the preacher—all is vanity. But when he recalls those days of the long ago "when he stood at mother's knee, with her hands upon his brow, and heard her voice in gentle tones and low." Well, those days are past and gone, but their memory lingers still, and he seeks to do God's will as his mother taught him then.

The king, though he sway the scepter over the whole world, is made to realize "that the hand that rules the world is the hand that rocked his cradle."

The great Napoleon said: "A man is what his mother makes him." John Randolph, the statesman, remarked, "I should have been a French atheist if it had not been for one recollection, and that was, the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers and cause me, on my knees, to say, 'Our Father, who art in heaven.'"

Who can over-estimate the worth of mother? The training of young immortals for an everlasting destiny is nobler employment than framing laws, painting cartoons, or writing poems. From her sacred care go forth the senator, the philosopher, the philanthropist, and the missionary to form the future nation. Well has one spoken, when he said:

"There's not a life, nor death, nor birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it."

Perhaps the three most beautiful musical and suggestive words in the English language are love, home, and mother.

The sweetest love is mother's love. What more sacred scene is there than that of a gentle mother nesting in her arms "love's gift divine?" No language can express the beauty, power, heroism and majesty of a mother's love. It shrinks not where man cowers, and grows stronger where man paints; and over the wastes of worldly fortresses hines the radiance of its quenchless fidelity like a star in heaven.

Let us now with feelings of deepest devotion approach the altar of home and look upon her who sways the scepter of love and reigns as queen in the hearts of the civilized world. It is woman, indeed, that makes home, and upon her depends whether home shall be attractive or repulsive, happy or miserable. For us, mother makes home, sweet home. She is the first to welcome us into this world and the last to forsake the new-made grave when God sees fit to take from her the little one whom she loved so well. She is the one great doctor who, through all the long watches of the night, sits at the bedside of the loved one and, sacrificing her own pleasure and rest, nurses it back to life and health.

That was a beautiful thing said by a boy whose Sunday school teacher was describing Jesus without giving his name. She said to her boys: "This one of whom I speak was always living for others, always denying self, always cheerful, and always in every way helpful." When she asked the boys to tell her of whom he was speaking, one little boy, with face shining, a hand uplifted to attract her attention and finger snapping, said: "Please, teacher, I know who that is. That's my mother."

Stop, man, and think what life would have been to you had there been no warm, caressing mother's love, no soft breast on which you could weep out your childish sorrows, no clinging arms to enfold you and comfort you when the things of

THE STORY OF EVANGELINE

This little poem by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is one of the most beautiful in the English language. It is filled with beauty, purity, and truth.

The scene in the first part of the story of "Evangeline" is laid in Acadia, a district in Nova Scotia, in the little village of Grand Pre. French people inhabited this country and lived peacefully and happily, performing their duties day by day and assembling in the little Catholic church to worship God. Thus they continued until British soldiers came and drove them away from Acadia and carried them down to the southern states of the United States, separating them one from another.

"Evangeline" is one of Longfellow's three narrative poems. It was written in 1847. The chief characters are Evangeline, the beautiful daughter of Benedict Bellefontaine; Gabriel, the stalwart son of Basil the blacksmith; Rene Leblanc, the notary public; and Father Felician. Evangeline and Gabriel had grown up together as brother and sister and perhaps had loved each other from childhood. On the day which was to have been their wedding day the British came and told these happy French people that they must give up their homes and be taken elsewhere. This brought on angry strife and tumult among the people, but Father Felician calmed his flock by reminding them of the lessons he had taught them of love and forgiveness. Ship after ship embarked, and in the rush Gabriel and Evangeline were separated. The British burned the village and left Grand Pre in ruins, and also the dead body of Benedict Bellefontaine, who died probably because of the grief he had suffered in witnessing the downfall of Acadia. Both Evangeline and Gabriel began to search for each other. They continued this through a life time, setting so near each other at times and actually passing each other one time, and yet they never met until they were on the very verge of eternity. Evangeline, at last despairing of her search, became a Sister of Mercy in an almshouse among the Quakers, where the dying came for a last look on her celestial face. It was here on a Sabbath morning that Evangeline found her long-lost lover, dying of a fever. They recognized each other, died together, and lie side by side in nameless graves.

What gives "Evangeline" its beauty? It has very beautiful descriptions of nature, such as "Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven, blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels." However, its true beauty lies in the moral lessons therein contained. Patience, forbearance, long-suffering, faith, and last but not least by far, love—these are the things which "Evangeline" teaches. Let us then strive to have these qualities in our lives. If we ever find our true lover, let us not grow weary until we have won him. E. L. H.

TEMPERANCE

By J. G. Hunter

God created man of the dust and breathed into his body the breath of life. Man became a living human being and was placed in the Garden of Eden without sin until Eve ate of the forbidden fruit. Since then man has been subjected to many temptations. Many things were created by God for many to enjoy. Life is full of many luxuries for man to carry to excess. There are many luxuries that are carried beyond the laws of nature. God knew when he placed man upon the universe that he would fall prey to excess. God said, "Let there be temperance in everything. By pausing for a moment, let us consider the meaning of the word temperance. By the word temperance we mean moderation, use not to the extent of excess. How many of us every day forget the meaning of the word and the request of the Almighty that created us. People fall prey to many diseases by not using temperance. Some suffer great shame and sorrow by not complying with the laws of moderation. Let us not forget at all times to use temperance in everything as we journey along the highway of life.

your little world went wrong. Would it not take away from you the memory of all that is best and sweetest in life?

It is not the wealth of the world that makes home happy. It is the tender acts of kindness lovingly bestowed by a mother, the precious words of love spoken with each passing day; and whether she lives in a beautiful mansion or in a little hut beside the road, "be it ever so humble, there is no place like home." "There is no place like home," where man peacefully abides until he is called into the eternal home of the soul.

In times of adversity, though we be deserted by every one else, we may still be sure of the love of mother. For as Kipling says:

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine,
I know whose prayers would follow me still,

Mother o' mine,
If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine,
I know whose tears would come down to me,

Mother o' mine,
If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole—
Mother o' mine, mother o' mine.

Then all hail to the queen of our home! On your brow there is a crown of unfading beauty; you wear a robe ornamented with the flowers of eternal glory. All hail to the queen of our precious home!

"Marble need not mark thin ashies,
Sculptures need not tell of thee;
For thine image in thy writings
And on many a soul shall be."

THE COUNCIL IN ACTION

The seven o'clock bell rings and nine unsophisticated members of the council marched down to the library. Mr. H. J. Priestly, the faculty adviser, calls the meeting to order. He then calls for reading of minutes of the previous meeting. Secretary Clyde Henry Hale, after many false moves and confused actions, turns to right place and begins:

"The council met in call session last night and the following cases were dealt with: Mr. Gerald Montgomery was charged with not leaving the dining hall when the bell rings, thereby detaining Miss Cuff. No conclusive evidence was received, but council passed a light sentence of six weeks and work to show the student body that they are still on the job, and, in addition, he was banished from the presence of the fair damsel during meals for the same length of time."

Mr. Priestly: "The minutes stand approved."

All assent separately and in unison with nod of their heads.

Mr. Priestly: "Any new cases to be brought up?"

Both Councilmen Hale and Campbell, the self-appointed successors to Sherlock Holmes, clamor for recognition.

Mr. Priestly: "Mr. Campbell."

Mr. Campbell arises, after drawing forth a document of unquestionable length, begins by explaining that he rates to turn in the names of the following gentlemen. (This is the gentleman who risked his life in saving a friend from the Knights of the Cold Shower.) He starts in with the case of Mr. J. P. Lewis and says: "Mr. John P. Lewis, after a battle of wits in Bible class, entered into a physical combat with Dr. J. G. Hunter last Friday afternoon. Dr. Hunter hurriedly dispatched his end of business in quick fashion, and after the smoke had cleared away Mr. John P. Lewis was carried to his room. All would have been well had not Brother J. P. Lewis' temperamental nature caused him to say: 'By gosh, I still say he lied.'"

Councilman Hughes butts in: "I think we ought to handle this case in a stern way and make an example out of him. Besides, I want to get even with him for the way he treated me when he was on the council."

Brother Priestly: "Shall we call him down?"

All nod and Councilman C. P. Smith was dispatched after the gentleman in question.

Smith entered Linsley Hall and spied J. P. Lewis in the midst of an assembly collected in the hall. Lewis, realizing that his self-preservation on this low mundane sphere depended wholly upon his ability to put space between himself and C. P. Smith, with his ears at the angle of a jack rabbit's and with the speed of a centipede, strikes out for the great open spaces.

C. P. Smith, being of small stature and of limited leg capacity, was forced to call on the aid of his reliable community Ford, and with this under him he gave pursuit.

After the end of the second mile there was a noticeable break in the speed of the culprit. Smith, with his Ford hitting on two, was rapidly gaining ground. The parson was found in the middle of the road at Brentwood in an uneducated condition, and Smith dragged him in his car, and thus the criminal was brought back to the court of justice. (The way of the transgressor is indeed sometimes hard.)

Mr. Priestly: "Have you any statement to make to the council?"

He had not yet recovered from the chase, so remained silent. Working on the principle of the old proverb that "Silence gives consent," he was dismissed.

Mr. Dudley immediately made a motion to ship him. It died for want of a second.

Mr. Williams gains dishonorable recognition by loud blowing of his nose and enters a plea for heartless leniency for Mr. J. P. Lewis. (Mr. Williams works on the principle that a man who lives in a glass house should dress in the dark.)

Mr. Walter Campbell brings forth a motion to campus several students who went to Waverly during the study hour. Mr. Gleaves writes out a complaint against Mr. Campbell, who was guilty of the same offense. Mr. Campbell then withdraws his motion and says:

"Let's let them off this time." (Oh, consistency, indeed thou art a jewel!)

Clyde Henry Hale, speaking further on the Lewis case, says: "I do not think the faculty would like for us to place a heavy sentence, so I think it would be wise for us to dismiss it with a light sentence room arrest."

C. P. Smith arises and turns in an expense account: Gas, \$1.05; oil, 25 cents; burning out engine, \$20. Total, \$75.37.

He immediately makes a motion to pass an assessment of 25 cents on all students to defray expenses and furnish Skipper with chewing gum. This passed, and the undignified vagabonds returned to the belated J. P. Lewis case.

After a heated discussion to no avail, it was decided that a case of such stupendous proportions and its effect on subsequent cases should go to higher authorities. So Chick Jones make a motion to leave the punishment to the august student body.

The nine forty-five bell tolled out its message of "Good-night" and the council was dismissed.

The next day the student body, in recognition of Mr. J. P. Lewis' brilliant prospects as a track man that had been brought to light the night before, dismisses the case, and Mr. Clayton James, as spokesman for the student body, apologized for any inconvenience and in terms that rivalled the eloquence of Webster and made the silver tongue of Demosthenes dwindle into insignificance in comparison and informed him that the student body voted to bear his expenses to New York to challenge the great Finnish long-distance winner, Murmur.

OBEDIENCE

By John R. Hovious

As a great ship tossed upon the mighty waves of the ocean is directed to the desired port by obeying her helm, so man is directed to the desired station in life by obeying the impulse for right and submitting to authority. Obedience to those in authority and to law is a lesson which every few people have learned—to their misfortune and disappointment. When we visit our jails, prisons, reform schools, sanitariums and asylums, we may get a glimpse of the rewards of the disobedient.

In our homes, parental authority rules. The law of the home is the first law we obey or disobey. Parents warn and advise their "subjects," and the "subjects" must obey if the worth and value of this parental law is to be realized.

Again in our land we face another law, one which parents cannot regulate—the civil law. These, too, we must obey if we are to realize the blessings of liberty and happiness. Surely this is not a land of freedom to those who are disobedient and who suffer the rewards of their disobedience. Obedience to this civil law makes one a good citizen and brings to that one the honor and benefits that come to a good citizen.

Not only are we "subjects" to parental law and civil law, but Christians are "subject" to Divine law. Jesus said, "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments." "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." But what are the commandments? Time and space forbid that we enumerate all the commandments a Christian must obey. Let us consider here just one commandment: "All things therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them." If a man would have friends, let him show himself friendly; if he would have neighbors, let him be neighborly; if he would be trusted, let him trust. If one wants to be treated kindly, let him show kindness. Thus in every phase of life this commandment holds true. Obey this commandment if you would reach success, happiness, and the rewards of obedience.

PROFS.

(With apologies to Ring Lardner, et al.)

Talkssofastthatyoucantakeanote. Spend three-quarters of an hour and a box of chalk explaining, and then after you've copied four pages of notes, tell you that the stuff is not important.

Wait until you're jammed with work and then throw a quiz.

Think that their course is the only important one that you are taking, and hand out problems as if they were giving away German marks.

Tell you not to bone for the exam because it will be general, and then ask you if you agree with the statement on page 247.

Give you the C's and the others the A's and B's.

Call the roll the day you cut.

Ask you if there's anything you don't understand about the lesson and if there is they explain it with such speed that you are more puzzled than ever.

Assign a lesson long enough to keep you busy three hours and think you're dull if you don't get it in an hour and a half.

Casually read over some non-important fact in class and ask you about it in a test.

Love to have fun at your expense. Decide to change an assignment after you've already studied yours.

Have you to look up six references and then never ask you about them.

—Selected.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE

By L. C. J.

The earth is ever beautiful.
Birds sing, but not of woe;
Yet sadness is in human hearts
Wherever we may go.
Yet in the beauty and brilliance
Of Nature's sunlit face
Of sadness of the human heart
We find not any trace.

For Nature always hides
The woe of saddest storm
Beneath the golden sunlight,
And joy again is born.
And in her glorious beams
Of the radiant sun
The song birds ever
Of triumph that is won.

What does the beauty of Nature teach

Our sad hearts alway?
Who wears the mask of cheering grace

At duty's post each day,
Will learn how fair is bravery,
How fair cheering grace

From beauty of the sun's great light
That gleams o'er Nature's face.
Teacher: "What's the largest city in Iceland?"

Frankie: "Iceburg."

Inconceivable Presence of Mind

Scene Suburban residence, 2 a.m.

She (sotto voce): "George, dear, it's a burglar."

He: "Sh-h-h, don't move, maybe he can get that window up; it's the one we haven't been able to open since the painters left."—Life.

(The foregoing is an accurate account of the council meeting of Feb. 30, 1925. The information was divulged from two noted authorities having access to inside and outside workings of the council, "Brown Mule" and "Spark Plug." Witness my mark X—Ennis E. Hughes.)

Councilman Smith makes a motion that a purchase of a brace of blood hounds be made, so that no difficulty be experienced in the future in winning aspiring prospects for the "carpet."

The motion passed, and they kissed each other good-night. "So mote it be."

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HOW GOD'S ELECTION WORKS

By Leslie G. Thomas

A theory has been advocated to the effect that God has elected certain ones to salvation and others to condemnation. This election is independent of man's thinking or action. All who have read the Bible carefully and prayerfully know that such is not set forth in the Holy Volume.

The doctrine of election, however, is taught by our Lord. "But ye are an elect race." "Knowing, brethren beloved of God, your election." "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect." "Wherefore, brethren, give the more diligence to make your calling and election sure."

Since this election is not arbitrary there must be some basis for it, both on the part of God and man. The first question, therefore, is, What kind of people does God call? This can be partly answered and greatly limited by learning something of those whom He does not call. "For behold your calling, brethren, that not many wise after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called." We need not expect to find many of this class among those elected of God. Without here naming the particular characteristics of those called, it may be safely said that God always calls into His service those who are busy.

When the children of Israel were being oppressed by the Midianites and God wanted a leader through whom He would deliver them, He called Gideon, who, at the time of his call, was busy threshing wheat in the wine press where he was concealed from his enemies. When Peter, Andrew, James, and John were called to be disciples of Jesus they were busily engaged in fishing. Matthew was collecting taxes, and Paul was bitterly persecuting the church of God. (Surely God is better pleased with a man who is zealous for his convictions, though wrong, than He is with a man who is right in his convictions, but idle.) "All ye who labor and are heavy laden" are invited to come to Jesus, and they who abide, or continue in His word shall indeed be His disciples, for "they shall know the truth, and the truth shall make them (you) free." To abide in the word is to look "into the perfect law, the law of liberty, and so continue, being not a hearer that forgetteth but a doer that worketh." "This man shall be blessed in his doing."

Man's election to salvation is well illustrated by David's call to be king over Israel. God rejected Saul and sent Samuel to the house of Jesse to anoint him a king from among Jesse's sons. Samuel did not know which son to anoint but God would make it known to him at the proper time. When all things were ready Jesse caused his oldest son to pass before Samuel. The text seems to indicate that this son was a tall, handsome man. Samuel felt sure that this was the proper one. "But Jehovah said unto Samuel, Look not on the countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have rejected him: for Jehovah seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but Jehovah looketh on the heart." While the reason of Eliah's rejection is not stated, it does not violate the scripture to suggest that he was "too big" for the place—too big in his own sight. This may help us to understand why "not many of the wise after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called." All who go to God must do so by way of the cross, but to many this is foolishness. They try to seek God by their own wisdom, yet "the world through its wisdom" can never know God. Unless a man is willing to lay aside his worldly wisdom, might, and nobility and "receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall in no wise enter therein;" "for God resisteth the proud but giveth grace to the humble."

After seven of Jesse's sons had been rejected Samuel asked if he had any other sons. The reply was: "There remaineth yet the youngest, and, behold, he is keeping the sheep." "And Samuel said unto Jesse, Send and fetch him; for we will not sit down until he come hither." David is described but no one saw the making of a king in him. God could see his heart and the activities of his later life proved what possibilities then were in him. Samuel was instructed to arise and anoint him. Thus God sealed the natural qualities as His own and added to them His presence and blessings. By these, David was able to slay Goliath, rule Israel and look down the stream of time and foretell events in the life of the Christ.

When God calls us our all goes to Him. "Or know ye not that your body is a temple of the Holy Spirit which is in you, which ye have from God? And ye are not your own; for ye were bought with a price; glorify God therefore in your body. Who knows what possibilities are in every man! God calls us for service and our duty is outlined thus, Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you, and lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world." With the blessings and presence of Jesus added to our natural qualifications we "can do all things in Him that strengtheneth" us. God requires no service at the hands

OUR LIST OF EXCHANGES

We have enjoyed each one of these papers, but space does not permit us to comment on each one separately. On the whole, they are splendid papers and show forth the right spirit:

The Monarch, Detroit, Mich.
Blue and Gold, Cleveland, Ohio.
Notre Dame News, Notre Dame College, Cleveland, Ohio.
Olive and Gold, Santa Barbra, Cal.
F. H. S. Noise, Fairfat, Okla.
The Mercury, Milwaukee, Wis.
The Booster, Bryant and Stratton College, Providence, R. I.
Purple and Gold, Columbia, Tenn.
Normalite, Murfreesboro, Tenn.
Eastone Echo, East Stone Gap, Va.
The Hyphen, Nashville, Tenn.
The Megaphone News, Nashville, Tenn.
The Purple Parrot, Red Wing, Minn.
Central Hi-Lights, Murfreesboro, Tenn.
The Living Message, Morrilton, Ark.
Blue and White, K. H. S., Knoxville, Tenn.
The Booster, Shop Springs, Tenn.
The Signal, Columbia, Tenn.
The School Bell, Big Stone Gap, Va.
The Spring Times, Thorpe Springs, Texas.
Cardinal and Cream, Jackson, Tenn.
The Optimist, Abilene, Texas.
The Echo, Nashville, Tenn.
The Blue and Gold, Georgiana, Ala.
The Hampshire Booster, Hampshire, Tenn.
Crimson and Gold, Martin, Tenn.
The Raleigh Booster, Richlands, Va.
The Cumberland Kick Off, Lebanon, Tenn.
The Hilltop, Gallatin, Tenn.
Lambuth Vision, Jackson, Tenn.
The Harbinger, Halls, Tenn.
The Sky Rocket, Henderson, Tenn.
The Bugle Call, Columbia, Tenn.
Wallace World, Nashville, Tenn.
Pea Body Volunteer, Nashville, Tenn.
The Pica, Greenville, Miss.
The Central Digest, Chattanooga, Tenn.
The Cardinal, Bowling Green, Ky.
Echos, Elkton, Ky.
The Tech Oracle, Cookeville, Tenn.
The High School Journal, Whiteville, Tenn.

Sam: "How yo' spell 'Ku Klux Klan'?"
Rastus: "Nigger, that starts with a cross and ends with a loop."

Brother Boles: "Who defeated the Israelites?"
Chas. Smith: "I don't know. I don't read the sport page much."

Katherine J.: "We'd be glad to have you for dinner Sunday."
George K.: "I'm afraid you'd find me rather tough."

of the individual Christian, the local congregation, or the church in the aggregate which cannot be performed if the natural qualifications together with God's presence and blessings are employed.

How was it that David received the kingdom? Two reasons will here be suggested. First he was faithful to his duty as a shepherd boy. Had David been found idle or shirking his duty when he was sent for he would not have been chosen. Second, he took it when it was offered to him. This was a great factor in his election. He might have tried to excuse himself on the ground that he was not capable of performing the duties of a king, he might have asked for time to consider the offer, or he might have rejected it outright. He did none of these things, but meekly submitted to God's wisdom.

There has never been a man or woman who sought the kingdom of God in God's own way and failed to find it. "Ask," said the Master, "and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you; for everyone that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." Again, "And him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." "If ye abide in My word, then are ye truly my disciples; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." God had made it possible for all men to be elected to salvation. Instead of responding to this call many are heard to say, "I don't believe that I can live the Christian life now and perhaps I had better not try until I am sure that I can succeed. Did God ever demand the impossible of any man? Others want time to consider the matter. Behold, now is the acceptable time; behold now is the day of salvation." And another also said, "I will follow Thee, Lord; but first suffer me to bid farewell to them that are at my house. But Jesus said unto him, No man having put his hand to the plow and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." And as he reasoned of righteousness and self-control and the judgment to come, Felix was terrified and answered: Go thy way for this time; and when I will call thee unto me." Did that season ever come? Many reject this offer altogether. Those are elected who hear the call and obey as directed by the Saviour. They then belong to God, body and spirit, and must do His bidding.

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ARE YOU WORRYING? IF SO, WHY?

Students Begin Compilation of a Volume Which They Predict Will Solve Etiquette Problems

Many works have been written on this all-important question—yes, they have been read and digested, yet the desired results have not been obtained, which the authors had in mind. Still many hearts are being torn asunder. Young men due to lack of this art are daily seen with a distressed look upon their face, hands pulling from their ivory dome great bunches of that covering given them by God. Young ladies, fair and beautiful, with hands clinched, tears streaming down their ever-to-be adored face, are heard to moan, "O, my! O, my! O, if I had only known, if I had only known, this suffering is useless," and it is our (the author's) purpose, and it is the mission of this work to alleviate this sad state of affairs.

Realizing the greatness of our task and that the destinies of many homes now in the form of air castles rest in our hands, we with delicacy begin the task, expounding and making plain, easy and simple even the most complex and disturbing problems of etiquette. After reading carefully and considerably the entire work, if you are not able to put on as you would a suit of clothes the best of table manners, and when you are calling upon your fair one know just what to say and do, and when, know just at what angle to wear your hat, what colors wear best on a rainy day, how long to wear morning after somebody else has stolen your best friend, what to say when you meet her or him in the hallways of our administration hall, how with the aid of this little volume one can with all ease and the greatest dignity pass skillet dough for scores of chairs without making the least impression on the keen-eyed professor.

One of the greatest handicaps of our student body is knowing just how to receive the professors when entertaining your fair damsel, while standing in some secluded nook or hallway; but, friend of this sociable inclined institution, why worry about this? With this treatise always at your hand you will be able to meet him with that same coolness that possessed Washington when crossing the Delaware. If you are on the verge of breaking relationships with one of Avalon Home's fairest or one of Lindsay's bravest knights, thinking that the affections of more than one cannot be properly directed at one and the same time, why have only one heart beating in unison with yours? When with the same effort you can have scores if you wish due consideration will treasure up in your heart the truths contained in the immortal rules of proper behavior that are to follow.

Space does not permit us to give in detail the principles set forth concerning this important social art, but with patience watch the next issue of the Babblers for the introductory rules of etiquette which contains some special information in regard to the consummation of prunes; and if space permits, drawings will accompany our next article, illustrating how, if impossible, to dispose of the seed without causing alarm, they may be swallowed without any unnecessary commotion.

CAMPUS NEWS

Miss Margaret Carter spent Monday with Mrs. C. C. Paris.

Miss Frances Greenlee spent this week-end at her cousins.

Miss Alice Blair has returned to school after a long spell of sickness, and we are glad to have her back.

Miss McPherson visited Miss Inez Kinnie this week-end.

Freda Landers spent the week-end with Misses Louise and Elizabeth Cullum.

Miss Harriett Orndorff visited the Tennessee Industrial School this week-end where her mother is teaching.

Mr. and Mrs. McMahan were in Nashville Monday to see their daughter, Thelma. Thelma's father has bought her a new car.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Jordan came out to D. L. C. Monday.

Mrs. Stafford visited this school Monday.

Miss Dixie Owen visited Miss Maude McCall at Franklin Sunday and Monday.

Miss Ruth Jordan spent the week-end with Mrs. J. A. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Dodd and Miss Alice and Mr. Lowry Dodd attended the junior play which was given Saturday night.

We have two new girls in school—Miss Lady Grace Smith, of Woodbury, and Miss Sara McGill, of Clarksburg, Tenn. We are glad to have these new girls.

Mr. David Riggs, son of Brother Riggs, of California, is also a new student.

Geography

Lewis: "Where's your wife?"
Lowry: "Gone to the West Indies."
Lewis: "Jamaica?"
Lowry: "No, her own idea."

Dixon: "So you imagine you know as much as the professor, do you?"
Walker: "Well, yes. He said it was impossible for him to teach me anything."

THE WINNING STROKE

By Wm. H. Corum

"Now boys, when we get there we all want to play fair with Possum Hollow. They always treat us with respect."

It was the principal of Dourne's Knob speaking. The tennis team of the school was journeying to play the annual tournament match with their rival sister-school. There were to be three matches played to decide the tournament, one double and two singles. Dourne's Knob's players were just preparing to leave the school, for the games were to be played on Possum Hollow's court. They were to make the trip in autos and there was a general buzz of excitement as one by one the cars loaded and were off. There was a large crowd of rooters accompanying the players.

At one-thirty the seats began to fill. The Dourne's Knob aggregation occupied a section of seats directly across the court from Possum Hollow's student body and patrons. There were no seats at the ends of the court, only wire netting to serve as backstops. At two-fifteen the match was to start and by two the stands were crowded for standing room. People for miles around had come to witness this battle of skill and wit between the two schools. But as two-fifteen gradually drew near there was one who was worried. That was Possum Hollow's principal and coach. Bill, our hero in two previous athletic struggles, had not arrived at the playing court. So a small boy was instructed to "run to the store and 'phone about him." But when the store was reached there was no need for calling. There sat Bill calmly devouring a cake of sweet chocolate.

"Hey Bill! Professor wants you. Your game has been changed to first."

"Well, let's go then. I feel like beating anybody they may send down here this afternoon."

But if Bill did "feel" like it, the sight that met his gaze as he stepped within the inclosure around the court, made him more determined. There stood his "enemy of the court" talking to Margaret and to cap the climax he was holding her hand! But Bill walked to where his coach was without betraying any sign of interest. He was handed a box of tennis balls and told to select two. This was done and the whistle soon blew for the opening of the game. The referee stepped to the center of the court. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began. "We have all gathered here for one express purpose today. That is to witness this contest of skill and wit between these two rival schools. But my purpose in making this short speech is to make clear to all the rules of this contest. There shall be five games played in each match. The players or player winning the majority of these will be awarded ten points. There shall also be three matches, one double and two singles contests. Then the school having the greatest number of points at the close of the tournament will have won the decision, and—the handsome fifteen dollar racquet which is also to be given the individual player making the most points. Are there any corrections to be made of any of the rules?"

There were none, and so a coin was tossed for the choice of serve or court between Bill and Archie Williams, Bill's opponent. Bill won the toss and chose serve. The two players shook hands across the net and each walked to his position. Possum Hollow's star sedately inspected his racquet, pitched a ball into the air and struck it with a powerful sweeping stroke. The ball shot like a plummet toward the net, struck it and rolled to the ground. Nothing daunted, Bill stepped back of the line and served the "second" ball. This time with a sharp cut and without diminishing its speed. The serve went good, Archie made a neat return and the game was on. Bill sent the ball back on a high lob and it was returned to him an easy forehand drive. He set himself for the stroke, the ball bounced and was sent back across the net to the back line in a terrific smash. It was Bill's point. He served again, this time gaining another point for his terrible first ball was not returned. But the next point went to Williams for driving a smash close along the side of Bill's court. However, Bill did the same to him and the score was 40-5th. Archie was somewhat abashed on having been caught on his own play. He said nothing though, and Bill gave him another point by serving a double. But the next point was the server's and the game went to the Wildcat's star.

It was now William's serve. He presented a style of service that for a time had Bill non-plussed. Instead of stroking the ball in the usual way, he pitched it high in the air and struck it with all his might on the descent. It therefore sailed for the opposite side of the net with terrific speed but did not "cut" until it struck the ground. It would then bounce a little to the right. Bill, however, soon learned to play just a little to the right hand side of where the ball would bounce in order to allow for the cut however slight it might be. This game was a great deal harder fought than the preceding, the score remaining at duce for several points. But Possum Hollow's star finally managed to cop the two succeeding strokes required and thereby won the second frame. As the score in games was now two-love, Archie began to get desperate. Instead of playing the ball craftily he now smashed at every opportunity, and instead of serving with care and precision he now stroked the ball at random, seldom scoring a good ball. It was because of this Bill won the next two games, 40-5th and love-game.

There was one remaining chance for Archie. That was to win this, the fifth game of the match. If he did he would have an opportunity for still beating Bill. But his opponent seemed to realize this also, and this game was the most craftily played of the entire contest. This time every first ball Bill served went good and each first ball was cleanly received by Williams. Finally Bill realized,

FIRST DAYS AT D. L. C.

New Student Tells of First Glimpse of Student Body and of Rivalry Between Literary Societies

It is customary by amateur writers to offer apologies at the close of their stories, but I shall break all former precedents that other amateurs may have had and offer my apology for attempting to give my impressions of D. L. C. after attending only a week—an apology for trying to express my first impressions, when only novel impressions were made.

There is perhaps nothing that impresses the new student more than his first glimpse of the entire student body. A given instinct or some unknown faculty tells him immediately whether or not he is favorably impressed. A well-known educator once said that a college is judged by its student body. The first impression that I registered was very pleasing. The feeling came to me that my future home was to be a happy and pleasant dwelling place. In chapel I first viewed my prospective fellow students. This was an opportunity I had long anticipated and I might say that I was not disappointed. The deepest impression made upon my mind at the close of the first week was the intense rivalry between the two literary societies. Never have I seen such rivalry. Harvard and Yale are supposed to be strong rivals, but I doubt very much if the rivalry that exists between those two universities can equal the rivalry between the Calliopean and Lipscomb Literary Societies. I have heard a member of one society say that he would die for his society. I then wondered if that was going to be necessary; if so, I would join the opposite society, not believing in warfare of any kind myself nor wanting to be a martyr for a great cause. I wish I were compelled to join one society instead of voluntary entrance. If I am to be admitted into one society, I am threatened with being thrown out of a window of a three-story building. My roommate refuses to sleep with me if I do not join with his society, but says that he will give me a place under the bed. In other words, I may be his do-in if I act nice. He never did sleep with a "Bota Bota," and never will. On the other hand if I join the "Ki Ks" I am warned against isolation, blackmail and everything else up to murder. What I really need is a bodyguard, an adviser who can settle my knotted problem for me.

David L. Riggs.

"RADIO"

"This is station WDLC, David Lipscomb College, Nashville, Tennessee. You have just listened to a piano solo played by Miss . . . Our next number will be a selection by the college quartet."

This is what you would probably hear if David Lipscomb College had her individual broadcasting station, and you were to step into the studio at the termination of a number. And if the school had its own station! It would possess the greatest means of displaying its talent and of advertising the world has yet known. That is, radio-casting.

It is estimated that within the United States there are twelve million receiving sets. There are also slightly over five hundred broadcasting stations. This, then, would average twenty-four thousand listeners in to one transmitting station. Now stop and think. Imagine how many people who had never heard of D. L. C. would stop to listen to a good piece of music or an inspiring talk. There would be a great many more than would be imagined. Persons from the East, West, North and South, anywhere within the range of the station, would probably at one time or another "listen-in."

And with only a slight addition to the equipment now already installed David Lipscomb College could have a broadcasting station. No one can truthfully say that there is not enough talent among the students to put on an interesting program at least twice a week. For there are in the school accomplished pianists, soloists, quartets, violinists, and excellent band, and various soloists on band instruments. There is plenty of material for the programs and who can say that a good mixed program picked from among this list of performers would not be an advertisement and a credit to the institution? No one.

But there seems to be few who realize that this can be easily obtained. And only for a comparatively small sum. Come on students, let's get behind this and carry it over.

Who knows but that some night you will hear your name announced as rendering some sort of number? Come on. Let's get everybody interested and the first thing you know old D. L. C. will have a broadcasting station.

he could not possibly win this game if he did not adopt other tactics. So when the next serve had struck in the opposite court he stepped up close to the service line. Archie returned the ball to him a contemptible lob scarcely twenty feet over the net. It was as if done by something supernatural. It struck just right for Bill to send it back on another lob and rush in close to the net. This time the ball came back towards the net in a heavy smash. It cleared the net by a bare six inches, struck Bill's racquet and rolled off Archie's side of the court almost parallel to the net. There was no chance for it to be returned and Bill raced off the court to where Margaret was sitting. "O you Bill! I knew you would win," she exclaimed.

"Well I couldn't lose—to HIM." And as Bill stood there admiring his recently awarded prize, the new racquet, the combined voices of Possum Hollow's student body rose in their famous yell: "Cheer, boys, cheer, Bill has won the game. Cheer, boys, cheer, He's brought the Wildcat's fame."

IMPORTANCE OF SELF-CONTROL

We come into this world perfectly helpless, depending upon our parents for everything necessary for our development and growth and completely under their control and stay thus until we attain the age of accountability, which is generally from seven to ten years old. Now we begin in a more or less feeble way to assume a part of the conduct of our own affairs in molding out for ourselves, our future and fitting ourselves for our lives in this world and in the world to come.

This leads us to a definition of our subject. What then is self-control?

Self-control is a personal handling of mind and muscle developing mental, moral and physical growth. As our muscles are sustained by the food we take and the exercise we give them, so also are our minds more or less improved by the manner we use or train them, and lastly and of most importance does our moral side depend upon the training it receives during this period of rapid development when we should be under the control of parent, school, church and Sunday school.

We should learn to seek out for ourselves only such associates as will improve us and such foods as are not poisonous alike to mind and body, and more so to our souls.

"Be ye tempted in all things," a lesson in self-control from that source that's filled from cover to cover with an unlimited number of lessons that are open to us all at any time and which we can understand when we prayerfully ask the giver to enable us to do so.

We should strive day by day to get better control over ourselves. We should exercise self-control in the daily walks of life. We meet with many temptations daily, but we must overcome these temptations. Each one we overcome the next will be easier. If we give way to our passions and appetites and do not exercise self-control we will finally have no control over ourselves. Anger, appetite, envy, jealousy, pride, revenge, tempt us to do wrong. Love, duty, conscience whisper to us to do right. For which shall we decide, for the wrong or for the right? If we decide for the wrong we may in the end become the slaves of our passions and be destroyed.

Thoughtless young people sometimes ask: "What is the use of doing right? What is the use of checking bad impulse and exercising self-control?" If you will look around you, and reflect upon what you see, you will find an answer to this question. You will find that the people who exercise control over themselves are happier than those who are carried along by passion and appetite. Sometimes, it is true, wicked people seem to prosper and be happy. But if we could learn the secret of their lives, we would find that they were not really happy. That they have no self-respect. No one can be truly happy without self-respect. You may be unfortunate or unsuccessful; people may scorn you or neglect you, yet if you always firmly do the right thing, you will always have a good conscience and your own self-respect. Our conscience tells us what is right to do, if we will listen to it, but if we do not listen and try to obey what it tells us to do, it will finally stop warning us. Do what your conscience says is right, do what reason says is best. But in all things we should ever remember that we all have a never-failing source to appeal to in prayer, i. e., an all watchful God.

LUTHER DEACON.

A bachelor sat in his chair—and he thought;
And he made up his mind that he wouldn't be caught;
And yet he wanted to do what he ought,
And he thought—
And he thought—
And he thought—
A little maid sat in her chair—and she thought;
And she made up her mind that she wouldn't be caught;
And yet she wanted to do what she ought,
And she thought—
And she thought—
And she thought—
A bachelor sat in his chair—and he thought;
And a little maid sat by him—just as she ought;
For alas! they forgot about not being caught;
But they thought—
And they thought—
And they thought—
McFarland: "Hello, old man. How is everything?"
Owen White: "She's fine, thanks."

Brother Owen: "If you count a dog's tail a leg, how many legs would the dog then have?"
Ellis: "Five."
Brother Owen: "No, he would have four, because counting it a leg wouldn't make it a leg."

Trixie: "Mr. Garner is wearing glasses now. Do you think they improve his looks any?"
Anne: "Yes, about fifty feet or so."

Bussing
Bus—to kiss.
Re-bus—to kiss again.
Blunder-bus—to kiss all the girls in a room.
Bus-ter—A general kisser.

A Materialistic View
A doctor who was superintendent of the Sunday school in a small village asked one of the boys this question:

"Willie, will you tell me what we must do in order to get to heaven?"
Said Willie: "We must die."
"Very true," replied the doctor, "but tell me what we must do before we die."
"We must get sick," said Willie, "and send for you."—Newark Speed-Up.

NONSENSE

Theorem: Prove that my girl loves me.

Statement: I love my girl.
Proof: All the world loves a lover; my girl is all the world to me.
Conclusion: Therefore my girl loves me. Q. E. D.

The Boat That Leaked
Halfway across the lake on his first boating expedition, Rastus noticed quite a little water in the bottom of the boat. Somewhat agitated he took his penknife and got down on his hands and knees.
"What you gwine do, boy?" asked his boating companion.
"I's gwine let some of this heah watah out," explained Rastus, "foah we gits heavy an' sinks."—Everybody's Magazine.

Cruelly Suggestive
Departing Cook (after a week's stay): "Should any letters come for me, p'raps you'll kindly send 'em on."
Lady: "Certainly, if there's any room on the envelope for any more addresses."—Punch.

The Doctor Sustained His Point
"You say you come from Detroit," said the doctor to his fellow passenger; "that's where they make automobiles, isn't it?"
"Sure," replied the American with some resentment; "we make other things in Detroit, too."
"Yes, I know," retorted the doctor; "I've ridden in 'em."—Store Chat.

Poor Fido
"Madame," said the dignified gentleman, "your dog bit me on the ankle."
"He did?" cried the lady. "Oh, I must send for a doctor!"
"Oh, I assure you it isn't as bad as—"
"You're the third person he's bitten today," broke in the lady. "I just know he isn't feeling well."—Bursts and Duds.

Consistent in Her Old Age
Two players sliced their drives into the rough and went in search of the balls. They searched a long time without success. An old lady watched them with sympathetic eyes. Finally she said sweetly: "I hope I'm not interrupting, gentlemen, but would it be cheating if I were to tell you where they are."—The Baptist.

Snap Judgment
The soldiers marched to the church and halted in the square outside. One wing of the edifice was undergoing repairs, so there was room for only half the regiment.

"Sergeant," ordered the major, "tell the men who don't want to go to church to fall out."
A large number quickly availed themselves of the opportunity.
"Now, sergeant," said the major, "dismiss all the men who did not fall out and march the others in—they need it more."—The Baptist.

A Parental Parenthesis
"Pthenia," the father called from the head of the stairs, "what time is it?"
"All right," came heavily over the midnight air, "but start the clock again when the young man goes out for breakfast."—Brown Jug.

Good Measure
"My dear," remarked Herman, "did you ask the milkman why there is never any cream on our milk?"
Alice: "Yes, and he explained quite satisfactorily. I think that it is a great credit to him."
Herman: "What did he say?"
Alice: "That he always fills the jug so full there is no room for the cream."

A New Angle on Encores
A little girl who does not understand encores found fault with the audience at a recent children's concert in which she helped to sing a chorus.
"I know we didn't make a mistake," she exclaimed on the way home, "and yet they made us sing it all over again."—The Baptist.

In Youth or Age

Be Satisfied with Nothing Less than the Best.

Which Means That

In Ordering Ice Cream

See that it is

Union
ICE CREAM

ICE CREAM

Made its way by the way its made

Thrift

"Thrift is the great fortune maker," said Andrew Carnegie, and his life proved it.

The right-using of all the values of life is thrift. This is as true of your energies as it is of your money and material wealth.

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"For every young man there is an Armageddon to be fought. He must either enter the fight and perish or come out victorious soldier of Prince Immanuel."—H. Leo Boles.

THE BABBLER

"What would this babbler say"—Acts 17:18

There can be drawn no circle large enough to include the possibilities of the one who really wants to do things.
—A. G. Freed.

Vol. 5

DAVID LIPSCOMB COLLEGE, NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL 10, 1925.

No. 13

DAVID LIPSCOMB AND BRYSON SQUARE EVEN

Debate on Child Labor Amendment Held March 28 Results
ni 2-1 Victory for D. L. C. and 3-0 Victory for
Bryson at Fayetteville. Last of Forensic
Program

PROF. OWEN MAKES TALKS

In a Week of Lectures He Instructs
Regarding Making of Man and
Choosing a Life's Work

A series of lectures recently delivered by Prof. W. H. Owen at chapel exercise proved of much worth to the student body. In this series of six lectures Prof. Owen gave many concise and clear-cut lessons on the subject of choosing one's life occupation. He has the reputation of being one of the best thinkers and most pointed lecturers on the faculty and in dealing with his subject demonstrated his ability both to think and to speak.

The first lecture Mr. Owen made on the choosing of a life's work was an admonition to first "make a man of yourself," and then any other work will follow. He stressed the point that it is all important to first make men as the average boy or girl is not capable of making a choice of a vocation. With this task fully completed—a man or woman made—two principles should govern the person in selecting a life's work; first, the occupation should be honorable, and, second, it should be one best suited to the person.

Following the subject in other lectures Brother Owen gave several characteristics of a real man. A man

(Continued on page 2)

TAKE TRIP TO THE HILLS

Expression Class Takes Afternoon Off
and Spends Jolly Time by the
Glow of a Camp Fire

Last Friday afternoon the expression club motored to the hills about three miles from school. They left school at 3 o'clock and the time between then and dark was spent climbing the hills and wading the brooks.

At last when dusk came all were called together at a bonfire and weiners were roasted and masticated. After the weiners marshmallows took the leading role until every one's native want for food was satisfied.

Then for three hours they sat and sang around the campfire. While the dagger-like flames leaped higher and higher, driving away the sting of the dewy coldness, songs of home were sung, such as "Keep the Home Fires Burning." Ghost stories were narrated also.

In the midst of the enjoyment they were reminded by Miss Crabtree, the teacher, that it was time to go home. Even though the muscles were tired and aching, the hearts were light and happy that rode back to D. L. C. bathed in the silvery moonlight.

Every one agreed that expression is a good study and that Miss Crabtree is a real teacher, and all are hoping to participate in another of the outings.

THE "F. B." CLUB HAS BIG FEAST

Sandwiches Are Eaten and Guests
Made Merry at Regular Meeting
of Avalon Home Club

The debate of March 28 had been won. The "F. B.'s" were hungry, so why should they not feast? They did. The eats had been carried to Trixie's room and the tables were full. All the "F. B.'s" came marching (?) in. As guest of honor the club had Miss Louise Nesbitt, of Murfreesboro, who was entertained by the club, assisted by Misses Ruth Jordan and Miriam Jones. "Gaston," the ONLY honorary member of the club, had no small share in the sumptuous repast which followed. Being in the most comfortable of positions, those in the room began to devour the contents of the table. At the beginning all reached for one of every kind of sandwich passed around, but soon they seemed to grow more numerous and less tasty, and this hunger was soon stayed.

By the time the ice cream course was served every one had such a glorious plenty that very little cream was needed to satisfy the desires of the participants. In vain they tried to finish the cake. Their desires for food and entertainment satisfied, the five retreated to their rooms and welcomed a good night's rest.

The final number of Lipscomb College's forensic program was given on the evening of March 28, 1925. This was the debate with Bryson College of Fayetteville, Tenn. Two teams were furnished by each college and in the field of results the institutions squared even, David Lipscomb's team winning at home and Bryson's home team the victor.

Due to the fact that of the four debates held previous to this, D. L. C. had lost none, there was every indication that an even greater record would be made. With the appearance of Bryson's team, Clark Askins and William Jobe, Leslie G. Thomas and Conrad Copeland recognized that a fight was before them.

The question was concerning the Child Labor Amendment. Thomas and Copeland were strong in the defense of the amendment, maintaining that state laws had failed and that the new law was necessary. Askins and Jobe were brilliant in the denial, but were out-generated by Thomas' logical arguments and Copeland's keen refutations. Thomas' final speech won the day, capturing for David Lipscomb College a 2 to 1 victory.

At the same hour a discussion on the same question was held at the Bryson Auditorium at Fayetteville, Tenn. The affirmative of the question was upheld by Mr. A. F. Bridges and Mr. C. L. Smith, students of Bryson College. The negative was defended by C. J. Garner and H. L. Carter, of David Lipscomb. Messrs. Bridges and Smith based their arguments for the amendment on three contentions:

1. That there is a need for Federal child labor legislation.
2. That State laws are inadequate because child labor is a national and not a state condition.
3. That the amendment is only an enabling act which gives Congress power to assist the states in regulating, limiting and prohibiting labor of persons under eighteen.

The opposition to the proposed amendment was presented by admitting that there is a need for Federal legislation and that the states need the assistance of the national government, but that the affirmative had not proved that the proposed amendment which says, "That Congress shall have power to limit, regulate and prohibit the labor of all persons under eighteen years of age," should be adopted, to the absolute exclusion of the consideration of any other amendment.

The arguments were based on three contentions:

1. That the proposed amendment is unwise, because it is plainly a grant of unlimited power.

(Continued on page 2)

PRAISE GIVEN TO "F. B." CLUB

Honorary Member of Club Praises
Fine Qualities of the Five
Girls

The editor of a paper, and especially of a school paper, is often called upon to answer for the contents of his paper. More than once has this been true of the writer, and now follows an explanation before any criticism can be offered. Recently there appeared in the columns of The Babler an account of the organization of a club among the girls of Avalon Home. The name of this new organization may seem somewhat mysterious, yet the mystery of the club is immaterial. There is already enough revealed about such organizations for one to judge their merits without having to delve into the mysteries involved.

Now, the "F. B." Club, for such is the appellation of the above mentioned band, is an honor to any school and readers of The Babler should deem it an honor to know of the activities of the club. The management of the paper is only too glad to proclaim to over two thousand people the merits of these girls. Therefore, in this edition may be found a record of one of the gatherings of this group.

The names of these five girls and the honorary member of the club have not been as yet made known to the public, but since their club names have been published, the honorary member takes upon himself the task and promises to bear all responsibility of writing a few laudatory phrases concerning the club which has honored him so highly as to designate him "honorary member."

Every organization to be effective must have a presiding officer. "Where's" is the best that could be

(Continued on page 2.)



Editor and Business Manager of "Babblér"

SOCIETIES TO HAVE DEBATE

Lipscomb-Caliopean Debaters to Clash
on Alumni Day, May 26.
Interest Is Assured

After much wrangling and disputation on the part of both the Lipscomb and Caliopean societies, it has at last been arranged to have an inter-society debate on Alumni Day, May 26, 1925. Challenge and counter challenge was issued and still the societies were at variance. Finally the Lipscomb Society posted a notice that it would debate the Caliopean Society on any terms it would propose. This move succeeded and now the question has been drafted and speakers are in training.

The event as planned promises to be an added feature of Alumni Day. Especially does it foretell much interest aroused both among present members of the societies and among alumni. The probable question for discussion will be, "Resolved, that the Federal Government shall regulate marriage and divorce."

Already extensive plans are under way for Commencement Week, May 24-27. This debate as planned is seen by leaders here to be the means of returning many of the school's graduates and permitting them to see the work and judge the merit of the society with which they were once affiliated.

"LED BY THE HOLY SPIRIT"

Is Subject of Sunday Morning Sermon
of Student of David
Lipscomb College

On Sunday morning, April 5, the pulpit was filled at David Lipscomb College by John P. Lewis, a student of the institution. Mr. Lewis made a very favorable impression on those who heard and the sermon he delivered were both effective and instructive.

For the morning service the text was taken from Rom. 8:14. Mr. Lewis showed a thorough understanding and complete mastery of his subject, "Led by the Holy Spirit. His sermon in outline form follows:

The Holy Spirit not only converts a person but teaches him how to live after he becomes a Christian. The religious world is almost united on the fact that the Holy Spirit leads people, but as to how it does its work there is a vast difference.

When a person obeys the gospel, when he follows Christ, when he follows the teaching of the New Testament, he is then led by the Holy Spirit.

Then a few things were mentioned that the Holy Spirit leads one to do. In Col. 3:5, Paul said, "Put to death, therefore your members which are upon the earth; fornication, uncleanness, passion, evil desire, and covetousness, which is idolatry." People sometimes talk of the idolatrous worshippers of foreign lands, but they may be found today even in the "Jerusalem of the south," for covetousness is idolatry. Since the Holy Spirit teaches one to "put to death," separate one's self from fleshly members, and this has not as yet been done, it is high time that action be taken.

The Holy Spirit teaches forgiveness of one another (Col. 3:13; Gal. 6:1). Christ tells exactly how to deal with one who has done wrong in Mat. 18:15-17. First "show him his fault between thee and him alone" (a company of two). Next, providing he doesn't hear thee, "take with thee one or two more, that at the mouth of two witnesses or three every word may be established" (a company of two or three); then "if he refuses to hear them, tell it unto the church." "And if he refuse to hear the church also, let him be unto thee as the Gentile and the Publican." And that's as far as it goes. When it has been carried on to the

(Continued on page 2.)

DEATH COMES TO STUDENT

Oscar Crissman Dies at Home in Chattanooga, April 4. The Sad News Affects Student Body

About three o'clock Saturday afternoon, April 4, 1925, the sad news came to David Lipscomb College that Oscar Crissman, Jr., was dead. A cloud of gloom hovered over the school; grief filled every heart as the word of his death quietly passed around. Only a few weeks ago Oscar left school for his home in Chattanooga because of ill health. No one thought when he said goodbye that it would be the last farewell and among his classmates it seems hard to realize that such condition as exists is true.

The sympathy of the student body and faculty goes out for Oscar's father and mother, for it is known that they loved him dearly as did all his friends here. "Cris," as his pals called him, was a favorite among his classmates as he always did his part and was a willing worker in student activities. It is hard to understand why he was taken away so early in life, but God knows best in all things.

"Let not your heart be troubled: believe in God, believe also in me." (John 14:1.)

ANNUAL NEARS COMPLETION

Publication Soon to Be in Hands of
Students. Asks Support of
Advertising Firms

The College annual, the Backlog, nears completion as this edition of The Babler goes to press. In a few days the publication will be in the hands of students and friends, who may then and there judge its merits.

The management of The Babler has been asked to carry in the paper a list of those firms who advertised with the Backlog. The following houses should be patronized by David Lipscomb College students, for they have made it possible for the Senior Class to publish an annual:

Cain-Sloan Co.
Schumacher Studio.
B. B. Smith & Co.
Spurlock-Neal Co.
Alex Warner & Son.
Joy's.
M. E. Derryberry Co.
W. A. McPherson (Tailors).
W. G. Thuss
Hermitage Shoe Shop
Castner-Knott Co.
Lamar & Barton.
Howe & Emerson.
Rains, Pettus & Burnett.
Nashville Baking Co.
McQuiddy Printing Co.
J. J. Hill Co.
H. A. French.
Timothy's
Phillips & Butteroff Mfg. Co.
Joe Morse & Co.
Elliott-Rittenburg Piano Co.
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Standard Music Co.
Hicks-Green Lumber Co.
Farris Hardwood & Lumber Co.
Owen's (Waverly).
Bramblett-Hunter Printing Co.
Tinsley's.
Loveman's.
R. M. Mills Co.
W. W. Bush Coal Co.
Lusky's.

(Continued on page 2)

LIPSCOMBS WIN OPENING GAME OF BASEBALL SERIES

Lipscomb-Calio Game Results in Defeat of Callos, 8-6.
Home Run by Lowry, Fielding of Wood and Karnes
Hidden Ball Trick and Double Play Are Features

At last America's greatest sport has come into its own at David Lipscomb. Three weeks of practice in the warm spring sun has brought the athletes into the proverbial pink of condition. The baseball bee is buzzing once more and the Calios and Lipscombs are struggling for the supremacy of the diamond.

The baseball field is in the best of condition. The sod has been removed along the line between second and third bases, giving the shortstop and third baseman some 15 feet more territory which was once occupied by onions and grass. The diamond has been accurately laid out and the banks along first and third base lines have been graded. A new rubber home plate is down and with a pitcher's mound the field needs but little to make it ideal in every respect.

Each society has more men out for practice this year than in any of the past five. First team games are scheduled for each Tuesday. The Yannisians will clash on Fridays to give plenty of baseball for the remainder of the school year.

On April 7 the Lipscombs won the first game of the series from the Caliopeans by the score of 8 to 6.

Perfect weather brought most every student and faculty member out to see the conflict, which proved to be one of the best games played between the societies for many years. The game was fast, and although a number of errors crept into the box score it was full of tense moments and good plays that more than offset these bobbles.

Parham opened the game for the Lipscombs, who went to bat first. Warren threw him a strike, which he did not offer at. The next pitch went wide and Parham laid down a neat bunt on the next one which crossed up the Calio infield and he was safe at first. Bourne was safe on Crawley's error. Riggs fanned and Dodd was up. With the count 2 and 2 on him, he hit a high knuckle ball into the orchard for three bags. He later scored on an error for the third score. This ended the scoring till the first part of the fifth inning, when Riggs hit into the garden in left field, with Bourne on first. Riggs gayly toured the satchels before the ball could be relayed to the infield. Then it was that we were reminded of one Fred Merkle who failed to touch second base in the long ago. The wily Leo Boles called for the ball and Riggs was called out for not tagging first base.

The Calios made their first score in the fifth on Locke's single, steal to second, and Parham's error on Warren's high one in left center.

No more runs were made in the sixth inning. Warren and Gleaves

(Continued on page 2)

THE RELIGION OF SHAKESPEARE

English Professor Tells What the Evidence Shows Concerning Religion of Great Writer

By R. P. Cuff

Whether Shakespeare claimed membership in the Roman Catholic Church or in the Church of England, perhaps no one knows. It may be that no one will ever know. Shakespeare's death in 1616 antedated the birth of most modern religious bodies. The religious world was not so much torn into denominational havoc in his day as now. Hence, it would be folly to think of him as having been a member of any one of almost all the denominations that are contending for membership in America today.

It should not be thought, however, that he lived in a time of lull in religious interest. During his day the Bible must have been discussed quite freely. A demand arose for a version of the Bible to which the common people might have access. That demand was understood and acceded to by King James, who appointed a group of scholars to translate the Bible from the original tongues into English. It should be remembered that the epoch-making work of translation (began in 1604 and completed in 1611) was done during the most productive period of Shakespeare's dramatic career. It is not at all improbable that Shakespeare had daily access to a Bible owned by himself.

Although he lived in a time of some religious fervor, there is no indication that Shakespeare was a partisan. It seems that he did not participate actively in any theological controversy. At least, we must so conclude if we accept these words from Thomas Carlyle: "I cannot call this Shakespeare a sceptic as some

(Continued on page 2)

MUSIC PUPILS GIVE PROGRAM

Departments of Voice and Piano Do
Credit to Heads of Depart-
ments on April 4

The pupils of Mrs. Pierce and Miss Batey gave to the public an appreciative program on Saturday evening, April 4, 1925. The attention given by those present attested to the quality of the work of these departments, piano and voice and the entire program proved the character of the work of the heads of the departments.

The Program.
Valse Caprice.....Chaminade
Robbie McCannless
The Old Refrain.....Kreiser
Neil Conlee
Woodland Whispers.....Braungardt
Enola Rucker
Yesterglow.....R. Deane Shure
Miriam Jones
Wings.....Johnson
Ho! Mr. Piper.....Curran
To You.....Speaks
Thelma McMahan
Bubbling Spring.....Rive-King
Myrtle Baars
Scherzando.....Beecher
Mary Blankenship
On the Road to Mandalay.....Speaks
Walter Campbell
Juba Dance.....Dett
Neil Conlee
Romance.....Arnold
Hazel Dennison
Impromptu.....Reinhold
Lorine Sims

FEELS GOOD OVER DEBATES

Dickson H. S. Principal Writes Appreciating Favors and Hoping
for Other Discussions

A letter from the principal of Dickson High School indicates that the debate with that school left all as the best of friends. This same spirit has characterized all the discussions and there is a closer link binding this to other institutions. The letter from H. H. Morris, Principal of Dickson High School, follows: Dickson, Tenn., March 17, 1925.

Pres. H. Leo Boles,
David Lipscomb College,
Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Sir:
Our boys and Mr. Paulk report a very pleasant and enjoyable visit with you last Saturday night and we wish to express our appreciation to you for the kind reception and other favors shown while there.

You would have been indeed proud of the showing your boys made here. They were both very likable fellows and all who heard them were full of praise for the manner in which they acquitted themselves. We were glad to have had them as our guests, of course, we would rather have won but the judges judged them better than our team and we congratulate them for being able to defeat us.

We hope that we may have other debates and school relations with you.

Very truly yours,
H. H. Morris.

FRESHMAN HI ORGANIZATION

Class Meets March 31 and Elects
Officers. Committee Also Se-
lected for Class Day Program

Formal organization of the freshman high school was effected March 31, 1925. J. R. Vaughan presided until a president and vice president were elected. Votes were cast and resulted in the election of officers, as follows:

President—Nellie Mae O'Neil.
Vice President—Steve Cave.
Secretary and Treasurer—John G. Reese.

Editor—Ronald Clements.
Steve Cave, in the absence of the President-elect, appointed a committee to take charge of class day program for the class. This committee named was C. L. Overturp, Eugenia Hammer, and Fred Scott.

The freshman high band has twenty-one members, all energetic and lively. The roll is: Nellie Mae O'Neil, Steve Cave, J. G. Reese, Ronald Clements, Richard Tallman, Howard Boyd, Fred Scott, Jack Young, Calvin Hampton, Eugenia Hammer, Lillian Hertzka, Louise Dillard, Earl Nunn, Edward Craddock, Loyce Randolph, Ruth Hayes, Turner Nance, Georgia Kearney, C. L. Overturp, Bert Tarkington, and John Clifford.

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Editor-in-Chief
ALEX BURFORD
Business Manager



OUR FRIENDS

By H. Leo Boles

There is no asset more valuable to an institution than its friends. They are worth more than silver and gold; they are worth more than buildings and equipment. No institution can survive long without its friends. David Lipscomb College glories in the large circle of friends that have blessed it. There may be institutions which have a larger number of friends, but no institution can boast of more loyal and consecrated friends than can David Lipscomb College.

Its alumni constitutes a large group of its friends. David Lipscomb College began conferring degrees on its graduates in 1903. Since that time it has graduated two hundred and fifty-two young men and young women. A large per cent of these are still living and are a blessing to the community in which they live. They are scattered throughout all the Southern States and even in foreign countries. Those who have graduated from the institution are a very small number compared to those who have been students at David Lipscomb College. Its students encircle the earth, and the influence for good is felt throughout the country. One very thoughtful man said, during the World War, that the students of David Lipscomb College had a great influence in impressing upon the church the New Testament teaching against carnal warfare. Many preachers of the gospel have been trained here and are out now breaking the bread of life to famishing humanity. They are a blessing to the church wherever they go.

You may add to the list of graduates and ex-students of David Lipscomb College a large host of patrons. These are among the best friends of David Lipscomb College. They know what the college stands for; they have been assisted by it in training their sons and daughters. They rise up and call it blessed. Many of the patrons of the institution were once students of it in its early period. Fathers and mothers received their training here and now in turn are training their sons and daughters here. They know the great value of the training received here. The present large student body bears evidence of the loyalty of its patrons.

The present student body belongs to its large circle of friends. There has never been grouped together a finer students body than David Lipscomb College now has; they appreciate the ideals of the college and are striving to attain the noble character which it holds before them. Eighteen States and Canada are now represented in the student body. What a mighty influence for good will radiate from the college when the present session draws to a close. They are to be counted among the best friends of the college.

The group of twenty-five teachers, who are sacrificing and helping to make the college a power for good in the educational world are to be numbered among its friends. They are helping to impress the ideals of the institution upon its student body and are faithful in making David Lipscomb College occupy first rank among educational institutions. They are contributing liberally their intellectual power and professional training to David Lipscomb College. No college can claim a stronger faculty or a more consecrated one.

Again there is another group of friends of David Lipscomb College in its Board of Trustees. There are seven men who are intensely interested in the progress and welfare of the college. They are co-operating encouragingly with the faculty and student body for the best results. At no time in the history of the college has there been a board of trustees who were more interested in the success of the college than the present board.

One may be able to see now why David Lipscomb College is so successful. With its multitude of friends, including its alumni, its patrons, its present student body, its faculty, and its board of trustees, it could not fail. It is mightily blessed with its friends and numbers YOU, dear reader, as one.

(Note.—H. Leo Boles is now President of David Lipscomb College. He is an alumnus of 1906. As President, he has placed the college on the high plane it now is. His record as head of the institution attests to his ability as an educator.—Editor.)

A Great Obstacle.
"Anyway, when I grow up," stormed Steve Cave, "I'll do just as I please."
"Well," quietly replied Prof. Murphy, "you may do so, but the chances are you'll get married instead."

Misapprehension.
Lots of people seem to believe in the freedom of the press. They seem to think that freedom of the press means not paying for the paper.

One of the strangest things in life is that the most religious of parents can have the most irreligious of children.

DAVID LIPSCOMB AND BRYSON SQUARE EVEN

(Continued from page 1.)

2. It is unjust to the states and parents because it is a tendency toward centralization.
3. Age limit is too high.
Having discussed these contentions thoroughly the negative submitted the following amendment:
"That the Congress shall have power to limit, regulate and prohibit the labor of persons under 16, pertaining to labor that is harmful to health and morals." The amendment leaving out the objection of the states found in the proposed amendment, and limiting the power of Congress. The negative further argued that under the proposed amendment Congress could limit, regulate and prohibit all labor of persons under 18 and that there was no use of granting power, which should not be used.

At the close of the main speeches it seemed that the negative had won the debate, but the affirmative had the last word and in his eight-minute rebuttal Mr. Bridges snatched victory from defeat, making it clear that Congress would not use all the power granted in the proposed amendment. The result was a 3 to 0 victory for the affirmative.

These debates completed the forensic program of the year. Of six debates, D. L. C. won five, three by unanimous vote and two by a two to one vote. The debate lost was a unanimous victory for the opponents.

These debates have greatly advertised the school and also furnished much development in argumentation. Those men who have engaged in debates report that much has been gained and nothing lost by taking part in these discussions.

PRaise GIVEN TO "F. B." CLUB

(Continued from page 1)

found for this responsible position in the "F. B." Club. She is somewhat reserved in speech and devoid of harshness, yet rules the affairs of her group with a dignity unsurpassed by the President of the United States. She is in reality a queen and well may this pen proclaim:

"Thou art to me but as a wave Of the wild sea; and I would have Some claim upon thee, if I could, Though but of common neighbor-hood."

In case of absence or inability of the president, the vice-president must preside. The vice-president of the club under consideration is fully competent to steer the bark "F. B." over the tempestuous sea of college life. She perambulates under the appropriate cognomen of "Trixie." She might seem to the casual observer to be somewhat uncommunicative, but her tongue can express volumes when the occasion arises. She is a pearl of great price and deserves the following applied lines:

"But, O fair creature; in the light Of common day, so heavenly bright, I bless thee, vision as thou art; I bless thee with a human heart; God shield thee to thy latest years."

No member of the "F. B." Club deserves more praise than does the secretary, "Dimples." Her jollity cannot be surpassed and her musical laugh can cause the most dejected spirit to rise to heights of ecstasy. The writer sees her as the poet expressed:

"A creature not too bright or good For human nature's daily food; For transient sorrows, simple wiles, Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles."

The treasurer, "Ginger," must not go unpraised, for she lives as a queen in her sphere—never too busy to speak, never too sad to smile, and never too jubilant to speak words of comfort and cheer. She is a "phantom of delight." Something of the sentiment of the poet now pervades the writer and causes him to ascribe to "Ginger" these words:

"Thy elder brother I would be, Thy father—anything to thee! Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace Hath led me to this lonely place."

The editor and sergeant-at-arms, "Judy," is the last but not least of the five. "Judy" is that type of girl who can make sunshine of gloom and smiles of tears. She is second to none in the art of practicing what she preaches. Having been a school teacher, she can very easily keep order in a club composed of five refined and cultured ladies such as compose the "F. B." Club. Of her we inquire:

"Then, why should I be loth to stir? I feel this pleasure was made for her; To give new place like the past, Continued long as life shall last."

These words of praise are full merited by the five girls. Their club is a credit to any school, and in the lives of the members is reflected the loyalty to truth, duty and honor for which they stand. The writer quotes from no poet words to commend the club as a whole, but permits the Muse to say through him:

"In gentleness, purity, friendship, and love These girls cannot well be surpassed; (With hearts for good and minds set above) May such work as theirs ever last. "F. B." Club, may you succeed.

The honorary member of this club now writes

Praising those who so friendly have been;

Asks that they when gathered at night

Kindly send him a sandwich again.

"F. B." Club, long may you live.

LIPSCOMBS WIN OPENING GAME OF BASEBALL SEASON

(Continued from page 1)

were both working well and batters were helpless before their slants. Gleaves was called out for not taking his regular turn at bat in the seventh. Parham beat a tap to Locke by half a step. Bourne was safe on Lowrey's error. Riggs went out swinging. Dodd, Campbell and Pruitt were all safe and four more runs gave the Lipscombs a total of 8. Pruitt was out stealing.

The Callios threatened again in the seventh when Crawley singled with one out and stole second. Here it was that Karnes atoned for his two errors by going to his left for a stab of a hot liner from Kirk's bat. He came up from the dirt with the ball in his gloved hand and scrambled to second base ahead of Crawley for the first unassisted double play of the year. It was easily the outstanding fielding play unless the strategy of the ninth inning could be considered better.

The Lipscombs went out on weak infield taps in the eighth. For the Callios, Chick Jones was out, Crawley singled to third, Kirk was out and Crawley took second. An error put L. Boles on first. Lowrey came up and hit a line drive over the corner in center field for a home run, scoring Crawley and Boles ahead of him. This rally fell four runs short of tying the score, and the rooters again broke out in pandemonium.

Warren held the Lipscombs helpless in the ninth. Vaughn was out for the Callios to open the last half of the ninth. Jimmie Boles shot a sharp single through the box. Warren and Boles were safe when Karnes dropped Wood's toss in an attempted double play. Jones walked to fill the bases. Crawley, Callio captain, hit over the left field fence for one base, scoring Boles and Warren. But two runs now separated them from the Lipscombs.

Karnes again saved the day when he pulled the hidden ball trick on Chick. Lipscomb players gathered around Gleaves, who had weakened. Jones wandered from second and Karnes, who had concealed the ball, also stroled near second base and tagged the runner out. Kirk popped a high one to Wood and the game was over.

Captain Crawley led the Callio attack with three hits and a run. Lowrey was almost as good with two hits. Parham, Dodd and Campbell got two hits each for the Lipscombs. Wood was the outstanding fielder, handling nine chances without the semblance of an error.

All alumni are invited to be here for a good game on Alumni day. Come back and live over the days you spent here as Lipscombs, Calliopeans, Sapphones or Kappa Nus.

LIPSCOMBS				
	AB.	R.	H.	E.
Parham, c. f.	5	2	2	1
Bourne, 1b.	5	3	0	0
Riggs, 3b.	5	0	1	0
Dodd, r. f.	5	2	2	0
Campbel, l. f.	5	1	2	0
Pruitt, c.	4	0	0	2
Karnes, 2b.	3	0	0	3
Wood, ss.	4	0	1	0
Gleaves, p.	4	0	1	0

CALLIOPEANS				
	AB.	R.	H.	E.
S. Jones, c. f.	4	0	0	0
Crawley, ss.	5	1	3	4
Kirk, c.	5	0	0	1
L. Boles, 1b.	4	1	0	0
Lowrey, 2b.	4	1	2	4
Locke, 3b.	3	1	1	0
Vaughn, l. f.	4	0	0	0
J. Boles, r. f.	3	1	1	0
Warren, p.	4	1	0	2
Lipscombs	3	0	0	1
Calliopeans	0	0	0	3

Summary: Two-base hit, Campbell. Three-base hit, Dodd. Home run, Lowrey. Stolen bases, Crawley 2, Locke 1, Parham 1, Bourne 2. Struck out, by Warren 5, by Gleaves 7. Base on balls, Warren 1, Gleaves 2. Time of game, 2 hours and 5 minutes. Umpires, Priestley and Burford.

PROF. OWEN MAKES TALK

(Continued from page 1.)

is not one who can cheat and "get by" with it; a man is not a person who can curse; neither is a person a man who violates a law in any way or fails to assist in seeing that laws are executed.

But a true man such as David charged his son, Solomon, to be, has more desirable qualities. He is a man who obeys laws; he is strong of mind; he tells the truth at all times and under all circumstances; he is a man of high moral standing; he is honest and stable in his ways, controls himself and above all has a strong faith in God.

When the boy or girl has attained these qualities then may he select a work for life. In one lecture Prof. Owen taught many lessons in regard to the work of preaching, showing that the work is not on a par with professions such as law, medicine, etc. But with all, the person who qualifies himself for preaching and does whatever his hand finds to do with all his might, shall both be happy and useful in his life's work here.

ANNUAL NEARS COMPLETION

(Continued from page 1)

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Absent.
"What can you tell me of the Renaissance?" ask Bro. Boles in Church History.

"I didn't see it," replied Lila Groves. "Guess they had that picture the week I was sick."

"LED BY THE HOLY SPIRIT"

(Continued from page 1)

blacksmith shop, store, office or any other place, it has been carried too far for it to be of the Holy Spirit.

Many other things were mentioned that the Holy Spirit leads one to do, viz.: To love one's enemies, (Mat. 5:44; Rom. 12:20). Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world, (1 Jno. 2:15). To assemble on the first day of the week, (Acts 20:7; Heb. 10:24-29). But one thing on which special emphasis was placed, was the part that people don't like to hear very much, that is the contribution, "Upon the first day of the week, let each one of you lay by him in store," (1 Cor. 16:2). How is this to be done? (1) "As he may prosper," (1 Cor. 16:2); (2) "Of their own accord," (2 Cor. 8:3); "Cheerfully," (2 Cor. 9:7); (4) "According as a man hath" (2 Cor. 8:12.) We sometimes hear people say "I am not able," etc., but God only requires of, not what a man has not, but "as he hath." The boast is sometimes made of "speaking where the Bible speaks, and keeping silent where the Bible is silent." Also the claim is made to being inbourn by human creeds and sectarian ties, "that the church "contends earnestly for the faith delivered once, for all to the saints," these are true, at least ought to be. The speaker continued, "But the trouble is we have the gospel and are keeping it in the sense that we are not carrying it to the world. The reason for this is (if not all together a large part) because we fall down on the financial side. We spend from fifty cents to a dollar for tobacco, chewing gum and such like every week, and sometimes more. We (I mean some) take in the show two or three times each week, and never miss their quarters or halves spent in things like this. But Sunday comes around and in goes two cents or a nickel. Brethren, is this being led by the Holy Spirit? Now we have it, when we do this we are doing as the Jewish priests were doing in Mal. 1:6-8, offering the blind, the lame, and the sick when we ought to be offering a "lamb without blemish." Again, Mal. 3:7-10 "They were robbing God." Can we be guilty of this? God said "Bring ye the whole tithe into the store-house . . . and I will open the windows of heaven and pour out a blessing" (Mal. 3:10).

This was a promise to fleshly Israel, but Paul says concerning spiritual Israel (or the church) "he . . . will supply and multiply your seed for sowing and increase the fruits of your righteousness. (2 Cor. 9:10). Do we believe this? Is it true? If it is not true, how do we know Acts 2:38 is? If it is true, why not lay by in store "as we are prospered?" Then we could go in one mighty phalanx and with the knowledge of Jehovah, cover the earth as the waters cover the sea." We can do it, why not do it? That's the way the Holy Spirit leads and if we are led by the Holy Spirit, that's the way we will have to follow."

THE RELIGION OF SHAKESPEARE

(Continued from page 1)

do; his indifference to creeds and theological quarrels of his time misleading them."

Notwithstanding the allegations of skepticism which some heated religionists have made against Shakespeare, there is ample evidence to show that he believed in God, Jesus Christ, and immortality. Augustus Hopkins Strong has said: "If any deny the personality of God or the deity of Christ they have a controversy with Shakespeare." Charles Ellis, of London, England, has maintained that fifty of Shakespeare's sonnets possess a pronounced Christian spirit. Books have been written emphasizing the idea that belief in immortality is shown in the sonnets.

Of course the chief source from which to gain information concerning Shakespeare's religious attitudes is his plays, thirty-seven in number. Dr. Strong, the same authority quoted above, said: "I challenge any man to find unbelief in the 'dramatic personae' of Shakespeare's plays, except in cases where it is the manifest effect or excuse of sin, reproved by the context, or changed to fearful acknowledgement of the truth by the results of transgression. . . . He depicts vice, but he does not make it alluring or successful." Shakespeare never pokes fun at preacher or prelate.

Evidence of his faith in God is found in the fact that thirty of his plays mention the Divine Being approximately seven hundred times. He sometimes pictures paganism, to be sure, but God stands out supremely. He makes specific mention of "God Almighty," "Great God of Heaven," "God Omnipotent," "Eternal God," "The Everlasting," and many other terms which it is manifestly not within the scope of this article to mention, Shakespeare uses with reference to Jehovah.

As regards Christ, Shakespeare employed the terms, "Christ," "Jesu," "Redeemer," "Savior," "Master," "King," and "Jesu Christ." He referred to "our Savior's birth"; his betrayal by Judas; his life on earth; his freeing us from the Father's curse; the sepulchre; and the "Christian cross." He speaks of the feet of Christ as having been nailed to "the bitter cross." He says "Christ's dear blood" was "shed for our grievous sins."

Were all these references written accidentally or indifferently, or do they represent Shakespeare's own belief? Call as evidence his last will—the original copy yet exists and its authenticity has never been questioned. In the first paragraph of that will—and the will contains the climactic piece of evidence—is a sentence which says: "I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping, and assuredly believing through the merits of Jesus Christ, my Savior, to be made partaker of life everlasting." We leave Shakespeare in the hands of God.



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THE POET'S CORNER
(By R. P. Cuff)

HOLD THE BANNER HIGH

By R. P. Cuff

Lift it up, lift it up, throw its folds aloft,
Hold it high, hold it high, let its colors wave!
Tell to all, tell to all, how it floats above;
Do not fear, do not fear, let your heart beat brave!

Glorious flag! waving flag! flag of D. L. C.
Gladsome flag! floating flag! keep it long unfurled.
Flag of truth! flag of love! flag of righteousness!
Banner free! banner high! fling it to the world.

Beating heart! throbbing heart! filled with loyalty,
Stirred by love, awed by love, love for Lipscomb flag.
Fling a breeze, hold aloft, hold upon the breeze
Lipscomb flag, keep it high, never let it drag.

Lift it up, lift it up, throw its folds aloft,
Hold it high, hold it high, let its folds e'er wave!
Call to all, call aloud, how it victory brings;
In conflict, if you're true, Lipscomb flag will save!

WHAT A COLLEGE IT WOULD BE!

By R. P. Cuff

If ev'ry pupil studied hard,
As hard as athletes play;
If ev'ry student praised the school
Through glad or gloomy day,
What a college D. L. C. would be!

If ev'ry parent urged his child,
As strong as urge he might,
To persevere, to work with vim,
And not to quit the fight,
What a college D. L. C. would be!

If ev'ry one who loves the school
Would talk, and pay, and pray
In its behalf through thick and thin
And always boost, without gainsay,
What a college D. L. C. would be!

A Good Idea Gone Wrong.
"What's Jimmy so blue about this evening?"
"He brought Mildred a bunch of beautiful leaves from the river."
"What's the matter? Didn't she appreciate them?"
"She did; that's why he's so disappointed. The little dear thought they were poison ivy."

Practicing Up.
Mother: "What do you think you will be if you keep on telling such awful fibs?"
Sonny: "A super-salesman."

The Laggard.
Judge: "But how do you know you were going only twenty miles an hour?"
Prisoner: "Why, I was on my way to the dentist's."

FROM THE HEART OF AN ALUMNUS

By R. P. Cuff

As forms the dew upon the ground;
As shine the stars within the sky;
As beams the sun the earth around;
As falls the rain on soil that's dry,
That men may reap a blessing,
Be freed from woes distressing,
So shines my Alma Mater.

E'er faithful as a Christian true;
E'er loving as a new-made bride;
E'er blissful as the morning dew;
E'er loyal as a friend long tried,
Whose faith no foe can sever,
Whose friendship lasts forever,
Thus stands my Alma Mater.

On many hearts grand lessons dwell;
On many hearthstones peace abounds;
On many pulpits preachers tell,
On many themes, who heals sin-wounds,
The lessons, truth, and knowledge
Were learned at Lipscomb College,
And that's my Alma Mater.

"PREACH THE GOSPEL, MEN"

By R. P. Cuff

Christ Jesus, our Savior, has given
His gospel to lead us to heaven.
It tells of his love and his glory.
O say, have you read the sweet story?
Read the simple gospel.

He gave us the gospel to guide us,
No matter what ills might betide us;
To give us release from temptation
And make us God's own "holy nation."
Love the glorious gospel.

The gospel exalts its believers;
Pronounces a woe on deceivers;
A curse upon all who delay it.
Believe it, receive it, obey it.
Live the saving gospel.

Yes, study it, love it, be holy—
In spirit contrite, meek and lowly;
That others may deem, with much pleasure,
The gospel a priceless great treasure.
Preach the eternal gospel.

(Note: Prof. R. P. Cuff, an alumnus of 1919, is now head of the Department of English in his Alma Mater. That department is no small part of the institution.—Editor.)

Easily Mended.

The famous after-dinner speaker had resolved to turn over a new leaf. Never again would he get on his feet to address a bored gathering. He was through. But one day he was approached by a woman who sought to have him address her club. "I can't," he explained firmly. "I have burned my bridges behind me." The lady looked slightly surprised but nobly came to the rescue. "Oh, in that case," she said, "I will lend you a pair of my husband's."

They call her electricity because her mother was named Dina and her father's name was Moe.

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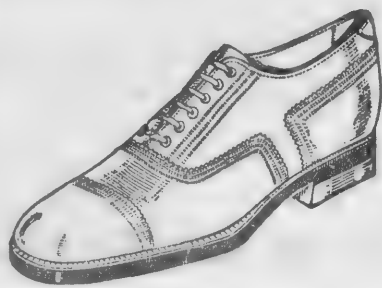
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"CHOOSE YE
YOUR SCHOOL"

Burritt Professor Makes Plea for
Christian College. Commends
D. L. C. and Burritt

By Sampson Lester

In this age of "Modernism" and of other "isms," wisdom should be used in selecting the school to which we are going. A wise choice must be made. If we are a "part of all that we meet," then we are a part of the life of our school. It may be in the power of the strong to refuse to assimilate what they don't want. It may be that others are too inert and lifeless to absorb much of the spirit of their school. But the average pupil is going to imbibe the spirit of his school. If the proper choice is made in selecting our school no effort need be put forth to avoid imbibing her spirit. The student who can resist will find it more congenial in a school where such resistance is not necessary. He will find it to be more conducive to his spiritual growth. Therefore, it behooves us all to select with care our Alma Mater. Our selection is not wise unless the spirit of the school chosen is Christian. Be it to our shame that we have no more Christian colleges than we have. Be it to our shame also, that we do not patronize the ones we do have as we ought. Why don't they have a more hearty support than they do? For what are the "youth" seeking? Are they seeking for degrees? for recognition? for prestige? or for God's approval? Support our Christian colleges and all these things can be obtained in them. It appears that the youth are preparing themselves for other callings, but are sadly neglecting their spiritual welfare. We are preparing to serve, but who? Is it God? I am here reminded of Cardinal Wosley, a minister of Henry VIII, King of England. Henry VIII wanted a divorce from Catherine. Wosley had given the king some help in the matter. However, "the king grew weary thinking that Wosley was not exerting himself as he might to secure the divorce." He then banished him from his court. Later Wosley was arrested and charged of high treason. The unhappy minister on his way to London was prostrated by a fatal fever. As he lay dying in the arms of the kind monk of Leicester Abbey he uttered these self-censuring words, "Had I served by God as diligently as I have served by king, He would not have given me over in my gray hairs." (Meyers' Mediaeval and Modern History.) This was a sad reality. Shall we profit by his mistake? Do we take time to "be holy?" How often do we lift up our hearts in prayer to God?

The reader may ask if the writer of this article is in a position to boost for Christian colleges. I can offer the following: I went to David Lipscomb College five years. I gained lessons I trust will ever stay with me. I grew into the life of the school and learned to love her. I can look to her with pride and call her my Alma Mater. When I finished at D. L. C. I was fortunate in securing a position in one of her sister schools, Burritt College. Practically the same spirit prevails in both schools. I have now learned to love Burritt. I can commend both schools to any one seeking to obtain a Christian education.

May I now be permitted to say something of Burritt's campaign. Burritt, now, is making a supreme effort to raise money to build a boys' dormitory, and to equip the school in other respects as well. I am in position to say that she needs everything she is asking for "and then some." She is asking for only sixty thousand dollars. Bro. Jesse P. Sewell of Abilene Christian College made us a visit last fall. He addressed the community on "Christian Education." His appeal was strong. He pled for the support of all our Christian colleges. Upon looking our school over he exclaimed: "Brethren, it is not sixty thousand dollars (\$60,000) that you need, it is two hundred thousand (\$200,000) that you need." Burritt is not asking for more than can be gotten. "Fellow Christian and Brother" will you part with some of your riches to help us? Is your money dearer to you than souls? Do you feel the responsibility resting upon you to help carry out the "Great Commission," that is, "to teach?"

(Note: Mr. Lester graduated from David Lipscomb College in the class of 1924. He is now a teacher in Burritt College at Spencer and is in position to commend the work done at Christian institutions.—Editor.)

THE VALUE OF
OBEDIENCE

In the life of man there are several principles by which he should be guided. Every person should choose and study these principles in order to be able more nearly to conform to them. There are certain individual principles which every one should choose for his own temperament or peculiarities, but there are also many others which may apply to any nature or character. Some of these principles are integrity, courage, devotion to friends, love for fellow man and love for God.

But to acquire these principles to any degree of perfection and to obey

BEWAILS FATE
OF LOVERS

C. J. Garner Writes Dissertation on
Sickening Condition of D. L. C.
"Puppy-Lovers"

Some people may, upon reading this, conclude that the writer is a confirmed pessimist, a kill joy, a rotter, a grouch, and has the well-known and widely discussed traits of the proverbial woman-hater—to all of which the writer cheerfully acquiesces and only wishes someone else would say more.

But there is an end to all things human, a point at which the greatly lauded virtue of patience gives completely away under the strain and a storm of somewhat doubtful origin ensues, causing the brain to whirl and the liver to revolve.

Despite the fact that poets have said that "in the spring time a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," and a lot of other stuff just as trashy and sentimental, does that give a fellow license to ask, "Who's your girl?" "What girl you got a date with?" "Can the girls go to town with us tonight?" "Reckon they'll let us sit with the girls?" "Can the girls come to the society?" "Boy, I made a hit with the girls." "The boys may not like me, but I sure got some good girl friends."

The supposition is that girls are all right, and like other of the necessary evils, the rising bell and castor oil, have to be taken with the best grace possible.

But the rising bell only rings once a day and then when it is supposed to. A lot of fellows who follow the one girl through the halls, and wait for her at the stair steps, who escort her from the class room as though she might stumble over the dust on the floor, and who disgust the general public to a revolting degree, could learn a lesson here and save some sensible people the misery of having to unintentionally witness so many silly sights of deluded puppy love.

When things get so bad that a person cannot go to the library without passing a couple in the hall of the "Ad" building who covertly glance at him to see if he is teacher, and then on mounting the stairs at a turn come upon a mooning, sighing, sickening couple who appear blissfully ignorant and unconscious of the fact that they are making such a mess of themselves before their classmates, lastly to enter the library and find six couples paired off in various corners, writing, tittering, giggling and spoiling life in general for the earnest seeker of knowledge, then indeed it is time to call out the army and navy.

Social hour is the time to talk to your girl, if you are smitten with the malady—halls are for folks to pass through, stairways are made to ascend and descend, not a place to park and spark, and the library is a place for study and not made and kept to bask in the radiance of some giddy girl's senseless giggles.

Yes, 'tis true this is cynical and somewhat grouchy, but it's facts nevertheless. If you believe it not, then, I refer you to Harvey Dodd, Elmo Phillips, Bill Mason and Sam McFarland.

(Note: Mr. Garner, an alumnus of '24, is now "attending classes" at his Alma Mater. He perambulates about the campus bearing the appropriate cognomen of "Peanut." He poses as the object of much abuse practiced on him by two noted writers of The Babblers, but in his rebuke in this article seems to be leading to revenge.)

Vaughn: "Sages tell us that the best way to get the most out of life is to fall in love with a great problem or a beautiful woman."

James: "Why not choose the latter and get both?"

them implicitly requires development and training.

For example, does a child know how to read Latin and French simply because he knows he should be educated and has the desire to be educated? No. He must work, study and practice the rules he learns before he can acquire the desired knowledge.

Thus it is with a principle. A person must study morals, practice morals and obey the rules of morals if he would be honest, clean and upright.

And what rule should one follow in the study of attaining these principles? The answer is one word—Obey. And to say to obey, it is meant to obey all persons or things that would further a knowledge of the desired goal.

The soldier obeys the officer. Why? Because the officer is entitled to obedience, and the soldier knows that if he would be a perfect soldier, he must obey the officer.

In a civil sense, obedience means union, order, and strength; disobedience means division, lawlessness, and weakness.

In a private sense, obedience means contentment, respect, and prosperity; disobedience means discontent, malice, and misfortune.

In a moral sense, obedience means integrity, devotion, and courage; disobedience means dishonesty, treachery, and selfishness.

In all the rules of morality can be found no one better than that of the old prophet, "Behold, to obey is better than to sacrifice."

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FORMER D. L. C. STUDENT MISSIONARY TO JAPAN

Miss Sarah Andrews, Former Student Here, Does Noble Work in Japan. Writer Tells of Her Trials and Labors to Carry the Gospel to Those Who Know Not God

By ROBERT S. KING

It was on Christmas day, 1916, Sarah Andrews said farewell to loved ones and friends and left her home at Dickson, Tenn., to face the distances and cross the sea, to live among the thronging multitudes where Christ is unknown and where people bow down to stocks and stones.

The first three years were spent in Tokyo, learning the language and customs of the people, Sunday school work, house to house work among the women, kindergarten work, Bible classes, etc. These years were necessarily busy and hard and brought little encouragement so far as visible results were concerned. It was during these days she took a girl into her home and educated her, using her personal funds, and of course made many personal sacrifices which were rewarded by the girl's becoming a Christian and taking an active interest in the work.

We never know what a mighty saint may come from the tiny seed of the gospel. This girl, Oeki San, or Miss Oeki, as we would say, became a strong Christian and much credit is due her for the success of the work. She became an efficient Bible woman and excellent kindergarten teacher, and has been a great help to Sister Andrews, and it was in Oeki's care she left the work when failing health compelled her to return to America two years later.

After mastering the language and becoming an efficient translator, Sister Andrews decided to gratify a long cherished hope to tell the story of Jesus where Christ had not been named that, as Paul said, "I might not build on another man's foundation," and "they shall see to whom no tiding of him came and they who have not heard shall understand." Casting about for a suitable location they finally decided to locate at Okitsu, a city of about 9,000, on the west coast of Japan, about 100 miles from Tokyo.

She arrived here a stranger in a strange land, but the people were kind to her and the city officials allowed her the use of the courthouses for the kindergarten work and the other work was carried on in her own hired house down by the sea.

The kindergarten work here became a wedge, as it were, to gain an entrance into the homes and hearts of the parents, and thus the seed was sown which was bound to bring forth fruit.

Only private teaching was done by our sister, such as any woman can do in our churches in America. When a convert was taught sufficiently and so desired, a preacher from Tokyo was sent for, who came and preached a few days on the street corners and baptized those who were ready.

During the next fifteen months eighteen came from idols to worship the true God. Some of these were students and some were old men. One old man, Brother Sato, has developed into an elder, able to make short talks, edifying the church, lead in prayer and other work, and is highly esteemed by the church and those without.

After fifteen months of strenuous work in this new field, where the people came to love and respect her, and really considered her an angel of light, her health gave way and she was compelled to return to America to recuperate. The day came for her to leave the little church and other faithful friends and it was begun with a prayer meeting. As one of the native preachers was there he preached to them and one came forward to make the good confession, after which all marched out of the back door of the house and down to the sea, and while those on the

shore sang a song, baptism was administered amid the rolling waves.

Many gifts were brought even until it seemed that no room could be found in the baggage for more, and it was said everybody in the town came to the depot to see her off except the Buddhist priest, and his son was there, he being one of the young converts.

As was said, the work was left in the hands of the faithful helper who had labored so long and faithful hand in hand with Sister Andrews. It was with her the responsibility rested to care for these babes in Christ who had so lately come from idols, and it was on her shoulders the kindergarten work rested. But let it be said that during the two years of Sister Andrews' absence nothing was left undone that could have been done for the work, and so far as I have been able to learn none fell away from the church.

Returning to America early in 1921, she spent the first few months with her home folks, who during her absence had removed to Florida, and it was in the fall of this year she entered David Lipscomb College, where the Bible was her main study. The school year 1921 and 1922 was spent at the college and the summer was spent again with mother and father, returning late in November, 1922, ready to again take up her work so near and dear to her heart. It was at this time that a farewell meeting was held in Harding Hall and hundreds of her friends came to bid her good-speed, an dit was at this meeting that the fund to build a house. Her friends at D. L. C. were determined that she should not spend another winter in a heathen house, and although it took some time to raise the desired amount, they never lost interest. The work is now being carried on at Okitsu, Eyira and Shizunoka, all being within ten miles of her home.

The church at D. L. C., as all the old students know, has been a regular contributor to this work since the beginning and has tried to keep before the students the fact that the mission of the church is missions and that we need no other call for service than the great commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to the whole creation," but we do need one if we stay at home and do nothing. The harvest is still plentiful and the laborers are still few.

About the middle of December, 1922, Sister Andrews said farewell to Nashville friends and started on her ten-thousand-mile journey, and it was on Christmas Eve she embarked at Seattle, Wash., for the long sea journey, which proved a stormy one, and landed safely twenty-one days later at Yokohama harbor, Japan, where her faithful helper met her.

Sister Andrews, although frail in body, did a great work for the earthquake sufferers in and around Tokyo, September, 1923. Although no funds were at hand at the time, a cable was sent asking for relief money, and within a very short time she was in the midst of the great destruction with food for the hungry, clothing and blankets for the cold and naked, and testaments and tracts for the spiritual needs.

Brother Hiratsuka did the preaching on these trips and many tracts were distributed to the bread lines, where they sometimes waited many hours for their turn to get a cup of rice.

Many more interesting things could be told about this mission and missionary, but space will forbid. It is said a missionary can reach fifty-two thousand in a generation, so you see it is something to be a missionary.

THE PRAYER MEETINGS

One of the most interesting services here at the College is the Thursday evening prayer meeting services. Most of the students are always present and join heartily into the service. Talks are made by voluntary speakers and it certainly is inspiring to see these young men so interested in the worship of God. Boys who have never tried to speak in public after a few trials are able to make interesting talks. Some of the best preachers of today made their first talk here at a prayer meeting service. Boys soon learn that the entire student body is in sympathy with their efforts for every encouragement is given them.

David Lipscomb College offers other means of development to its students. It has a topic class, a Bible debating society and two chartered literary societies for the young men and as many for the young women.

Alice: "There's a fly in this glass of water."
La Nelle: "That's all right. Let him drown; he had no business getting in there."

Lorena: "And are these colors genuine?"
Clerk: "As genuine as the colors in your cheeks."
Lorena: "Er—er—Let me see something else, please."

Freedom is won through hard obedience to the truth.—Wm. James.

The sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought.

An evil example is a spiritual poison. It is the proclamation of an unfaithful life.

TEN AGES OF WOMAN

I. Seven Times One
"I've broke all my dolls," she mournfully said,
And tossed her golden curly head.
"Please let me go and spend the day
With the neighbor's girl just over the way."

II. Seven Times Two
"I wish school would close forever,
And never open again, no never,"
And the golden head bent over a book.
But her heart was in some flowery nook.

III. Seven Times Three
"A thrill! such a thrill!" cried the beautiful blonde,
And her lovely blue eyes gazed at space beyond—
"A handsome Greek god with eyes of brown,
And the handsomest man in all the town."

IV. Seven Times Four
Two eyes of blue in a frame of blue
Peered down from a balcony above.
She kissed a rose and threw it down,
"A flower for thy song of love."

V. Seven Times Five
The years have touched lightly the golden-haired belle,
Not a wrinkle in her lovely old face.
Growing old slowly and gracefully,
Too,
Nearing the half of life's short race.

VI. Seven Times Six
With a heart full of grief and a face full of tears,
She sits in the door and waits
For her soldier boy son whose race has begun
In the heart-rending battle of hates.

AN ALUMNUS VOWS REVENGE

Replies to Call of Editor for Material with a Threat of Revenge on Commencement Day

Friend, editor, sheik, Taylor writes: wanting an article of some kind for the alumni edition of the Babler. Says: "On any subject you care to write about." I don't care to write on any subject, so am not.

There are only two things an alumnus (that is the first time I've called myself that) can write about. It must be "Experiences While in School," or "Advice to Undergraduates." As to the first, if we write about them and tell the truth, the article will be refused as having a bad influence on the student body. If we lie about 'em, they won't be interesting. So there. As to the second, if we write advising students to make full use of their magnificent opportunities, some one will find who wrote it and wonder, "How Come?" Oh, well, it's a great life any way you care to take it—except seriously. As the man with both legs amputated said, "I can't kick."

Persnally, I think it is a shame to ask the alumni to take the place of a regular edition of the paper. What do we know of interest to the school? Does the Lindsay Hall garbage can still suffer from insomnia? That would be an item of interest; but how do we know? We don't even know who occupies our favorite seat for socials, or for that matter, who is giving all our old class pictures a critical once-over. Worst of all, who flirts with our old girls? You see how it is.

About the only chance we will have to secure revenge on this editor fellow will be commencement. It is understood that with the aid of his room-mate, he is to graduate. What say? Let's have a big bunch of alumni (that word again) there to see him perform. He has imposed on us too long.
(Note.—The writer of this article is an alumnus of '24, now a merchant at Dunlap, Tenn. Revenge comes first to the editor, as he can disclose the writer's name, H. B. P.)

"DON'T GET PEEVED"

If this paper has told something on you—
Something not exactly true—
Don't get peeved.

Don't call the staff a naughty name;
Vowing yet to crawl its frame;
You've been slandered just the same,
Don't get peeved.

Laugh and joke a little bit,
Say that you don't care a whit,
Don't get peeved.

Show that of humor you've a pile,
Call to your lips a weary smile;
Everything's been stretched a mile,
Don't get peeved.

—Exchange.

WANTED

A jolly boy.
A boy full of vim.
A boy who is square.
A boy who can say no.
A boy who scorns a lie.
A boy who hates deceit.
A boy with "stick to it."
A boy who is above board.
A boy who saves his pennies.
A boy with shoes always black.
A boy who is proud of his big sister.

A boy who has forgotten how to whine.
A boy who thinks hard work no disgrace.
A boy who does chores without grumbling.

A boy who believes that an education is worth while.
A boy who is a stranger to the street corners at night.
A boy who thinks his mother above all mothers is a model.

A boy who plays with all his might—during playing hours.
A boy who does not know more than all the rest of the house.

A boy who does not think it inconsistent to mix playing and praying.

A boy who does not wait to be called a second time in the morning.
A boy whose absence from the Sunday school sets everybody wondering what has happened.—Exchange.

The Holy Spirit does not lead one into the church and then leave him to be guided by his own erring judgments, emotions, likes and dislikes; but it directs him in every step to be taken or every deed to be performed.

VII. Seven Times Seven
Nearing the half of a century mark
The tempests have weakened her
Life's strong bark.
"Conquer the storms and stand supreme,"
She says as one in a waking dream.

VIII. Seven Times Eight
She has tasted of most of life's sorrows
And an artist's soul has she.
Her sphere is the realm of the peaceful,
With birds under a shady tree.

IX. Seven Times Nine
Silver waves ripple through her hair,
Gone is the golden glow;
Faded are the roses on her face,
But fate would have it so.

X. Seven Times Ten
Lying in a calm, white, peaceful room,
She bids welcome to the coming gloom;
"Farewell, dear brothers, sisters, friends,
I'll meet you in a land that never ends."
Senior, '25.

TEN STAGES OF MAN

Seven Times One
The dear little boy in his blue overalls
Stumps his toe and has many falls.
Mother is the only one who can dry his tears,
She can cure his ailments and calm his childish fears.

Seven Times Two
"I don't want to see these old books again,
I study my lessons as hard as I can,
And then that old teacher, I hate her so,
In geography she gave me an old zero.

Seven Times Three
He is now a man of twenty-one,
The pride of his mother, her only son.
He's at a jealous age now and always afraid
That some one will capture his lover maid.

Seven Times Four
We now see a man at this stage of life
Starting out with a companion, a fond and true wife.
They bear together the trouble and care,
In each others sorrows they willingly share.

Seven Times Five
He has tasted of life, its trouble and grind,
Though in life's darkest hour the light he soon finds.
He's now a proud father in the family of three,
He'll tell you there never was a better family.

Seven Times Six
We have a man of middle age, one past the prime,
He is climbing in life towards the heights sublime;
He holds his son proudly on his knee
And declares there never was a finer, or never would be.

Seven Times Seven
He finds the burden of life heavy to bear,
He almost gives up under his weight in despair;
He never lays it down but with eyes straight ahead,
Faces the future without fear or dread.

Seven Times Eight
Time has laid furrows on the forehead now,
There is a worn and tired look on his once youthful brow.
He is greatly worn by time's ravaging hand,
In the battle of life he long ago took a stand.

Seven Times Nine
He now has tasted sorrow's cup,
He has had many sorrows, though he never gives up
With shoulders stooped and head bowed low,
He mourns for his companion, whom God has called home.

Seven Times Ten
He is seventy now, his hair is white,
His grandchildren now are his greatest delight.
Soon his tottering form will be seen no more,
His loved one is calling from the echoless shore.

B. K. B.

breaking into song."
Myrtle: "If you'd get the key you wouldn't have to break in."

In High.

"Mose," said the boss of the night shift, "you haven't been late to work since you moved. Where do you live now?"
"To" blocks on the other side of de graveyard."

Usually

Teacher: "Now, children, it is curious fact that the bee stings only once."
Boy: "But isn't that enough?"

Teacher: "How many commandments are there?"
Joyce: "Ten."
Teacher: "And if you broke one what would happen?"
Joyce: "Why, there would be nine left."

Happy Ending.

"I have just heard of a woman who went to a hotel unaccompanied and discovered that the acoustic properties of her room were such that every time she spoke aloud there was an echo. She then made a bold attempt to get in a last word, and in so doing talked herself to death."—Portland Express and Advertiser.

Life is a battle more fierce and far-reaching in its consequences than Marathon, Waterloo, Trafalgar, or Chateau Thierry.

The Cynical Composer: "The home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown was the scene of a beautiful wedding last evening when their youngest daughter, Margaret, was joined in holy wedlock to Mr. David Preston."—Quoted from a western paper by Boston Transcript.

"Falsehood is poison—dangerous when placed,
In Truth enough to hide the bitter taste."
—Selected.

"Here's to the words we might have said,
Here's to the girls we might have won,
Here's that we do the thing next time,
That this time we should have done."
(Toast offered at Thanksgiving banquet, Thanksgiving, 1919, by Prof. R. P. Cuff.)

CLIPPINGS FROM OUR EXCHANGES

This issue of The Babler contains several clippings from two of our best exchanges, the Central Digest, Chattanooga, Tenn., and the High School Enterprise, Pinson, Tenn. Throughout the year these two papers have been attracting interesting attention. They contain material well worth republishing.

RETIREMENT

"What is your occupation?" asked the judge, sternly.
"I haven't any," replied the man.
"I just circulate around, so to speak."
"Please note," said the judge turning to the clerk, "that this gentleman is retired from circulation for thirty days."—Selected.

"I woke to look upon a face
Silent, white and cold.
O friend, the agony I felt
Can never half be told.
We'd lived together but a year
Too soon, it seemed, to see
Those gentle outstretched hand so still
That toiled so hard for me.
My waking thoughts had been of you
Who now to sleep had dropped;
'Twas hard to realize, O friend!
My Ingersoll had stopped."

CONUNDRUMS

1. Why is life the greatest of conundrums?
2. Why is a man with a scolding mother-in-law like a florist?
3. Which member of our faculty wears the largest hat?
4. What is the favorite word with a girl?
5. How is a stick of candy like a horse?
6. Where is it that all girls are equally beautiful?
7. Did you know that a loaf of bread was the mother of a locomotive?
8. What can make more noise than a high school student on a street car?
9. When an old gentleman was asked what relation he was to a boy he said, "Of brothers and sisters I have none, but this boy's father was my father's son." What was the relation?

Answers

1. We all have to give it up.
2. He has a hot house.
3. The one with the largest head wears the largest hat.
4. The last word is the favorite one.
5. The more you like it the faster it goes.
6. All girls are equally pretty in the dark.
7. Bread is a necessity. The locomotive is an invention. Necessity is the mother of invention.
8. Two high school students.
9. He was the boy's father.—Exchange.

"THE GOOD OLD DAYS"

"When I hear a man lamenting the good old times, I wish that I could put him back in them," says Dr. Abbott. "After forty-eight hours he would be eager to return to these degenerate days."

"In the good old times there were no furnaces in our houses. For heat we depended, at least in the country, on open fires and air-tight stoves. I slept in a chamber which never knew a fire; with twenty degrees below zero outside, ugh! but it was cold! "Goodyear had not discovered the uses of India rubber. In muddy or snowy weather—that is, for eight months in northern Maine—we boys wore heavy boots well greased. What the ladies wore I do not know."

"For lights we depended on candles and whale-oil lamps. The use of kerosene as a light was unknown. Gas was used in the cities, but it was a luxury of a few. No one had so much as dreamed of electric light."

"There were no building laws. The homes of the poor were incredibly bad. What is now Central Park (in New York City) was occupied by collections of huts and shanties which squatters had put up on the unoccupied grounds."

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THE BABBLER

"What would this babbler say"—Acts 17:18

Each eve earth falleth down the dark,
As though its hopes were o'er;
Yet lurks the sun when day is done
Behind to-morrow's door.

—Moris.

Gray grows the dawn while men-
folks sleep,
Unseen spreads on the light,
Till the thrush sings to the colored
things,
And earth forgets the night.

—Moris.

Vol. 5

DAVID LIPSCOMB COLLEGE, NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL 25, 1925.

No. 14

HONOR MEMBERS OF SENIOR CLASSES ARE MADE KNOWN

In Senior College Class Herman Taylor Attains Rank of Valedictorian; Lorene Sims, Salutatorian. Elmer Taylor and Corinne Smith Win High School Honors

"CHRIST'S WILL" IS SUBJECT

Of Morning Sermon Preached Here by Prof. G. H. Turner, Sunday, April 12, 1925

Prof. Gordon H. Turner preached two interesting sermons Sunday, April 12, at David Lipscomb College. For his morning sermon he chose the subject, "The Last Will and Testament of Christ." His text was taken from the ninth chapter of Hebrews. Brother Turner began his sermon by showing that a person must have something to bequeath before he can make a will. The beggar on the streets makes no will. He has nothing to leave at his death. But Christ had nothing of this world's goods, for "The son of man hath not where to lay his head." Christ's will then did not deal with earthly possessions but with eternal life. He says, "Come unto me all ye that labor and I will give you rest." "He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live," and "He that believeth on me shall never die." Hence we see that Christ's will concerned eternal life.

But this will did not go in force until after Christ was dead. "For a testament is of force after men are dead; otherwise it is of no strength at all while the testator liveth." (Heb. 9:17.)

When men make wills now they appoint some one as an executor. So Christ appointed executors and these were the Apostles. He said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." And now every Christian becomes a beneficiary of Christ's will and also an executor for his command to "Go into all the world" extends to us, and also "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." So this will of Christ is open unto all who will comply with the provisions of the will.

After his will was plainly written (Isa. 53:8), Paul, as a spokesman for Christ, pronounced a decided sentence upon any one who would dare change it in any way. In the closing verses of the last book of the Bible is written, "If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book; and if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life."

Brother Turner spoke at the night service on "Mysteries." God has given man two great books, the book (Continued on page 2)

Following the usual custom of senior classes, the senior college and senior high school honor members were recently declared. Herman Taylor took first honors and was declared valedictorian of the senior class; Elmer Taylor took first honors and was named valedictorian of the senior high school class. Lorene Sims ran a close second in senior college and was declared salutatorian; Corinne Smith won the honor of salutatorian of senior high school. These honors carry with them certain distinction, but are borne by those who received them without any show of pride.

These honors were determined by grades and deportment of the students. Five quarters of college work were considered in determining senior college honors, two quarters were averaged to decide high school winners of honors. Herman Taylor's average for his two years' work in college here was 94 1/2 per cent; Miss Sims was very close at hand with an average of 94.16 per cent. Miss Thelma Soyars ran third with an average of 93.5-12 per cent. In high school Elmer Taylor could not yet have been beaten, for his report card shows only A's or A-'s. Third honor was attained by Miss Lillian Burton.

The valedictorians of the respective senior classes are brothers, natives of Lincoln County, Tennessee. It is only through hard work and constant endeavor, they explain, that they acquired these honors. Miss Sims is from Iron City, Tenn., and has won quite a distinction as a student at D. L. C. Miss Smith hails from Alabama.

All seniors, especially of the college class, had long been looking forward to the announcement of these honors and are glad to make acknowledgment of the honors which have fallen to these worthy classmates. They have been faithful workers and have shown initiative and perseverance all through their course here. The declaration of their rank came as a surprise to none save themselves. In their humble way they have accepted the honor nobly, characteristic of the manner in which they will accept the honors and victories of life.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

On April 25 the annual program of the Kappa Nu Society will be given. A well worth while program is being prepared.

Commencement week draws near. May 27 sees fifty-two seniors leave D. L. C. with honor. Alumni Day promises an inter-society debate and basket dinner.



Officers of Senior High Class

THE QUARTET TAKES TOUR

Have Very Pleasant Time and See Many Beautiful Scenes on a Recent Singing Tour

On the day of April 4 a quartette composed of Messrs. Kirk, Dudley, Greer and Ritchie started on a trip to Tracy City. Arrangements had been made for them to stop at Cowan and sing Saturday night.

Although it was a rainy day the drive from Nashville to Cowan was indeed a pleasant one. They passed through Smyrna, Murfreesboro, Winchester and Shelbyville, the home towns of several of their fellow students.

Five o'clock found them entering the little town of Cowan. Immediately they went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Thorogood, Jr., who was a senior in this school last year. Two of the number spent Saturday night with Cecil Clark, a fellow student, and reported the kindest of treatment and an excellent time. Early Sunday morning they started on the journey up the Cumberland plateau. Reaching the foot of the mountains they could see in the far distance, only a few miles from Seawane, a large cross erected in memory of the soldiers from the University of the South (Seawane) who were killed during the World War. Shortly after reaching the top of the mountain they passed through Seawane. Around this place is some of the most beautiful scenery ever seen. The town is composed of a few stores and other places of business, beautiful residences and last, but not least, the campus and buildings of the University of Seawane.

From this point the party traveled to Monteagle, a summer resort. Here every year many people spend their vacation. Having heard so much of this town it was indeed a place of interest. This being only a few miles from Tracy City, the young men entered the town in a few minutes. Upon reaching the city they first went to the home of Nelson Gardner, who was with them on the trip. About an hour was spent here and then they went to church. Here they listened to Nelson's father preach a very fine sermon, which was enjoyed and appreciated by all.

Having promised to sing at Summerfield Sunday afternoon they were compelled to hurry through the act of eating. This done, the boys started on their journey of about four miles to fill the engagement. When through with the singing they went back through a thick woodland to a place called Bridal Veil Falls. There was a waterfall of about sixty or seventy feet and a beautiful rock cliff of nearly the same length on two sides with a gradual slope on the other two sides. The fall formed a creek which gently weaved its way down into the valley beneath.

On Monday a place called Sunset Rock was visited. This is a rock bluff about a hundred feet high. At the foot of this cliff is a slope of about a hundred and fifty feet. One on the top of the cliff can see over the valley for miles. Little mountain forms can be seen in the distance, hazy with smoke and clouds. Being so far away they appear to be almost mere ant-hills. Another place visited was called The Pillars. They are rock formations ranging from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet in height. These great structures look as uniform in their shape as if they had been formed with human hands. It is difficult to believe that more beautiful scenery could be found in the State. The trip was well spent and enjoyed by all.

The boys started for home at 3 o'clock Tuesday morning with the intention of meeting the first classes for the day. They had about eight punctures and hence were unable to meet the morning classes Tuesday.

Andy T. Ritchie.

John P.: "How did you lose your hair?"
Brother Murphy: "Worry."
John P.: "What did you worry about?"
Brother Murphy: "Losing my hair."

PRAISE FOR SENIOR HIGH

President of High School Class, Sterling Jones, Writes Commendatory Words of Class

At the beginning of the school year, when the senior high class met for organization, there was found to be a group of students which would be hard to equal anywhere else. They proceeded immediately to elect class officers. Those elected were as follows: Mr. Sterling S. Jones, president; Mr. Emerson Simpkins, vice-president; and Miss Frances Neely, secretary and treasurer. The other members at once took up their work and fell in line with the officers to make their class the banner class of all times.

As they worked together much talent was developed, and when the time came for D. L. C. to meet the Dickinson High School in debate, the seniors were ready to give two debaters for the two teams, both of them winning the victory.

Much interest is being taken in the play which the class is now working on. They are determined to make it the best given during the school year. Miss Lillian Burton, a very talented expression student of Miss Crabtree, was made assistant manager to take charge of the work until Miss Crabtree can be with them. The whole school is looking forward to this play and there is no doubt that such a class can put out the very best kind of a program.

Also every one is working hard toward preparation for the graduation exercises. Brother Freed told them that they must prepare and deliver a thesis. This did not take the class by surprise, but each went to work selecting a subject to write on, and now every one is putting forth every effort to prepare an excellent writing.

A few mornings ago in chapel Brother Freed announced the class honors. Mr. Elmer Taylor is the valedictorian and Miss Corinne Smith is the salutatorian. Miss Lillian Burton ran a close third. There is no doubt but that they well deserve the honors which they have received. Mr. Taylor has also received other honors during his time as a member of the class. He was elected senior high editor for the Back Log and the high school editor for this publication of The Babblar.

No one would say that the class is perfect, for there is no class that could be perfect. But there never has been a group of students more earnest, more talented and more cooperative. They do their work in the spirit of an artist and live up to the motto, "Paddle your own canoe."

They look up to those in authority. Every one is respected, whether he be in a lower grade, in college, or a teacher. Each strives to do that which is right. But they do not like to have their rights trampled on, and in such cases they stand up for what they think, not willing that some one over them should tear down that old class spirit which is always prevalent.

As the school year nears its close the senior high class will be working hard as it has in the past. When once they are knocked out and fall, at sunrise they wake and rise to fight and win. Watch out, classes in the past, for by this class you are going to be surpassed.

JOKES

Kirk: "How long did it take your wife to learn how to drive an automobile?"
Lowry: "It will be ten years next September."

Dixon: "Say, Nick, how did you get that red on your lips?"
Johnson: "That's my tag for parking too long at one place."

Brother Boles: "Johnson, is that the same truck we had last year?"
Roy Johnson: "Yes, sir, same car, all except the engine, body and three new wheels."

LIPSCOMBS TAKE SECOND GAME BY SCORE OF 14-0

Second of Series Brings Heavy Defeat to Calliopean Nine. Dodd Blanks Callios as His Comrades Pile Up a Big Score

On April 15 the Callios and Lipscombs crossed bats in the second game of the series. The Lipscombs swamped their opponents by a 14-0 score. Gleaves was sick and Dodd replaced him on the mound for the Lipscombs. Campbell went behind the bat and Pruitt took left field. Lowery was replaced at second by Warren, who later alternated with Robert Thurman in the box.

Leo Boles opened the game by popping in front of the plate. Campbell and Dodd both tried for it and neither got it. Crawley singled past second base. Kirk fanned. Warren was out to Dodd, unassisted. Chick flied to deep left for the third out. No runs, one hit, one error.

For the Lipscombs Pruitt walked. Parham singled. Bourne was hit by a pitched ball, filling the bases. Campbell was out on strikes. Dodd hit over the center field fence to duplicate Lowery's four-ply whack in the first game, but was held in third by a quick return. Riggs walked and Wood singled sharply over short. Karns drew four wide ones, filling the bases again. Manager Smith waved Thurman to second and brought Warren to the rescue. Greer was a victim of strikes. Pruitt grounded, Locke to L. Boles. Warren was working beautifully. He pulled out of a bad hole and had the Lipscomb batters at his mercy. Four runs, three hits, no errors.

Second Inning
Vaughan singled over first. Locke struck out. Thurman grounded to the pitcher. J. Boles fanned. No runs, one hit, no errors.

Parham flied to Vaughan in left. Bourne drew a base on balls and stole second. Warren caught him off the bag. Campbell popped to Warren. No runs, no hits, no errors.

Third Inning
Leo flied to Pruitt, who juggled the ball but held it. Crawley went out swinging. Kirk walked. Warren out, Riggs to Bourne. No runs, no hits, no errors.

Dodd singled to left. Riggs popped to Leo after Dodd had stolen second. Wood bunted and Dodd, who had gone to third on a passed ball, scored when Crawley threw low to Kirk. Karns flied to Jones. One run, one hit, no errors.

Fourth Inning
Jones singled to left. Vaughan popped to first. Jones stole second. Lock and Thurman struck out. No runs, one hit, no errors.

Greer struck out. Pruitt was out, Thurman to Boles. Parham out, Crawley to Boles. No runs, no hits, no errors.

Fifth Inning
J. Boles fanned. L. Boles out, (Continued on page 2)

MUSIC PUPILS HAVE RECITAL

Voice Department Distinguishes Itself by Well-Rendered Program on April 18, 1925

An interesting program was given by the voice department of David Lipscomb College Saturday night, April 18, 1925. This program was well rendered and shows the excellent work being done in that particular field. M. Withiss, Irma Lee Batey as instructor, this class is making much progress toward the development and culture of the vocal talent of the College.

The following program was given:
Bandolero -----Stuart
Andy T. Ritchie
At Dawning -----Codman
Love's a Merchant -----Carew
Lillian Cox
Barcarolle -----Gregori
John Clifford
Tally-Ho -----Leoni
Harvey Dodd
Wild Bird -----Lieurane
Felice -----Lieurane
Nell Conlee
O'er the Billowy Sea -----Smith
Vernon M. Spivey
Flower Song (Faust) -----Gounod
Lucy Owen
Where My Caravan Has Rested -----Lohr
Alex Burford
Habanera (Carmen) -----Bizet
Thelma McMahon
Toreador Song (Carmen) -----Bizet
Homer Dudley
Buona Notte -----Nevin
Hark! Hark! the Lark -----Schubert
Hazel Dennison
Out On the Deep -----Lohr
George Kinzie
Solenne in Quest Ora (The Force of Destiny) -----Verdi
Leonard Kirke-Homer Dudley
Deep in My Heart -----Olmstead
Maudie Morgan
Prologue (Pagliacci) -----Leoncavallo
Walter Campbell

Each week sees several interesting events. As the school year draws to a close all are so busy it seems one mighty beehive of industry.

Perhaps after all one who never had a serious thought in his life could grow serious to write a few phrases about "The Solemnity of Midnight."

People have been planning to take the "next car out" of town and find that the next is loaded. Nothing can be done but wait for the next car. Apply.

COLLEGE ANNUAL IS DISTRIBUTED APRIL 18

New Volume of Backlog Contains Many Interesting Features and Well Merits the Praise Which It Is Receiving from Students

According to promise, the Backlogs were placed in the hands of students by the middle of April. Saturday night, April 18, they were distributed to the students. The student body seems well pleased with the book.

The staff makes no boast of the merits of the book; it speaks for itself. Editors Baars and Taylor seem pleased to see it so favorably received. Those of the alumni or former students who have as yet secured no copy of this splendid volume should send four dollars to J. R. Vaughan, Business Manager, and receive a copy by return mail.

This year's Backlog contains one hundred and fifty pages, with four beautiful campus scenes, splendid class sections, special feature section, and a fine array of pictures of clubs, societies, teachers, etc. It is a real feast to the one who has an interest in the activities of David Lipscomb College students.

Those who have contributed to make this volume worth while deserve the greatest commendation. Their labors will be sure to be rewarded by the praise they are receiving for the work. Again the management wishes to ask the public to patronize the firms who have made possible the publication of this splendid volume.

Graves Williams: "Gee, I'm full up to my neck!"
Rappoles: "Sure, and from your neck up you're empty."

"Tough, ma'am?" asked the grocer.
"Yes, tough. I made pie with it and my husband could hardly cut it."

Sophomore: "Want to go on a sleighing party?"
Freshman: "Sure; who're we going to slay?"

L. L. S. GIVES FINE PROGRAM

Musical and Dramatic Numbers Given April 13 Show Splendid Talent of Lipscomb Boys

Each year the Lipscomb Society, as well as the other three societies, gives an annual program open to the public. This year the program was given Monday evening, April 13. The program consisted of musical and dramatic numbers and displayed, in part, the musical and dramatic talent of this society. Each number was well rendered to an appreciative audience. The following numbers were given:

When the Mists Have Rolled Away -----W. T. Giffe
Messrs. Phillips, Campbell, Greer, Ritchie
The Three Fishers -----Kingsley Comfort
-----Robert W. Service
Mr. Elmo Phillips
Musical Numbers -----Messrs. Sweatte, Nunn, Allen
Reading -----Mr. Clayton L. James
The Wondrous Story -----Peter Bilhorn
Messrs. Phillips, Campbell, Greer, Ritchie
Gone (tenor solo) -----Marie Boruch
The Same Old Dear Old Place -----Fred G. Bowles
Mr. Elmo Phillips
Play: Swimm' Pool. By Bedford Forrest.

Cast of Characters
The "Kid" -----Kurfess Pullias
The "Nut" -----Walter N. Campbell
"English" -----Clayton L. James
The Sheriff -----Phillip S. Parham
The Man -----Clyde H. Hale

CLASS DAY IS TIME OF INTERESTING EVENTS

April 21 Is Designated Class Day. Special Program for the Day Shows Class Spirit and Affords Pleasant Time

"MAKE CHOICE," SAYS RAINEY

In Sermon, Prof. Rainey Shows Importance and Far-Reaching Effects of Making a Choice

The pulpit at David Lipscomb College was filled Sunday, April 19, by Prof. John L. Rainey. For the morning sermon his subject was concerning the making of a choice. Prof. Rainey gave emphasis to the fact that choices are being made at all times and that it is highly essential that the straight path be chosen.

In the first place God makes a choice. He has chosen the foolish things of the world to confound them that are wise. He made choice of Abraham to be the progenitor of His chosen people, Israel. All this Prof. Rainey showed to mean that as Jehovah made choice, so must man make a choice.

Two striking examples of men who made choices were David and Moses. Because of his numbering Israel when God objected, David was called upon to choose one of three punishments—he left it in the hands of God. Moses' choice is known to all as one of the great choices of history.

The concluding part of the sermon showed what kind of choice man today should make and the far-reaching effects of such a choice. It should be chosen to hear Christ; a choice of masters must be made; a good name should be chosen; a choice must be made between two masters, between two ways, two deaths and two destinies.

Our idea of a wise person is one who leaves company because they talk of going to a cafe.

Tuesday, April 21, was set apart by the faculty as Class Day. The day dawned with all in eagerness for the day to begin its activities. Each class was desirous of making the best possible showing.

Programs were given by the various classes and clubs of the institution. These programs varied, but all demonstrated the class rivalry and spirit which prevails at D. L. C. The entire morning was filled to overflowing with a program so interesting that time sped by all too speedily for every student.

Chapel was held at 8:30. Then followed the order of classes from elementary grades to senior college. In addition, the state clubs and special departments did their part in making the day ideal in every respect.

The afternoon witnessed activities on the baseball diamond. The outcome of the games will be published in the next edition of The Babblar. Space does not now permit their publication.

"That woman is the most awful actress I ever saw," said the mild-mannered man to his neighbor.
"That woman is my wife," replied the neighbor.

"I am wrong," said the other, "she is a good actress struggling with a rotten play. I wonder what fool wrote it?"

"Unfortunately, I am the author," said the neighbor, simply.

An Epitaph
Ben Wiggins never would be passed; He bragged his car's endurance. We passed six cars with backward glance—His wife has his insurance.

Professor Rainey: "Minds of great men run in the same channel."
P. Nut Garner: "That's just what I was thinking, Brother Rainey."

THE BABBLER

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THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS

In the 16th chapter of Luke we find an account of the rich man and Lazarus. "Now there was a certain rich man, and he was clothed in purple and fine linen, faring sumptuously every day; and a certain beggar named Lazarus was laid at his gate, full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table; yet, even the dogs came and licked his sores. And it came to pass that the beggar died and was carried away by the angels into Abraham's bosom: and the rich man died also and was buried." This closed the career of both the rich man and Lazarus. So far as this world's goods are concerned, Lazarus apparently was a complete failure, while the rich man we would say was very successful. And indeed to the materialist this is so. But "Jehovah seeth not as man seeth, for man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh on the heart."

But as inspiration continues the narrative, a different picture is shown. "And in Hades he lifted up his eyes, being in torments." What a change! Just one step from the purple and fine linen and sumptuous living here on this earth to the torments on the plains of Hades. And something that doubtlessly increased this punishment was to "see Abraham afar off and Lazarus in his bosom." Sometimes it is very hard to get people to prayer meeting here on this earth (and religious leaders, too), but in Hades it is not so. "And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus that he may dip his finger in water and cool my tongue, for I am in anguish in this flame." We have here the very words of those in this punishment declaring that they are in anguish. Whether these flames are the kind of flames that we warm by in the winter out in the country I'm not here to say, although I am of the opinion that they are not. First, because these kind of flames won't burn under the ground as they would smother; if they were on top of the ground we could see them, or if they were in the air above what would they have to burn on? Second, because the spirit would be burned up or changed, as that is the way every other thing does that goes through the kind of flames that we have. Is "flames" figurative, then? If so, that only intensifies the anguish. It is not where a person is, but what he is that makes him happy. A thief would be in torments in heaven. "But Abraham said, son, remember" (still conscious) "that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things and Lazarus in like manner evil things, but now he is comforted and thou art in anguish." Only getting what is due him. "And besides all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed," the gulf between the righteous and the wicked, and not one measured by a linear measurement. But it is so fixed after this life "that they that would pass from hence to you may not be able, and that none may cross over from thence to us." The rich man, realizing his condition was fatal and his destiny was sealed, unlike the person who says today, "If my grandmother is not saved I don't want to be," said, "I pray thee, therefore, father, that thou wouldst send him to my father's house, for I have five brethren, that he may testify unto them lest they also come to this place of torment." The sad answer again, "They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them." The rich man here learning what all must learn sooner or later, that is, "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke 13:3, 5), said, "Nay, Father Abraham; but if one go to them from the dead, they will repent." Here we have the first prayer in history, profane or sacred, so far as I know, asking for one to come from the unseen world to convert a sinner. So we see the idea of one coming from the other world to this, to convert a soul, originated on the plains of glory and rejected with these words, "They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them." We have not only Moses and the apostles, but also Christ and the apostles, and if we will not hear them, neither would we be persuaded if one rise from the dead.

From this lesson we can learn the following:

1. The dead are conscious.
2. The wicked are punished after death.
3. They know it and why.
4. The righteous are happy.
5. They know it and why.
6. Memory lives after death.
7. No second chance after death.

Jno. P. Lewis.

LIPSCOMBS TAKE SECOND GAME BY SCORE OF 14-0

(Continued from page 1)

Karnes to Bourne. Crawley walked and Kirk fanned. Dodd was using his speed effectively, striking out four men in the two innings. No runs, no hits, no errors.

Bourne struck out. Campbell was out. Dodd got his third consecutive hit when he dropped a Texas leaguer over second base. Riggs out, Thurman to Boles. No runs, one hit, no errors.

Sixth Inning

Warren was hit by a pitched ball. Jones out, Rigg to Bourne. Vaughan popped to Bourne. Locke popped to Karnes. No runs, no hits, no errors.

Wood singled. Karnes bunted. Warren threw wildly to first to trap Karnes. On this play Wood took third and Karnes went to second. Pace, pinch-hitting for Greer, hit a high bouncer to Crawley, who threw over Kirk as Wood scored. Pruitt fanned. Pace was caught off first. Parham singled, scoring Karnes from second. Bourne grounded to Thurman. Two runs, three hits, one error.

Seventh Inning

Thurman went out. Riggs to Bourne. J. Boles walked. L. Boles lifted to Pruitt, who backed against the fence for the catch. Crawley fanned. No runs, no hits, no errors.

Campbell singled to left. Dodd forced Campbell, Crawley, to Thurman. Riggs was safe. Vaughan dropped Wood's fly, filling the bases. Karnes singled to left, scoring Dodd and Riggs. Pace hit over the left field fence near the foul line for one base. Pruitt doubled for his first hit of the series, scoring Karnes and Pace. Parham out to Thurman, who relieved Warren. Bourne tripled, scoring Pruitt. Bourne scored on a passed ball. Campbell struck out. Seven runs, five hits, one error.

Eighth Inning

Kirk singled over second and was out stealing. Pruitt was now catching. Warren flied to Parham. Jones singled over third and was out stealing. No runs, two hits, no errors.

Martin now pitching for the Callios. Dodd singled for his fourth hit. Dodd was out stealing. Riggs out, Thurman to Boles. Wood popped to Thurman. No runs, one hit, no errors.

Ninth Inning

Vaughan was safe on Dodd's error. Dodd caught Locke's pop fly on an attempted bunt and doubled Vaughan off first. Martin out, Wood to Bourne. No runs, no hits, no errors.

Dodd was the star of the game. He led the attack with four hits in five times up, driving in three runs and scoring three himself. He allowed five scattered hits in his first try as a pitcher.

Box score:

LIPSCOMBS				
	AB.	R.	H.	E.
Pruitt, I. f. c.	5	2	1	0
Parham, c. f.	5	1	2	0
Bourne, 1b.	3	2	1	0
Campbell, c. l. f.	5	0	1	1
Dodd, p.	5	3	4	1
Riggs, 3b.	4	1	0	0
Wood, ss.	4	2	2	0
Karnes, 2b.	3	2	2	0
Greer, r. f.	2	0	0	0
Pace, r. f.	2	1	1	0
<hr/>				
	37	14	14	2

CALLIOPEANS

	AB.	R.	H.	E.
L. Boles, 1b.	4	0	0	0
Crawley, ss.	3	0	1	1
Kirk, c.	3	0	1	0
Warren, 2b. p.	3	0	0	0
S. Jones, c. f.	3	0	2	0
Vaughan, l. f.	3	0	1	1
Locke, 3b.	4	0	0	0
Thurman, p. 2b.	3	0	0	1
J. Boles, r. f.	2	0	0	0
Lowry, r. f.	0	0	0	0
Martin, p.	1	0	0	0
<hr/>				
	29	0	5	3

Summary: Two-base hits, Dodd, Pruitt. Three-base hit, Bourne. Sacrifice hits, Wood, Vaughan, Thurman, L. Boles. Base on balls, off Dodd 3, off Thurman 3, off Warren 2. Struck out, by Dodd 9, by Thurman 1, by Warren 5. Innings pitched, by Thurman, 1-3 with 5 hits and 5 runs; by Warren 6-2-3 with 9 hits and 9 runs; by Martin 1 with 1 hit and no runs; by Dodd 9 with 5 hits and no runs. Hit batsmen, by Dodd, Warren; by Warren, Bourne. Losing pitcher, Thurman. Time of game, 2 hours and 20 minutes. Umpires, Priestley and Burford. Scorers, Fox and Cave.

SECOND TEAMS TIE

The Lipscomb second team won from the Calliopean second team April 10 by the score of 13 to 6 in a seven-inning game.

Kurpees Pullias held the Callios to six hits in the first six innings. Page relieved him and struck out three of the four men who faced him in the seventh.

Martin and Fox gave up fifteen hits, which were kept scattered enough to result in only thirteen runs despite numerous errors.

Callios	3	0	0	0	3	0
Lipscombs	2	0	9	0	2	0
<hr/>						
Umpires, Burford and Riggs.						

On April 17 the Calliopean and Lipscomb second teams played the second game of the series, a seven-inning affair, which resulted in a 5-2 victory for the Callios.

Martin allowed only two hits to the Lipscombs, while Pullias gave the Callios eight. These, together with numerous errors, were sufficient to give the Callios the victory.

Callios 5 0 0 0 1 0 5
Lipscombs 0 0 0 2 0 0 2
Umpires, Burford and Wood.

After the Honeymoon

"I wish to complain," said the bride, haughtily, "about the flour you sold me. It was tough."

"Tough, ma'am?" asked the grocer.

"Yes, tough. I made pie with it, and my husband could hardly cut it."—The Progressive Grocer.



A. G. FREED
Vice-Pres. of D. L. C. Principal of High School

HONOR ROLL PUBLISHED

Seventh Month Honor Roll Shows Forty-nine College and Twenty-two High School Students Named

The honor roll for the seventh month, which closed April 4, 1925, shows forty-nine from college classes and twenty-two from high school. Steady application is the keyword to securing the three A's which places one on the honor roll.

College Honor Roll

Myrtle Baars, Alice Barber, Lorena Barber, Anne Beasley, Dorothy Breeding, Alice M. Blair, Lillie Mae Brown, Gladys Bryson, Walter Campbell, Hazel Dennison, Bertie DePriest, Mary Lois Dixon, Jewel Edmondson, Mildred Formby, Robert Fox, Eleanor Frazier, Lady C. Gaither, La Nelle Goodwyn, James Greer, Aloise Herndon, Ethel Hardison, Jimmie Ruth Harrell, John R. Jovious, Ennis Hughes, Clayton James, Roy Johnson, Miriam Jones, Nannie Dunn Jones, George W. Kinnie, Andrew Mason, Elmo Phillips, Earl Pullias, H. T. Roberts, Leonte Sims, Lorene Sims, Pearl Smith, Thelma Soyars, Leona Stubblefield, John L. Sweat, Sam Tatum, Herman Taylor, Mary Tittle, Fee Thomas, Leslie G. Thomas, Joyce Whitlaw, Coral Williams, Ora Lou Winters, Allen Wood, Cullen Dixon.

High School Honor Roll

Lillian Burton, Ollie Cuff, Kathryn Cullum, Elizabeth Cullum, Luther Deacon, Forrest Deacon, Clyde Hale, Lucille Hall, Lillian Hertzka, Paul Jones, John P. Lewis, Randall Martin, Sam McFarland, Gerald Montgomery, Clyde Pruett, Enola Rucker, Fred Scott, Roy Selby, Corinne Smith, Elmer Taylor, Thomas Tittle, Florence Denton.

Jones: "I hear your wife had an accident with the car."
Smith: "Oh, it was not serious."
Jones: "Anything damaged?"
Smith: "Oh, no; just a little paint scratched off both."—Herald.

"CHRIST'S WILL" IS SUBJECT

(Continued from page 1)

of nature and the Bible. In each of these books we find many mysteries. The systems of planets and stars is one of the greatest mysteries of the book of nature. We see them yet we cannot tell just why they are there and what holds them in their places, each making its own path without any conflict with the others. The Bible is also to some extent a book of mysteries. The flood, the tree of the knowledge of good and evil placed in Eden, the ark, falling of Jerico, and the resurrection of Christ are to some extent mysteries to us. But these mysterious things belong unto God. Many men will spend their lives trying to find out what the Holy Spirit is and how it operates, when this does not concern man's salvation. The hidden things belong unto God, and that which has been revealed belongs to man.

Men will say the resurrection cannot be proved. We may like say it cannot be proved that George Washington ever lived. But we have a history telling of Washington. We also have a history, the Bible, telling of the resurrection. We must look with the eye of faith in order to see these things. Eye-witnesses have given their accounts of this event and we must accept by faith the words they had given unto us. We accept what we hear now by faith, that is, we believe it. So we must accept the Bible by faith, believe in its teaching so strongly that we harmonize our lives to it, in order to be saved.

"PHILOSOPHY"

Those who know nothing of the "F. B." Club and honorary member may here know that the same group has a liking for darkened room and ice cream.

"Old Bud" says these happy times can't last forever, so he may as well be making up his last farewell to her.

Happy is the man who wakes up and finds that his room mate did not wear his new tie.

So constituted is man that he must have sleep. But "Old Bud" says the women sure cause him to lose lots of his sleep.

"Early to bed and early to rise, Keeps my roommate from wearing my ties."

CHARACTERISTICS OF SENIORS

To start this oration we will say that our president, Mr. Jones, better known as "Chick," has so many girls that every one is wondering how he gets them. Wonder if he tells them all the same tale? Watch out, girls.

Our vice-president, Simpkins, always smiles and doesn't have much to say in a crowd, but—wait until you get him alone. Oh, Boy!

"Frank" Neely, our secretary, is looking rather pale since her latest "flame" has left school and is now going to Vanderbilt.

Our salutorian, Corinne Smith, would not be known if Todd Porter were not seen lurking somewhere near. We all think they have a bad case, but we admit they look cute together.

Good luck, friends.

Next on the program comes "Li'l" Burton. She is rather interested in blondes here of late. It is nothing unusual to see them in the hall "sparking," as Brother Owen says.

Does every one know that "Red" Jones is getting to be a ladies' man—how could it happen? Thelma will have to tie some more strings on him if she intends to keep up with him.

Our sandwich man, Foy Sweeney, has a new crush, so we hear. Wonder what Jimmie Anderson thinks?

Next comes our meek valedictorian, Elmer Taylor. All of the students like him because he is a good sport.

What would D. L. C. be without Nellie Potts and Bill Mason? They are always seen strutting around, taking pictures and everything else of like nature.

I guess everyone is aware of the fact that in our midst we have a radio shark. It is none other than "Tater Hunter."

Ruth Jordan is never heard unless she is saying, "Oh, girls, guess who I got a letter from?" Of course we know it could be no one else except Willis Yowell.

Corinne Harwell is seen more than heard. We have all heard that still water runs deep, and this is just right in her case.

We all fear that Roy Selby would die of hunger if Mamie Russell didn't live near enough for him to go to dinner several times a week. And it is also noticed that Roy always has a quart of preserves just after Mamie has come from Kentucky. "Go to it, Big Boy."

In our midst we have a married man, Mr. S. P. Lowry. We all think it an honor to have him in our class.

Carl Pace tries hard to beat other fellows' time with their girls, and we are all betting on him. Watch out, girls.

Eloise Sutton is often heard to talk about Lebanon—but "Sut" doesn't throw Thurman down for the other fellow in Lebanon.

As a whole the class has a big bunch of talkers, but not so in this case. We have the meekest boy in school, Raymond Brinkley. Watch him run around in his new car. Girls, can't you catch him?

"Chris" Martin is heard more than seen, she and "Bibba" have quite a time running around, laughing and talking to any and everybody—boys, in particular.

Jimmie Boles is the baseball shark. How he gets his mind off of "Tooker" long enough to play is a mystery to all.

Homer Dudley hails from Mississippi and is fond of plane geometry. He is thinking of getting his Ph.D. in it, as Brother Owen has already given him his D.

Last but not least comes George Warren, the great pitcher (?). We are all wishing him well—and here's hoping that he will continue to smile from now on through baseball season.

In conclusion I also say that the class of '25 has a lot of love-sick couples in it, but we hope that they will get over it soon or either do like Mr. Lowry did.

A Senior High.

"ODE TO THE SENIORS"

To my Senior High Class
And all teachers of D. L. C.,
The first of my message to you
I would like to let you see.

My! what a lot of big
Fine looking folks,
All so cheerful, so optimistic,
Always telling jokes.

Yet the life of a senior
Keeps you in an awful strain,
Not just the responsibility
Of worrying your brain;

But listening to complaints
And the many questions asked,
Makes you oftentimes
Want to give up the task.

But it's nice to know
That encouragement is always
Coming
From your dear teachers, who for
Your welfare each day are yearning.

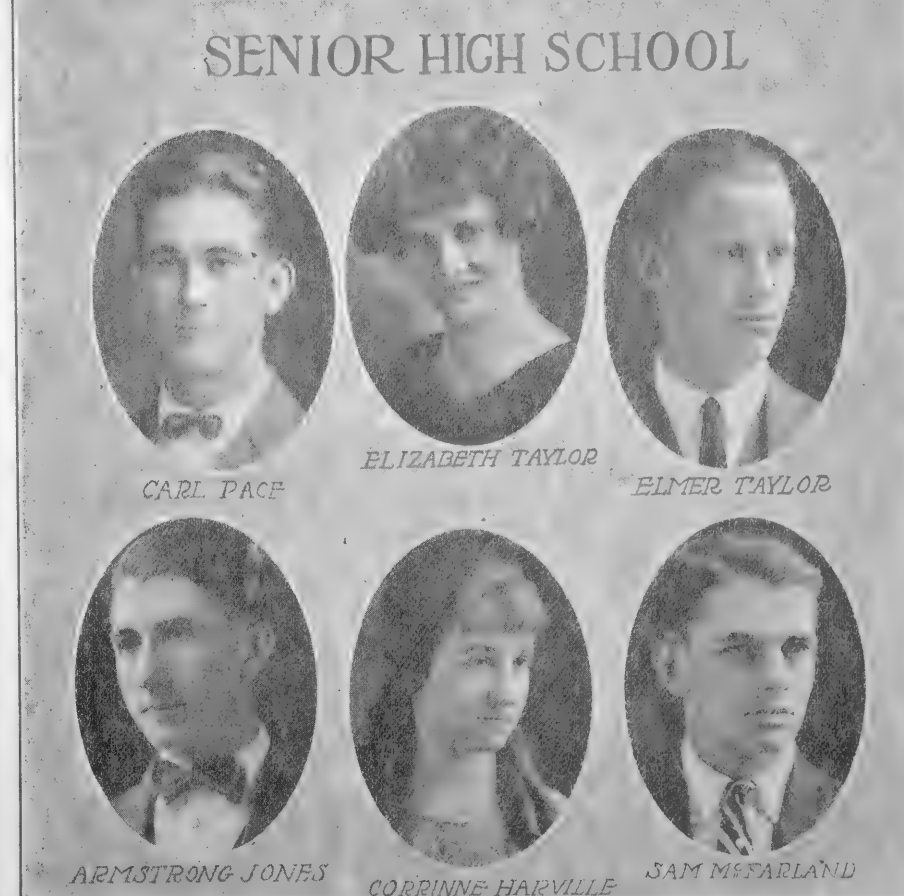
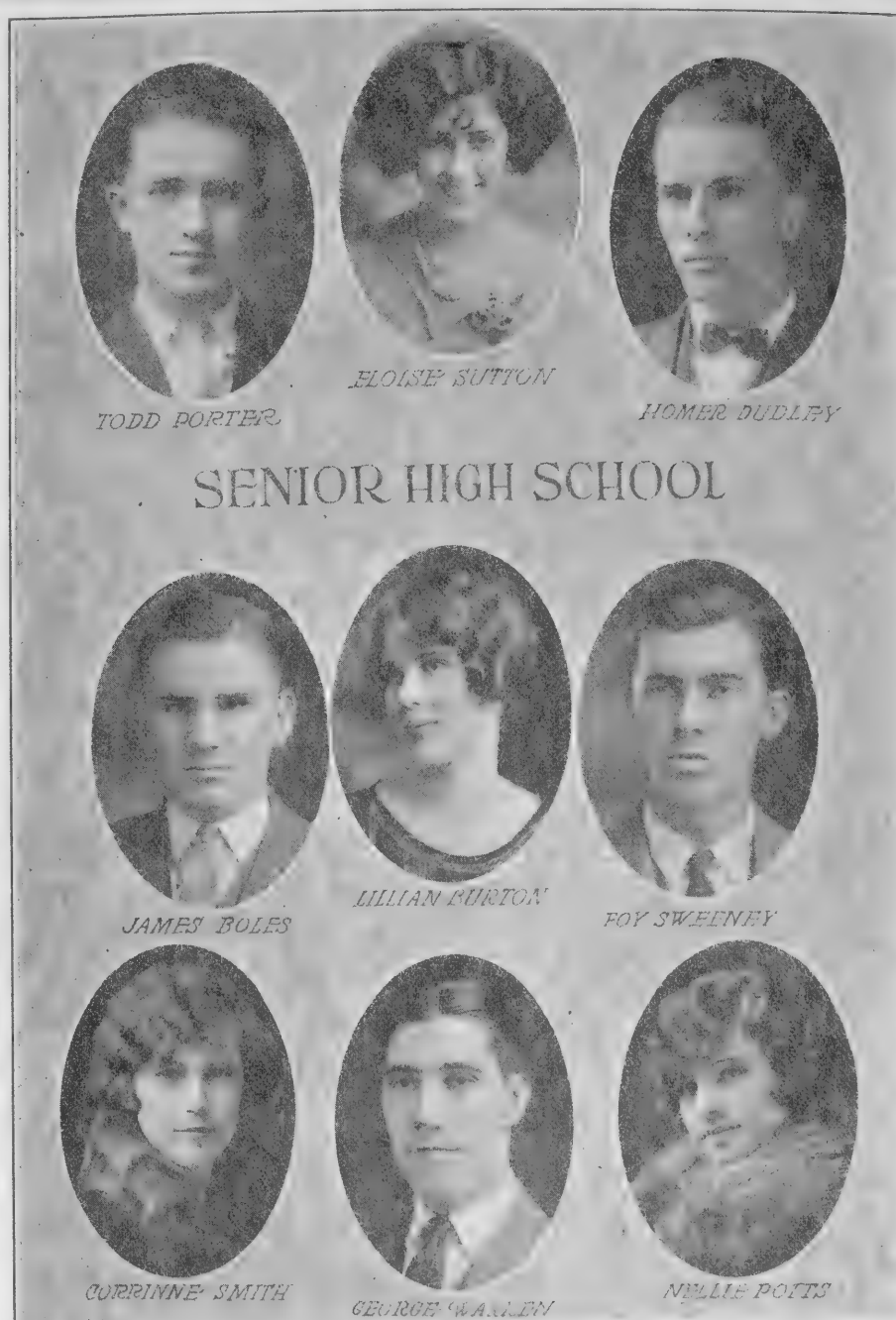
A finer band of girls
I have never known,
Though into many parts
Of the country I have gone.

For me to be a member of such a
class
I never had a dream,
However, I consider it
An honor—an honor supreme.

Yet I feel very feeble
And I feel that I must pass,
So I must write the long essay
Just like the rest of the class.

But I am willing to climb
And may not fall,
If I am supported by love
And the co-operation of all.

For I am looking to you
As a pinnacle in the sky,
A great big fortress
On which I am to rely.



THE STUDENT

The student bends o'er the weary
page,
With sad and earnest look;
And the lamp burns low as it throws
its glare
On the all engrossing book.
The lengthened peal of the retiring
bell
Has stirred the solemn air,
But it falls unheeded upon his ear
As he sits in silence there.

The impress of youth is on his brow,
And his locks are tousled and free,
And his dark eye flashes as in childhood's days.
When his path was one of glee.
Whence then the lines that are
deeply stamped
On his forehead broad and high;
The swollen veins are bursting now
In his mental agony?

Again the peal of the solemn bell,
And he starts from the hopeless
task,
While his maddened soul breaks
forth in words:
"Oh, God; for one hour I ask,
I have toiled; oh, painfully toiled
to win
The fadeless laurel of fame;
Oh grant me the favour I humbly
crave,
The gift of a deathless name."
W. H. C.

And to make a success,
That others may see
The class is dependent
Upon you as upon me.

So, dear classmates, let us
Make this year of '25
Be the best in the history
Of any school that's alive.
"Chris" Martin.

THE CALL OF THE OPEN

"Could you be gypsies, comrades?
Far and fleet to roam,
Head upon each others breast when
weary,
And each others hearts our homes.
Men and comrades together,
'Neath the sky's blue dome.

Could you be comrades, pards?
Passionately free.
As a soaring lark or starling
Mad with melody.
Could you be gypsies?
Pards, come with me.

We will wander through the valleys,
We will camp beside the stream.
We will go through life's wide alleys
As if thought but a dream.
Men and comrades together,
Throughout the earth's wide realm.
W. H. C.

SPRINGTIME

A gentle breeze is blowing,
'Tis springtime once again.
The little birds are singing
To gladden the souls of men.

O, rejoice, rejoice, and be happy,
'Tis springtime once again.
If the little birds can be happy,
O, why not the souls of men?

All nature today is so bright and gay,
Even the tiny flowers
Look up from their earthy beds and
smile
A welcome to the warm spring
flowers.

O, rejoice, rejoice, and be happy,
'Tis springtime once again.
Try to smile and be happy;
It makes the whole world kin.

Then rejoice, rejoice, and be happy,
Sing praises to Him so dear.
He knows your every sorrow
And gently bids you draw near.
L. H.

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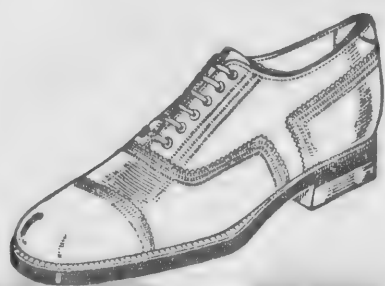
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A MODEL
LOVE LETTER

Since the days of Adam the main question in the life of man has been—woman. All through the ages of progress and invention that problem has remained the same. Many inventions have been perfected for making work easier and lighter by such men as Franklin, Marconi and Edison, but never has the problem of pouring out the love and devotion of one soul to another been made easier till the perfection of this letter. We have to thank for the material used in the compilation of this document the Messrs. Bill Mason, L. L. Roles, Elmo Phillips and Brother Cuff. This letter was written under their supervision and is recommended by them. It has never been known to fail in bringing results. A copy of this world-famed masterpiece is given below. For our protection, as well as that of the reader it might be well to state that this work of art is copyrighted and any attempt to use same illegitimately will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

My Dearest: Whenever my thoughts turn to thee, sensations of exquisite joy caper over my heart like Spanish needles through a pair of tow linen trousers. As a gossamer swimmeth with delight in a mud-puddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture thicker than the hairs of a blacking brush and brighter than the plumes of a humming-bird's pinions visit me in my slumbers, and borne on their invisible wings your image stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it, like a painter snapping at a blue-bottle fly.

When I first beheld your angelic perfection, I was bewildered, and my brain whirled around like a bumble-bee under a glass tumbler. My eyes stood open like cellar doors in a country town, and I lifted up my ears to catch the silvery accents of your voice. My tongue refused to respond, and in silent adoration I drained in the sweet infections of love as a thirsty man swalloweth a tumbler of hot whisky punch.

Day and night you are in my thoughts. When Aurora, blushing like a bride, rises from her saffron colored couch, when the jaybird pipes his tune-ful lay in the apple tree by the spring house, when the chanter's shrill clarion heralds the coming morn, when the waking pig arises from his bed and grunts and goes forth for his morning's refreshments, when the drowsy beetle wheels his droning flight at sultry noontide, and when the lowing herds come home at milking time, I think of thee, and, like a piece of gum elastic, my heart seems stretched clear across my bosom.

Your hair is like the mane of a sorrel horse powdered with gold, and the brass pins scattered through your abundant growth of luxuriant hair fill me with unbounded awe. Your forehead is smoother than the elbow of an old coat; your eyes are glorious to behold, and in their liquid depths I see legions of little cupids bathing like a cohort of ants in an old army cracker. When their fire first hit me, upon my manly breast it penetrated my whole anatomy, as a load of fine shot through a piece of tissue paper. Your nose is from a chunk of Parian marble, and your mouth is puckered with sweetness. Nectar lingers on your lips like honey on a bee's pan, and myriads of unpledged kisses are there ready to fly out and light somewhere, like bluebirds out of their parents' nest. Your laugh rings in my ears like the wind harp's strain or the bleat of a stray lamb on a bleak hillside on a cold, damp, dreary, rainy, drizzly day.

Away from you "I am as melancholy as a sick rat." Sometimes I can hear the June-bug's of despondency buzzing in my ears and feel the cold lizards of despair crawling down my back. Uncouth fears like a thousand minnows nibble at my spirits, and my soul is pierced with doubts, as an old cheese is bored with skip-pers.

My love for you is stronger than the taste of figs or the kick of a young cow, and more unselfish than a kitten's first caterwaul. As a song bird hankers for the light of day, the cautious mouse for the fresh bacon in the trap, as a mean pup hankers for new milk, so I long for thee.

You are fairer than a speckled pullet, sweeter than a Yankee doughnut fried in sorghum molasses, brighter than the lowermost plumage on a brightly colored peafowl; you are candy, kisses, pound cake and sweetened toddy all together.

If these remarks will enable you to see the inside of my soul, and me to win your affections, I shall be as happy as a robin in a cherry or a stage horse in a green pasture. If you cannot reciprocate my thrilling passion, I will pine away like a poisoned bedbug and fall away from this flourishing vine of life an untimely branch; and in the coming years when the shadows grow from the hills and the philosophical frog sings his cheerful evening hymns, you happy in another's love, can come and drop a tear and—catch a cold upon the last resting place of Yours affectionately,

A Flawless Combination
"A college has just made me a doctor of literature."
"What did you ever write?"
"Well, I wrote a nice fat check."
—Boston Transcript.

DIFFERENT
TYPES OF PEOPLE

As we pass along through life and observe the different actions of people, their attitude toward others and the conception they have of what life really means to them. We may classify them into three distinct classes—namely: The Opportunity Breaker, the Opportunity Taker and the Opportunity Maker. Now let us consider each of these for a few minutes.

We may illustrate it by taking an example of a boy who has been brought up in a good home and given all the advantages and luxuries of life, one who has not known what it was to want for anything he did not get. All during his young life while attending the grammar school and even in high school we find him very irregular and disobedient, and on account of cheating and other misconduct fails to pass out of high school. His father decides to send him off to school, thinking he might improve his way and make something out of himself; but instead of his doing better, he grows worse and worse, spending his father's money foolishly and doing other things contrary to the rules of regulations of school, until at last he is expelled. We may rightly call this boy the Opportunity Breaker.

Now we may glance at another boy who was not especially interested in school or anything else, but as he had nothing else especially in view, went to school, made fair passing grades from the start, and completed high school with reasonable honors to himself. At the suggestion of his father, he went off to college, his expenses being paid, and also made good there. We call this boy the Opportunity Taker.

Last of all, let us consider another character—a boy who was born very poor in the way of earthly possessions, but one who had grit and determination to be of service to the world. He was not able to attend school regular, as his classmates were, but was not discouraged at this. By hard and earnest work he finished common school. As he had no one to support him, we find him working his way through high school, and then through college, graduating with the highest honors of the class. We at once call him the Opportunity Maker.

So now if everything does not go as we think it should, why give up and say we can't. As Brother Rainey says, "He can who thinks he can." Why not be an opportunity maker in place of being an opportunity breaker?

S. F. DEACON.

"DON'T WORRY"

They say that worry causes numerous diseases. Now we don't know, but anyhow we aren't so crazy about seeing anybody going about with a face as long as your arm. You don't have to go about with that joy that causes you to dance and knock everybody in the head as you pass (neither do you have to laugh that loud laugh that bespeaks the vacant mind, as our honorable fellow classman Parson Hale), but you can wear that smile that gives each fellow you meet just a little brighter look on life after you have gone by. Now, don't get the idea you have to wear that sickly smile of our most famous lovers (you know who they are), but especially Elmo Phillips, with that smile that seems to say, when around a certain young lady, "Paradise is a poor place beside this heaven I am in." We desire that you copy none of these, but on the other hand desire you to have that happy look that speaks louder than a trumpet to your comrades, saying, "I have a mind free from remorse and worry. Come and be glad with me." Even if you have cause to worry, to put it off with a smile will make you feel better, and we know it will make every one about you feel better.

A number of Sundays ago I had the pleasure to hear a pleasant story on this very thing. The preacher said that a certain woman along about the time the United States began drafting young men was telling a gentleman friend how worried and afraid she was that the draft law would include her son. This is the argument that he offered:

"My dear madam, the draft law may never get your son; and if it does, it will do no good to worry. Then if they do draft your son, they will probably send him to the training camps, and they will be until the end of the war getting him prepared. But supposing that he is finally taken overseas, he will have to be trained for a long time over there. By that time the war will be over. He will come home advanced in learning instead of injured physically. It is absolutely useless to worry. Then we take it for granted that he is sent upon the firing line. Here he may be slightly wounded. If he is, he will be rushed to a hospital where the best of care will be given him. The greatest supposition of all is that the boy will be killed. Then it will be too late to worry."

Now whether this philosophy is true or not, we have not yet proved, but we do know that a good motto is "Keep Smiling."

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HOW DISHES ARE WASHED

It has long been the wonder of the students of D. L. C. as to just how the cleaning (?) of the dishes of this institution is carried on. Being a member of the staff of "Kitchen workers," it has been my privilege to observe for many months three times a day the exact process. Being pressed by my many friends, I have reluctantly agreed to set down in chronological order the entire proceeding from beginning to end.

As a general rule, Montgomery is back and has everything ready to start by the time Catherine, Nelle and Louise are through eating and talking. All except Catherine. She is never through. However, when he is a little late, they nearly mob him.

"Oh Gerald," they cry, "don't you know we have to go to class meeting? Please hurry!"

He hurries; and it is just a few minutes till everything is ready to go and the washer starts.

"Oh, goodness!" exclaims Catherine. "Do we have cold water again? We never will get through."

"Now stack those dishes right," Miss Delk says, and then the fun begins. The girls all strive to see which can stack them most disorderly, leave the most food in them, and miss the garbage can the most times. To see the stacks of dishes one would think the girls did not know a meat plate from a butter plate, a fork from a prune dish, or a soup bowl from a spoon.

Montgomery is a little slow with a tray of dishes, and this brings a comment from Louise. "Let's hurry! Anybody that would be that slow—"

By this time enough water has leaked out of the washer to convert the floor into a literal skating rink. Harriet breezes past, and in rounding a corner skids, falls and comes to rest after sliding six feet and two inches by actual measurement.

"Oh, good!" she exclaims. "I have beaten Ruth by two inches. She set the record at six feet."

The girls have now decided they want to be through by the time the bell rings, so they begin drying (?) as fast as possible. The resolve was made too late, however, and the bell catches them with half the dishes unwashed.

"Oh, I just know that bell was rung too soon," Catherine shrills.

"If Gerald had just hurried," Louise decides, "we would have been through my now. Anybody that would do that way—"

The topic veers to the baseball games, and the girls slow again.

After forty-five minutes of this the washer is shut off and the announcement is made that the dishes are all washed. Every one is now happy because they know it will be at least four hours till they have to be washed (?) again.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES

As we leave our youthful days and launch out to face the stern realities of the world, we choose largely our success or failure. For as we journey down the broad highway of life, many rich opportunities present themselves to us. We can grasp them and broaden out into fields of usefulness and prosperity, or we can let them glide easily by and in no way benefit us or any one else.

We must live for today with all that it brings to us. Make use of each passing moment, for moments make up the lifetime of a man. The pendulum on the great clock of time never stops or hesitates, but swings back and forth continually, drawing us nearer our destiny. The moments we do not make use of are lost. No matter how much we might be willing to give to live them again, they will not return to us. Remember that the opportunities of yesterday are forever gone.

"Lost between sunrise and sunset two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever."

Opportunities come swiftly and we should grasp them as they pass. Like a ship at sea, when the port is open is the time to enter, because with that chance once gone by we are left at sea without a landing place.

We may have a chance now while we are young to obtain an education, and probably make some great man, but if we spurn the opportunity and let it pass, may never realize it again, and never mount the ladder to success and usefulness.

We should bear in mind that our pilgrimage here on earth is short at best, and we should make the most of our advantages as they pass our way. For life is like a snowflake on a summer's day, it lasts only for a season, but soon vanishes away.

The opportunities of life are sometimes pictured to us, as a young man passing through a cornfield, a reward being offered for the largest and finest ear of corn he should gather while passing through. But he was on to stop or retrace a single step.

As he starts out early in the morning the large fine ears are hanging round him on every side, but as he passes on he notices they are getting smaller and smaller. He journeys on and on, and in the evening there are no more fine ears of corn, but mere nubbins. He wishes now he could retrace his steps back to the fine ears he saw early in the morning, but that opportunity has passed. He travels on, and at the close of the day passes out on the farther side of the cornfield and has gathered nothing.

This so beautifully pictures to us the golden springtime of youth when so many rich opportunities are ours if we only make use of them. But as we let them pass, one by one, they become more insignificant, until finally in the autumn and the wintry days approaching with silvery locks hanging round our forehead, when we have reached the farther side of life, we will then look back and say, "I wish I could live my life again and make use of the advantages I had."

We have opportunity to do good

"HUNTERS HUNT FOR A RIB"

To write an article for a paper requires some little thought and much thinking, so if this does not come up to the expectation of many, blame it on the editors (for publishing it). There must be a line of humor and also a trend of satire in order for an article to be of the best sort. So I have decided to write on man.

Much could be said on the subject, "Man," and much or little could be said, according to the size of man. The same thing also applies to the opposite sex.

Man is so constituted that he lacks one rib, that was taken from him in the Garden of Eden. Therefore, man has to hunt for his "missing rib" as for the "missing link." Some make the terrible mistake of thinking they have found their rib, when they have some one else's rib. So there is nothing left for them to do except search again if they want a rib.

But when man has found his lost rib, there is nothing to do except go to work and feed his rib. Then he is compelled to give that rib clothes and many other things.

So, all young men who haven't yet met their other rib, after reading this, should agree with me that it is safe to quit the long and troublesome trail of meandering around this terrestrial planet and go forth in search of the "Holy Rib."

J. G. Hunter.

Note: The girls of Avalon Home are hereby warned that Mr. Hunter is in search of his long lost rib, as his last sentence above shows. If you feel that you are a suitable "rib" for him, "All's well that ends well," if not, beware: Hunter is now hunting for a rib.—Editor of High School Edition.

A TRIP THROUGH THE CORRIDORS OF MEMORY

While passing through Nashville in the summer of 1924, I chanced to drop in at D. L. C. to see the few schoolmates remaining there through the summer and received a warm welcome from those whom I had learned to love and trust. On returning a month later I saw the school in full swing.

As I traversed the campus I was confronted with the "Priestly" appearance of the boys' home, but, after becoming better acquainted I discovered a "House" that heretofore I had not seen. Approaching the entrance I was smitten with astonishment to find that a slender "Locke" was serving its purpose well in making sure and steadfast the door at my right. After manipulating the combination I paused to dry the great drops of "Sweat" that had accumulated on my brow, and behold, a "Porter" came down the "Hall" with easy tread. Now, a Porter was the latest addition and a great improvement and advancement since the former years. I listened to him relate the story of another great inducement, the modest addition of a "Smith" (but not a blacksmith), whose fairy form only served to gladden the "Halls" of Avalon Home.

I next desired to see the "Gardner" at the rear of Lindsey Hall, who was always busy. A "Hunter," who had broken up "Camp" was returning from the "Wood," with very slow "Pace." His appearance indicated he was very tired and hungry, as he had been chasing the "Fox" from the "Chicks." At his leisure moments he chanced to kill some "Martins," which he brought to "Cooke" for his six o'clock dinner. While he thought of the birds popping and sputtering in the "Potts," a freshlet began to flow from his mouth, which when expanded had the appearance of a great "Cave."

It was now nearing dusk and I decided to remain at the dormitory, as the night promised to be "Rainy" and stormy. About three o'clock in the morning the "Hale" began to beat violently on my window and the unceasing winds told me that the hours of sleep were over.

The next morning a "Tallman" told me that the students had a "Whitelaw" which "Freed" the seniors and young ministers, and this was considered a "Goodwin" for all, although some few were brought before the "Baars" of justice. The "Right" course to pursue, under some conditions, no doubt, would be to sentence them to the "Pitts," or transfer them to the "Cope lands."

As it was almost time for my train, a generous friend suggested that he would take me to the station in his "Page." I thanked him, but asked for a guarantee that the Page could "Pullus." On hearing the doubtful decision, I decided, as I was a good "Walker" and "Owen" to the fact that it was only a short distance, I would rather have the exercise anyway, so I was soon well on my way to "Jackson" County again.

S. P. L.

Sounds Foolish, But Is It?

Punctuate this, and it will not sound so crazy:

"A funny little man told this to me I fell in a snowdrift in June said he I went to a ball game out in the sea I saw a jelly fish float up in a tree I found sound gin in a cup of tea I stirred my milk with a big brass key

I opened my door on my bended knee I beg your pardon for this said he But 'tis true when told as it ought to be

It's a puzzle in punctuation you see."

—Hoosier.

to all mankind, and we should be very careful not to let a single chance pass, for all those we grasp and make use of to help our fellow-man, we are laying away jewels beyond the crystal river of life, where we can gather them again, when we pass from this cold bleak world into a world of light and joy.

"As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good to all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith." Gal. 6:10.

Luther Deacon.

"HIGH SCHOOL BIOLOGY"

(The tale of a class where erasers and switches play a leading part.)

11:30—The bell rings to change classes. The class gathers in Brother Murphy's room.

11:35—Brother Murphy calls roll. All are present.

11:40—Activities begin. Neal gets Brother Murphy's "goat."

BBrother Murphy wreaks vengeance by picking Neal up by his hair and setting him down in his official seat.

11:41—Rappolee hits Ritchie with a Sunday newspaper, wadded up and well soaked. Ritchie collapses. The class proceeds with the lesson.

11:43—Beckwith passes Brother Murphy's peach tree to Pullias, who immediately throws it out of the window. Ritchie revives.

11:46—Brother Murphy cross-questions every one in the class about his favorite switch except Pullias and Beckwith. They all plead innocent.

11:50—Jackson, Simpkins and Burton come in. Jackson reads his mail, then prepares for daily nap.

11:52—Corum hits Rappolee with an apple core. Rappolee then hits Ritchie. Ritchie then appeals to Brother Murphy for aid. He is unheeded.

11:55—Greer pays class a visit. There is a general confusion. As he makes for the door Brother Murphy plants a farewell kick. Then as Greer passes out of the room an eraser meant for him strikes Brother Murphy in the head. The eraser flies to pieces. (And they talk about the erasers disappearing.)

11:56—Montgomery comes in. Brother Murphy rises to greet him. Montgomery salutes and passes to his seat. Ritchie starts the bombardment by hitting Montgomery with an eraser. Spivey gets tickled at some unknown cause.

11:58—Rappolee passes to the board to write some notes for Brother Murphy, keeps his tail, and adds insult to injury by afterwards rubbing an eraser over his back.

12:00—Orndorff, Broome and Randolph adjourn to the dining hall. One of them gives Ritchie a peculiar look as she passes out. Ritchie again succumbs. Brother Murphy gives antidote but fails to revive Ritchie.

12:05—Brother Murphy acts as arbitrator in an audible debate between Thomas Tittle and Elizabeth Culum. Spivey still laughing.

12:06—Estes quotes passage of Scripture to prove that plants are not changed into coal. Beckwith wants grades read. Brother Murphy suddenly decides to give a test.

Beckwith, Neal, Rappolee, Ritchie and Corum sign a petition of protest. He does not give it. Spivey's laughter abates.

12:08—Beckwith still upholds his motto, "If a first you don't succeed, keep on trying 'till you do." He again asks for grades to be read.

12:10—For this, Brother Murphy declares to give everyone "DD" for the day's conduct. No amount of protesting will change his mind. Corum makes motion to adjourn. It is readily seconded. John P. Lewis sticks head in window and in an excellent voice like that of a fog-horn, informs Brother Murphy that the evening edition of the Biology class is better than that of the morning.

12:12—Beckwith again asks for grades to be read and Neal backs him up. Brother Murphy informs the class that he will now give the entire class "D" for the month because of Beckwith's insistence. The class adjourns through the windows in order that the bell might ring.

Wm. H. Corum.

THE BIBLE

In collecting a library, the Bible should be chosen first, as containing the foundation of all true science, and as being more valuable than all the books, big and little, in the world. There have been enough books written since the discovery of the art of printing, containing the most abstract speculations, to load all the steamships of the Atlantic, but when we reflect, the Bible contains by far more science and practical truth than them all, it is truly giving some exalted ideas of its importance to man.

There is no nation now in existence advanced in the arts of civilized life where the Scriptures are not read, believed and revered. The Bible is, indeed, to the moral and intellectual world what the sun is to the physical creation. Blot out the king of day, and darkness, coldness and death would be the inevitable and immediate consequences; and take the Bible and its light and influences from the world, and gross darkness would spread over creation, and savage ferocity would prevail without a rival. In proportion as any people come under the influence of the revelation, they become enlightened, virtuous and happy.

The Bible reveals the doctrine that man should live by "the sweat of the face," and do unto others as he would have them do unto him. But not to be further tedious in general remarks, we will give some of the reasons why farmers, mechanics and men and women of all laudable professions should read the Bible and carefully study it every day of their lives.

First. The word of God suggests every commendable pursuit, as well as those which are not.

Second. The man who studies the Bible daily will have more aids to sublime, ennobling and grand thoughts than he who confines himself to other books.

Third. It teaches us that industry and economy are indispensable virtues, and that laziness and indolence in the prince as well as in the humblest citizen, are intolerable offenses before high heaven.

Fourth. It teaches what reverence is necessary to our Maker to constitute us happy, and to incline us to prepare for more perfect enjoyments in the world to come.

Fifth. The Bible contains the only correct code of laws on earth in regulating the conduct between man and man. Ignorance and corruption may tell of the "laws of honor," which makes one man take the life of another for naught but to honor

VICTORY OVER MERE MAN

As Seen in a Vision

It was Lorena's wedding day. She was to marry Owen White and go to live with him in Mississippi, far away from civilization, among the wilds and jungles of that much-talked-about foreign country.

After the ceremony her mother-in-law held a private conversation with the girl. "Now, Lorena, I want to tell you something about Owen. He is a fine boy and will make you a good husband, but you must never give in to him, for if you do it once you will have to do it always, and in consequence will be very unhappy."

For some time after Lorena arrived at her new home she had no occasion to test her mother-in-law's advice. White's farm was on one of the main routes of travel, and soon a small town grew up near it. In a short time the people decided to have a new church and began to talk about the best place for it.

Like most of the other settlers, White was intensely interested in the discussion.

"I tell you, Lorena," he would exclaim heatedly, "the best place for it is on the plot of ground that Hiram Cornstassel has offered."

"But, Owen," Lorena objected, mildly, "that is only half a mile from here and at least three miles from the settlement."

"What of it? Everybody does not live in town. There are plenty of farmers that go to church, are there not?"

"But, dear, I thought the church was specially for the village?"

"Well, what—if that isn't just like a woman! Never can—" and his voice would trail off as he went about his work.

White's arguments with his wife were not the only ones in the community. Hot words were spoken whenever two or more men met. Finally when the decision to build the church on the outskirts of the town was announced, no one was more indignant than White.

"Why, Lorena, it's outrageous," he stormed. "It is a good two miles from here over a very poor road."

"I thought the grounds were very pretty," Lorena suggested, "and old Miss Timins could never have reached the other grounds that were offered."

"Do we run the church for old Miss Timins?" White was scornful. "And pretty grounds! That's just like a woman! I'll tell you, Lorena, just what I said when John Johnson told me the decision: 'The church committee,' I said, 'showed very poor judgment and I shall not uphold them. Neither I nor my wife shall ever set foot in that church until it is moved to a sensible position.'"

Lorena did not reply and for a time the subject was closed. The winter months passed slowly and the building was almost completed.

White continued to assail the judgment of the church committee and to repeat his intention not to attend services in the new church.

Lorena never replied or showed in any way that she did not agree with her husband, but she was thinking hard.

Born of an exceedingly religious family she would as soon have thought of cutting off her hands as of not attending church on Sunday.

At last the workmen finished, the old building in which the people had been worshipping was closed, and the opening Sunday for the new church set for late March. As the day came nearer White became more positive in stating his intention to remain home. Though Lorena was determined to go, she said nothing.

The day came at last and White, upon entering the bed chamber from the main room of the house, discovered Lorena dressing for church.

"Why, Lorena," he said, in astonishment, "we are not going to church today. This is the day the new building is used."

"I know, but I am going even if you do not," she replied. "I have gone to church every Sunday in my life that I have been able, and I do not intend to stop now just for a foolish prejudice."

"Lorena!" White's face was red and he spoke angrily and sternly. "You are not going to church, do you hear? If you go, I will come after you and bring you home."

Lorena slowly drew on her gloves and adjusted her hat before she spoke. "There, that's the Adames at the door now. I am riding over with them."

The door closed gently and with growing anger White was left staring at the surface of it.

The sermon was half over when the church door opened quietly and White walked in. Straight down the aisle he went to where Lorena was sitting, and bending over her he took her by the hand. "Come," he whispered.

Lorena arose and followed him quietly out of the building. Once out of the church she sat down. White looked at her.

"If you are going to take me home you will have to carry me," she said, firmly. "Not one step will I take till church is over."

In vain Owen ordered, pleaded and argued with her. She would not move, and at least he was forced to carry her. Lorena was not very light, and to make matters worse, a late rain had fallen, and for two long, hard miles Owen carried her through mud ankle deep. Whenever he put her down she sat placidly on the ground till he was ready to carry her again. Once home Lorena made no comments, though her dress was

(Continued top of last column)

an ancient and barbarous practice, but the Bible is the only book which teaches to "overcome evil with good"—to turn the other when smitten on one cheek; it tells us, when reviled, not to revile again, and above all things to speak evil of no man.

Last of all, we can only add, he that wishes to study science, morality and everything which will exalt our race, should greatly prefer the old family Bible to all other books.

W. H. C.

ruined; nor did she at any time during the week speak of what had happened that Sunday.

The next Sunday while she was dressing for church, Owen came into the room and asked sheepishly, "Is my Sunday shirt clean, Lorena?"

"Yes, dear," Lorena showed no astonishment and gave it to him without comment. Later she smiled to herself before she had finished dressing and they had started for church—together.

TO D. L. C.

Here's to David Lipscomb, In sunny Tennessee, A finer, better college, Could never, never be.

It has the finest students, Brimful of push and pluck, And they who have the privilege To be there are in luck.

The girls are most charming, The boys are full of pep, D. L. C. is coming, It has the finest rep.

So here's to Lipscomb College, May it prosper and live long, And continue in its teaching What is right from what is wrong.

One and all in unison, For in union there is strength, Prosperity attend it Throughout its breadth and length. Bert Tarkington.

JOKES

Safety First

"Hello! Dr. Bunyan?" "Yes."

"Come right away. My husband has another one of his spells."

"Why didn't you send for me sooner?" said the doctor, half an hour later. "You should not have waited till your husband was unconscious."

"Well," replied the wife, "as long as he had his senses he wouldn't let me send for you."—Boys' Outfitter.

Whether?

If a man works, there's nothing to worry about; But if he don't work, there's two things to worry about— Whether he eats or whether he don't eat.

If he eats, there's nothing to worry about; But if he don't eat, there's two things to worry about— Whether he lives or whether he dies.

If he lives, there's nothing to worry about; But if he dies, there's two things to worry about— Whether he goes up or whether he goes down.

If he goes up, there's nothing to worry about; But if he goes down, there's still nothing to worry about.

For he will be busy shaking hands with all he knows. E. S.

The Noble Few

"Lord" Ronald. Richard "The Lion-Hearted." Steve "Himself." "Bonehead" Boyd. R. C.

HENRY FORD'S 23RD PSALM

The Ford is my car; I shall never want another. It maketh me to lie down in dirty places.

It leadeth me in the path of rocks and ditches for its name sake. Yea, though I coast down valleys, I am pulled up hills.

It prepareth a breakdown in the presence of my best girl. It anointeth my clothes with oil. Its gas tank runneth empty.

Surely to goodness if this thing follow me, I shall dwell in the house of the insane forever. H. P. BOYD.

Simpkins and Kinnie were crossing Church street about the time the bell signal was changing.

Simpkins: "Well, I guess we'll have to go back."

Kinnie: "I never go back after I take one step across."

Simpkins: "You don't have to; you will already be across."

J. C. LAWSON

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"Thrift is the great fortune maker," said Andrew Carnegie, and his life proved it.

The right-using of all the values of life is thrift. This is as true of your energies as it is of your money and material wealth.

The student who employs his time and his strength constructively is almost sure to become one of the successful and dependable men of his community.

To live according to principles of thrift requires strong character.

Life insurance is a great institution of thrift. It is a practical system suited to the needs of every class.

The first investment a man or a woman should make is life insurance. Endowments and Thrift policies not only furnish life insurance but guarantee \$1,000 or more in cash to the insured in a specified term of years.

When you finish school and enter the business or professional world, make it a point to save a portion of every dollar you earn right from the start.

We are especially interested in the young men and women of the South, and would be glad to have you listed with our great number of patrons who are saving in this way.

Thrift is one of the great lessons of life. System is necessary to success.

A. M. BURTON, President

LIFE AND CASUALTY INSURANCE COMPANY

THE BABBLER

"What would this babbler say" Acts 17:18

Enola Tucker

Make it a point to be at David Lipscomb College for commencement week, May 24-27. Interesting plans are being made for wonderful times.

There are yet several copies of the 1925 Backlog on hand. Those who fail to order one at once are missing a great bargain. Send four dollars now.

Vol. 5

DAVID LIPSCOMB COLLEGE, NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY 8, 1925.

No. 15

JUNIORS AND SENIORS HAVE DAY OF PLEASURE

LIPSCOMB TEAM WINS BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIP

Wins Three Games and Loses One. Championship Team Makes Many Positions On All School Team Selected by Coach Priestley. Seven Are On Team

COMMENCEMENT PLANS ARE MADE

Week of May 24-27 Promises to Be Very Busy Time. Public Is Invited

Saturday, May 23, will forever close the examinations for D. L. C.'s school year 1924-25. The last "C" will have been dotted and the last "U" crossed. All the signs for that day will be signs of relief; the efforts will have been finished; whether the end will have been accomplished will still remain to be seen—left entirely to the sympathy and good will of the noble professors of "the dear old place." (Professors, our plea is not for justice, but mercy.)

We now say commencement is here, but commencement of what someone may ask? Commencement of many interesting events combined with many "Good byes, and now do write me."

Sunday morning, May 24, at 11 o'clock, the commencement sermon will be preached in Harding Hall. Our much beloved Brother S. P. Pittman will deliver the sermon; he, too, will preach here in the evening.

Monday will be a carefree day. Relaxation, exchange of plans, compliments, and promises to be true. Monday at 8 p.m. the most noted Senior Class will present the annual play, "Everywoman." They will be able to show the inclinations and desires of every normal woman. We believe after having completed such a task they will be worthy of their little sheepskins.

Tuesday, Alumni or Home-coming Day (Debate, Dinner, Defeat). The debate will give former students a chance to again show their colors.

Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock the Senior High will receive their diplomas. Professor P. L. Harned, State Commissioner, will address this group of students.

Wednesday, day of all days, that august body of fifty-two will receive their sheepskins and henceforth will be alumni of the grand old institution. Brother C. M. Pullias will address the class.

The final game of the Lipscomb-Calliope series played April 28, 1925, resulted in a victory for the Lipscombs. Winning three games of the four played, they were crowned champs in baseball. The third game of the series resulted in victory for the Callios, winning by a score of 7-6. This game was played on a class day, April 20.

Box score:

CALLIOPEAN					
	AB	R	H	E	
Boles, 1b	5	1	2	0	
Crawley, ss	4	0	0	1	
Warren, p	3	0	0	1	
Lowry, 2b	2	0	1	2	
Brown, rf	4	1	0	0	
Jones, cf	4	0	0	0	
Kirk, lf	3	2	1	0	
Martin, c	4	2	1	0	
Locke, 3b	3	1	1	0	
Total	32	7	7	4	

LIPSCOMB					
	AB	R	H	E	
Pruitt, lf	5	1	0	3	
Parham, cf	5	1	1	0	
Bourne, 1b	5	2	1	0	
Campbell, c	5	1	3	0	
Dodd, p	5	1	1	0	
Riggs, 3b	3	0	1	2	
Pace, rf	2	0	0	0	
Wood, ss	2	0	1	0	
Karnes, 2b	2	0	0	0	
White, 2b	2	0	1	0	
Total	36	6	9	5	

Score by innings:
Calliopean 1 2 0 1 0 0 3 *—7
Lipscomb 0 0 2 0 1 0 1 0 2—6

The game played on April 28 was a 7-5 victory for the Lipscombs. The fans did their part toward making this game interesting. This ended the series.

Box score:

CALLIOPEAN					
	AB	R	H	E	
Boles, 1b	5	2	2	1	
Brown, rf	5	0	2	1	
Warren, p	4	2	2	1	
Lowry, 2b	4	0	1	1	
Jones, cf	3	0	0	0	
Fox, rf	1	0	0	0	
Mont, ss	4	0	0	1	
Kirk, lf	3	0	0	0	
Martin, c	3	1	0	1	
Locke, 3b	3	0	1	1	
Total	34	5	8	7	

(Continued on page 2)

FINE EXHIBIT IS MADE BY HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT

Short Play Given and Exhibit Made of Splendid Work of Departments of Cooking and Sewing. Prizes Given for Best Work of Girls

On Saturday evening, May 2, the Home Economics students gave their annual program, which consisted in a short play and an exhibit. In the play costumes made in the sewing class were worn. The play presented was "Madam de Portment School," and the following was the cast of characters:

Madam de Portment—Frances Greenlee.

Mabel Frolics—Lillian Burton.
Gertrude Smiles—Frances Phillips.
May Friskey—Elizabeth Owen.
Jennie Slow—Mary Ethel Bains.
Bridget—Thelma McMahan.

The play revealed life in a school of strict discipline. An interesting feature was the fright caused by a mere mouse.

The Exhibits

The booths in the exhibit were judged at 7 o'clock, and at the close of the play Brother Rainey announced the winners of the prizes. The booth conducted by Miss Frances Phillips won the prize, which was a large bouquet of roses. Miss Corine Harwell won the prize for the best garment made in high school sewing, and Miss Eloise Sutton received the college honor.

Immediately after this the guests were admitted to the gymnasium where the exhibit was given. Both where the cooking and sewing departments the cooking and sewing departments were represented. The gym itself was decorated in red and white. There were various booths to include each type of work.

In the center of the room there was a candy booth, and on each side of it tables filled with cakes, pies, doughnuts, rolls, salads and other dainties fit for a king. The observer's only regret was that the food was to look at and not to eat. In addition to the real articles of food, there were posters made by Lila Groves showing different food products.

The winning booth was the hand-made garment booth. It was beautifully decorated in lavender and

(Continued on page 2)

EDITORS HAVE FINE HOLIDAY

Staffs of Babblers and Backlog Celebrate Success of Publications by an Outing

The Backlog and Babblers staffs enjoyed a very pleasant outing to Shelby Park on Monday, April 20. This has been the custom among the editors for some time and is always looked forward to with a great deal of interest after the toils of the year are about over.

The party comprised of Herman Taylor, Alice Blair, Alex Burford, Mary Tittle, Elmo Phillips, Myrtle Baars, Prof. R. P. Cuff, Eleanor Frazier, Roy Johnson, Catherine Johnson, Leo Boles, Jr., Martha Owen, Prof. Herhall Jennings Priestley, LaNelle Goodwin, Edward Bourne, Freda Landers, Sam McFarland, Gwendolyn Moss, Jimmie Boles, Mary O. Jones, George Kinzie, Thelma Sayers, Bill Mason, Nellie Potts, Philip Parham, Ruth McCauley, Todd Porter, Corinne Smith, Clayton James, and Lillie Mae Brown left about 9:30 o'clock in the morning, reaching the park about 10:30.

After a short rest at the club house the party set out on a hike through the sylvan avenues that separated the park into its many places of interest. At 3 o'clock p.m. the group assembled at the club house where a very appetizing lunch was served. The remaining part of the day was spent on the placid bosom of Shelby Lake.

This was an occasion never to be forgotten by those who were present, and the many photographs that were taken are indications of the "lasting impressions" that were made.



JUNIORS PLAN FOR SUMMER

Select Varied Occupations. Some Plan to Spend Time With Parents at Home

Annie Laura Alsop, Murfreesboro, Tenn.—Will spend the summer at home.

Lorena Barber, Senatobia, Miss.—Will spend the summer at home.

Alice Barber, Nashville, Tenn.—Plans to work for Williams Printing Co., city.

Anne Beasley, Franklin, Tenn.—Make Western tour in August, visiting Colorado Springs, California and other points of interest.

Edward Bourne, Montgomery, Ala.—Work at home during the summer.

Leo L. Boles, D. L. C.—Plans to take Eastern tour, visiting Chicago, Niagara Falls, New York and Washington, D. C.

Clyde Brittan, Smyrna, Tenn.—At home.

Lillie Mae Brown, D. L. C.—Will keep the school fires burning at D. L. C.

Gladys Bryson, Woodbury, Tenn.—Most of the summer at home. Will visit in Morrison, Tenn.

Hazelle Burch, Moulton, Ala.—Plans to visit Baton Rouge, La.

Bernice Burton, Union, S. C.—At home.

Walter Campbell, Shelbyville, Tenn.—Will sing in meetings.

Margaret Carter, Smyrna, Tenn.—Work at National Life & Accident Insurance Co.

Nell Conlee, Trenton, Tenn.—Be at home with parents.

Bertie DePriest, Trenton, Tenn., R. No. 7—Will be at home.

Vinson Dixon, Senatobia, Miss.—Will be at camp, McClellan, Ala., during the month of August.

Harvey P. Dodd, D. L. C.—Raising beans, cabbage and tomatoes for the seniors of '26.

Jewell Edmondson, Cullman, Ala.—Will be at home.

Christine Edmondson, Clarksville, Tenn.—At home.

Ruth Evans, Bells, Tenn.—Be at home with parents.

Robert Fox, Obion, Tenn.—Will be working at home.

Merwin Gleaves, Bell Buckle, Tenn.—Will be in school at Murfreesboro.

Frances Greenlee, Columbia, Miss.—Will study expression in Memphis, Tenn.

Lila Groves, Nashville, Tenn.—Will do clerical work here.

Ethel Hardison, Columbia, Tenn.—At home, visiting and working.

Jimmie R. Harrell, 607 Cotton Avenue, Birmingham, Ala.—Will spend the summer at home.

Ray Harris, Murfreesboro, Tenn.—At home.

(Continued on page 2)

SCHOOL HAS TWO VISITORS

Enjoys Visit and Jovial Nature of Messrs. Coleman and Douthitt. Speeches Well Taken

The school enjoyed the pleasant visit of two distinguished men Tuesday morning during chapel exercises—viz., Brother C. N. Coleman, a former student of D. L. C., and Ira A. Douthitt, one of the brotherhood's leading evangelists and lecturers. Mr. Douthitt made a very entertaining speech, going as far back as his boyhood days when he used to sport among the hills of Kentucky and how he entertained his city cousin when he visited him in the country by teaching him how to milk the cows and "slog" the pigs. He made the statement that he loved the "countryified" people, and also complimented the student body for looking

(Continued on page 2)

HAPPENINGS OF INTEREST

Friends Visit Students Here and Students Visit Fellow Students and Friends Past Week

What would D. L. C. do without the Juniors? The Junior Orchestra is the only orchestra in school. It is composed of Miss Conlee, piano; Miss McGill, saxophone; Miss Moss, violin; and Mr. Thurman, saxophone.

The Misses Taylor from Nashville were the week-end guests of Miss Conlee and Miss Potts.

Miss McMahan was the week-end guest of Miss Lucy Owen at her home.

Miss Hazel Burch has returned from the hospital and is continuing her course as a Junior.

Miss Maudie Morgan was the week-end guest of Miss Inize Kinzie at Linton, Tenn.

Miss Gladys Bryson had as her guest last week-end Miss Herndon.

Misses Frances Phillips and Ruth Evans have just returned from a visit to their home, Bells, Tenn.

Miss Frances Greenlee went out to church Sunday morning with Brother and Mrs. Boles.

Miss Dorothy Freeman spent Sunday with her cousin in Nashville.

Miss Freeman will be the guest of Miss Lucy Owen next week-end.

One of our loyal Juniors, Miss Alice Barber, is missing school this week on account of scarlet fever. She is staying out in town with her sister.

Miss Nannie Dunn Jones was the week-end guest of Miss Martha Owen at her home near Franklin.

Miss Miriam Jones spent last week with her aunt in East Nashville.

Dr. Finny and wife, of Winchester, were visitors to their son, Bruce, here Sunday.

Brother Boles preached the commencement sermon at Manchester, Tenn., last Sunday.

Dr. Hubbard Wahl, of the Vanderbilt Dental Department, was a visitor of Clayton James last week-end.

Miss Louise McAbee is back in school again after a long illness.

Armstrong Jones' parents visited here last week-end.

WIN SECOND IN TENNIS

In State Tournament Boles and Bourne Win Second Honors. Juniors Feel Proud

The Junior Class feels happy to state that it has two members that have recently engaged in the State tennis tournament and won second place. The honorary participants in this tournament were Messrs. Leo L. Boles and Edward Bourne. These young men stand out as two of the leading athletes of the school. We have seen them on the basketball court and on the baseball field and they have displayed the striking qualities of grit and determination which constitute well rounded men, and we feel that perhaps if they had had the practice necessary for the competition they would have brought to us the first honors.

JUNIORS TAKE SENIORS TO PARK FOR ENTERTAINMENT

Despite Downpour of Rain, the Classes Mingle in One Solid Day of Merriment in Shelby Park. Refreshments Are Served in Plenty

On Monday, April 27, the Juniors carried the Seniors on an outing to Shelby Park. After due preparations the group left about 10:30 o'clock and reached the grounds at 11:30 o'clock, going by way of street cars. Due to the frequent showers the group "pitched their tents" at the spacious homey club house, which provided almost every convenience of home life. At 1:30 o'clock p.m. an overwhelming supply of delicacies, consisting of demonade, pies, sandwiches of most every "denomination," pickles, ice cream, etc., was spread on the tables, after which the president of the Junior Class, Merwin Gleaves, called the classes to order and Brother Boles expressed thanks, then each class ate and drank to the other's health.

After the lunch and the fragments had been cleared away the parties divided for a "promenade" through the flower-scented avenues until the showers again brought them together around the sputtering fireside at the club house, which was the most interesting feature of the day, because of many pleasant memories that were brought to mind as the many voices blended in song as one great united family. About 4 o'clock the rain ceased and several of the merry-makers launched out for a sail on Shelby lake, and for a long time will the cheerful voices of the boating parties ring clear and sweet in the memories of the Junior and Senior Classes of this dear old school.

As the day closed the classes turned their faces "schoolward," arriving too late for dinner but not one bit disappointed after the pleasures of a "perfect day" in spite of the showers.

Seniors Thank the Juniors
This letter shows how the outing was enjoyed and also the link of friendship between the classes:

Nashville, Tenn., April 30, 1925.
The Junior Class:

The Senior Class wishes to express its appreciation and enjoyment of the outing given in its honor on last Monday. It added another link to a chain of pleasant memories.

THE SENIOR CLASS.
Eleanor Frazier, Secretary.
J. Roy Vaughan, President.

Miss Hazel Burch has returned from the hospital and is continuing her course as a Junior.

Miss Maudie Morgan was the week-end guest of Miss Inize Kinzie at Linton, Tenn.

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Miss Louise McAbee is back in school again after a long illness.

Armstrong Jones' parents visited here last week-end.

The Junior Class feels happy to state that it has two members that have recently engaged in the State tennis tournament and won second place. The honorary participants in this tournament were Messrs. Leo L. Boles and Edward Bourne. These young men stand out as two of the leading athletes of the school. We have seen them on the basketball court and on the baseball field and they have displayed the striking qualities of grit and determination which constitute well rounded men, and we feel that perhaps if they had had the practice necessary for the competition they would have brought to us the first honors.

A college student is like a furnace. He smokes all day and goes out at night.

Nell: "Doesn't Nellie look good in that dress?"

Frances: "Well, she ought to. It has been worn by Jimmie Anderson, Jimmie Ruth and you."

"Do you love me?" said the paper bag to the sugar.

"I'm simply wrapped up in you," replied the sugar.

"You sweet thing!" murmured the paper bag.

NEXT ISSUE IS THE LAST

Senior Edition Will Complete Work of the Year. Not to Be Taken as Standard

To all there comes a time of sadness and despair. At times one becomes so engrossed in his work that he is rather reluctant to surrender that work to another. This is the exact predicament of the editor of the Babblers as he, with the next issue, the Senior College Edition, leaves to some worthy successor the task of editing the College paper.

Special editions have been given to classes and for the most part have been handled well. Readers will recall the special editions of the boys and girls, respectively; the faculty edition, the high school, and this the junior college issue.

With the next edition published by the seniors of the class of 1925 the work of the staff of the Babblers for the year is finished. The edition will be edited by the Editor-in-Chief of the Babblers, with special helpers from the senior class. Readers may well look forward to this as being a fitting farewell made by the class.

No boast is made of the merits of the paper this year. It has been the aim to make it an original worthwhile publication. In so far as this aim has been realized the credit falls to the staff and those among the student body who were so earnest in the work. The paper for the year is set as no standard for future staffs, but merely as a strong effort to make the Babblers an interesting paper and advertise D. L. C. to those who know not of her. More will follow in the next issue.

WANTED

Wanted—A horse. Will give in exchange a kingdom.—Ray.

Wanted—Home, family and friends.—Jimmie Anderson.

Lost—Paradise. Return to John Milton.

Wanted—To borrow anything. What have you?—Dot.

"OLD LADY 31" PRESENTED BY KAPPA NU SOCIETY

Girls Make Glorious Success of Annual Program on Evening of April 25. Well Merits Praise Which Has Been Given the Affair

SENIORS GIVE THEIR THESES

Several of Class Present Productions Prerequisite of Graduation

Several of the seniors met in Harding Hall last week and rendered their theses, which is required before graduation. The following ones composed the program:

Herman Taylor, "Divine Authorship of the Bible."
Lillian Cox, "Friendship."

Martha Lewers, "The Women of the Past Compared With Women of the Present."

Cullen Dickson, "Abraham."
Lorena Sims, "The Relation of Music to Life."

Lady Cullie Gathor, "The Part of Flowers in Human Life."
Eleanor Frazier, "Womanhood and Humanity in Shakespeare's Heroines."

Pearl Smith, "The Beauties of Kentucky."
Francis Camp, "Womanhood."
Gertrude Russell, "Lessons From Nature."

Roy Johnson, "Relation of Church and State."
Nell Carver, "Ships That Reach Anchor."

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"OLD LADY 31"
Characters
Abe Rose—Old Lady 31

Angie Rose—his wife—Myrtle Baars
Inmates of Home

Blossy—Thelma Sayers
Nancy Smith—Miriam Jones
Sarah Jane—Thelma McMahan
Abigail—Lillie Mae Brown

Mrs. Homans—

THE BABBLER

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No. 15

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BERNICE BURTON
SARAH MCGILL
LEO L. BOLES
JOHN R. HOVIOUS

HISTORY OF
JUNIOR CLASS

Writer Tells of Organization and Progress of Class of 1926

The history, as will be noticed, does not have such artistic qualities, nor does it embrace extraordinary details.

The Junior Class was organized October 2, 1924, electing the following officers:

President—Merwin Gleaves.
Vice President—Harvey P. Dodd.
Treasurer—Leo L. Boles.
Secretary—Miss Lillie Mae Brown.
Editor—Miss Mary O. Jones.
Athletic Manager for the Girls—Miss Anne Beasley.
Athletic Manager for the Boys—Emmett R. Page.

The class has a membership of nearly seventy, representing the eight following states: Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, Kansas, Michigan and South Carolina.

Our Junior Class is an august body of no mean ability. The majority of the class is highly cultured, refined and of average intelligence, having many good tidings put away in the upper story. However, we are sorry that a few are ginks and have plenty of room for rent.

We truly recognize our many shortcomings and necessities, and are striving to be humble and thankful to the Lord of Hosts for what we do have and for the continued love and mercy that he has shown us, and it is in him we strive to move and have our being.

Noticing about us, some of our members come from some of the most remote places of the earth—from the fertile plains to the loftiest peaks, from the train caller to the hooting of the owl, from the highest type of fashion to the merry farmer, and from stately mansions to the lowly hearths—in order that we might attend college where the Bible is taught, where men are being made more perfect and paths made clean along the rugged ways of life.

During our few days of toil and trouble many difficulties have arisen, but have been instantly relieved by a few of the minor efforts of our gigantic powers and by the aid of our motto, "Be Square."

Though not boastful, we will not feel natural until we have accomplished all that David Lipscomb College holds in reserve for its students.

Outside of literary gains from our class programs semi-monthly, we must prove our worth on the tennis court and ball field, as we have on the basketball court.

Disregarding the fact that one of the Juniors holds the medal for Founders' Day oratory, only one-half of the debaters selected to represent the school came from this class, and each won his debate.

Now as deeds speak louder than words, the history has already been written. Let the Juniors remember that in May the fight is not over, but the time is at hand when we will step upon the stage of action to meet the battles of another school year as dignified Seniors. May our lives be full of service, watched and guarded by Him who rules.

SCHOOL HAS
TWO VISITORS

(Continued from page 1)

ing so much like country boys and girls. Then he made the application to the practical phase of life because the country boys and girls have better opportunities for doing things that those who live in the city all of their lives.

He closed his laugh-producing speech by pointing people to an ideal of perfection—Christ—saying a person should look to the "author and perfecter of all things" and do the very best he can and that is all that is required of man.

Mr. Coleman's few remarks were very appropriate also. Being a former student here, his admonition to make use of present opportunities could be well understood by the student body.

Team Work.

John: "And I made the team, father! In the field!"

Farmer Kawnslilk: "A college education can't be beat—didn't I tell ye, Ma? I'll betcha John's the best plover in the township—and him just a softy-more."

THE SPLENDID JUNIOR COLLEGE CLASS OF 1925



Annie Laura Alsop
Lorena Barber
Alice M. Barber
Anne Beasley
Leo Boles
Ed. Bourne
Clyde Brittain
Lillie Mae Brown
Gladys Bryson
Bernice Burton
Walttr Campbell



Margaret Carter
Nell Conlee
Bertie DePriest
Harvey P. Dodd
Jewel Edmondson
Christine Edmondson
Ruth Evans
Robert Fox
Mervin Gleaves
Frances Grtenlee
Lila Groves



Ethel Hardison
Jimmie Ruth Harrell
Erline Harville
Ray Harris
John R. Hovious
Maurine Hughes
Clayton James
Mary O. Jones
Miriam Jones
Nannie Dunn Jones
Frank Jones



Bernard Johnston
Houston Karnes
Inez Kinnie
Louist McAbee
Homer McKelvey
Claudia Martin
Mary Menefee
Maudie Morgan
Gwendolyn Moss
Naomi Murphy
Lucy Owen



Martha Owen
Emmet Page
Virginia Pearson
Frances Phillips
Earl Pullias
Leona Stubblefield
Robert S. Terry, Jr.
Ltslie G. Thomas
Robert Thurman
Ruth Underwood

HOME EC. CLUB
HAS EXHIBIT

(Continued from page 1)

white. A large bouquet of iris and other natural flowers added to the beauty of the booth and carried out the color scheme.

The sport dress booth was decorated in green and white and had white lilies dangling from the top, resembling little bells.

The baby booth was decorated in pink, blue, and white. There was a real baby sitting in a rocker on the table, surrounded by toys of every description.

The prize booth was decorated in green and red. Miss Corrine Harwell posed as a sweet girl graduate in this booth.

The main idea in the silk booth was flowers, though brilliant colors like cerise furnished an additional beauty.

Honeysuckle and roses filled the building with fragrance.

After the exhibit refreshments were served to the most distinguished visitors.

LIPSCOMBS WIN
CHAMPIONSHIP

(Continued from page 1)

	AB	R	H	E
Parham, sf	5	1	2	0
Bourne, lb	5	0	1	0
Campbell, c	4	2	2	0
Dodd, lf	4	1	2	0
Gleaves, p	4	1	1	0
Riggs, 3b	3	1	0	0
Pace, rf	3	1	2	0
Wood, ss	4	0	1	1
Karnes, 2b	4	0	0	1

Total35 7 11 2
Score by innings:
Calliope ..2 0 1 0 1 1 0 0 0—5
Lipscomb ..1 0 4 1 0 0 1 0—7

CALLIO SECOND TEAM WINS
The Calliope second team beat the Lipscombs in the third game of the series. Score, 20-12.

Battery—For Callios, Martin and Brown; for Lipscombs, Pullias and Pruett.

Score by innings:
Callios5 6 1 0 4 0 0 4—20
Lipscomb0 3 0 1 2 6 0 0—12

James: "The paper says that the thermometer will drop thirty degrees tonight."

Carver: "I'm glad I took my bath last week."

Mandy: "Well, doctor, is my tongue coated?"

Doctor: "No, Miss. One never finds Moss on a race track."

Jimmy Anderson: "Do you know that I have the soul of an artist?"

Clyde Hale: "Yes, I could tell that you painted the moment I saw you."

TOASTS

"Here's to the teachers:
Long may they live!
Even as long as the
Lessons they give."

Safe Risk.

1st Freshman: "What shall we do?"

2nd Freshman: "I'll spin a coin. If it's heads we'll go to the movies; if it's tails we'll go to the dance, and if it stands on edge we'll study."

JUNIOR PLANS
FOR SUMMER

(Continued from page 1)

John R. Hovious, Nashville, Tenn.—Do preaching during the summer. Maurine Hughes, Bridgeport, Ala.—Will be at home.

Clayton L. James, Toronto, Canada—Will spend the summer in Canada probably. Plans to visit Niagara Falls and other points of interest on the way.

Miriam Jones—Plans to study music in Winkler Studio, Nashville, Tenn.

Mary O. Jones, Nashville, Tenn.—Will attend Peabody.

Nannie D. Jones, Gallatin, Tenn.—Will be at home most of the time. Will visit in nearby towns.

Bernard Johnston, Hardin, Ky.—Probably at home.

Houston Karnes, Nashville, Tenn.—Will work in Nashville, Tenn.

Inez Kinney, Linton, Tenn.—Stenographer in Stahlman Building, Nashville, Tenn.

Louise McAbee, Murfreesboro, Tenn., R. No. 6—At home.

Sarah McGill, Nashville, Tenn.—Will attend Peabody all summer.

Homer McKelvey, Roanoke, Va.—Travel for the Southwestern Publishing Co.

Claudia Martin, Nashville, Tenn.—Robert Mason, Woodbury, Tenn.—At home.

Mary Menefee, Nashville, Tenn.—Will be at home for the summer.

Maudie Morgan, Plainview, Texas—Continue voice study.

Gwendolyn Moss, 209 Almon Avenue, Tusculumbia, Ala.—Will spend most of the summer at home.

Naomi Murphy, Pulaski, Tenn.—At home.

Lucy Owen, Brentwood, Tenn.—At home.

Martha Owen, Brentwood, Tenn.—At home.

Emmett Page, White's Creek, Tenn.—Will be at home.

Virginia Dare Pearson, Springfield, Tenn., R. No. 8—Will spend the summer at home.

Frances Phillips, Bells, Tenn.—At home.

Earl Pullias, Castalian Springs, Tenn.—Will be farming.

David Riggs, Los Angeles, Cal.—At home.

Mamie W. Russell, Kentucky—At home.

E. G. Smith, Nashville, Tenn.—Will probably travel during summer.

Leona Stubblefield, Portland, Tenn.—Uncertain, but will probably do clerical work in Nashville, Tenn.

John L. Sweat, Franklin, Ky.—At home.

Robert Terry, Chattanooga, Tenn.—Will do stenographic work.

Leslie G. Thomas, Nashville, Tenn.—Will preach in Michigan.

Franklin Thomas, Athens, Ala.—Work on the farm.

Fee Thomas, Dayton, Tenn.—Stay at home.

Robert Thurman, Sparta, Tenn.—At home.

Ellis Walker, D. L. C.—Will have the campus clean and the flowers blooming when the Juniors arrive as Seniors in September.

H. T. Wright, address not known—Will travel in Virginia for Southwestern Publishing Co. Home address, Humboldt, Tenn.

In the Realm of Junior Poetry

SERENADERS
UNDER STARS

Hark! from cornered woods extreme
Serenaders came from their woodland green.

One, the handsomest of them all was he,
And had crossed many a trouble-some, restless sea!

A sea of love, a sea of sighs,
And all of this for a pair of eyes!

Blue as the sky and crystal clear,
And on this night to him were dear.

He the last to play his song,
One to which passion did belong;

The stars looked down and smiled supreme
On his choicest fairy, woodland queen—

A queen of love, a queen of sighs,
A queen with lovely sky blue eyes!

Eyes that gazed on heaven's rim,
Eyes that meant everything in the world to him.

Six serenaders sang that night,
And sang until the first gray dawn of light—

Sang until a red sky's warning
Gave first hints of an approaching morning—

A morning of love, a morning of sighs,
A morning on which two azure eyes gazed into a lovers with deep regret,

And softly whispered, "No, not yet."

The handsome captain then walked away,
Walked with the six who had been so gay,

But now were sad and grieved at heart,
For their captain's joy had been their part.

Part of the part was a path of love,
Part was a part of sighs,
But all of the part was the greatest part—
The part of the sky blue eyes.

Isn't it strange that princes and kings
And clowns that caper in sawdust rings

And just plain folks like you and me
Are builders for eternity?

To each is given a bag of tools,
A shapeless mass and a book of rules,
And each must make ere life is done
A stumbling-block or a stepping-stone.

Use Your Head.

A woodpecker pecks out a great many specks
Of sawdust when building a hut.

He works like a nigger, to make the hole bigger.
He's sore if his cutter won't cut.
He don't bother with plans of cheap artisans,
But there's one thing can rightly be said,
The whole excavation has this explanation:
He builds it by using his head.

Lady Driver, at service station:
"Do you charge batteries here?"
Proprietor: "Sure we do."
Lady: "Then put a new one in this car and charge it to my husband."

LAVENDER AND
SILVER LACE

Roaming 'mongst the cobwebs one winter's eve
In an attic way up so high
A sad true one who had been deceived
Gazed round with a sad deep sigh.

Softly she raised the lid of a chest,
Seeking some new thing to find.
As she searched there arose a sigh to her breast;
In each eye a bitter tear shined.

She handled caressingly the bit of old lace
With the sweet scented lavender bow;
She pressed it close to her tear-stained face,
And her sobbing form bowed low.

She thought of the past, she turned back the years
From the long, long, long ago;
She saw it all plainly through eyes dimmed with tears
As she sat in the afterglow.

She supposed him true, a lover bold,
For he'd sailed some rugged seas.
"He must be brave," she had been told,
With blushing eyes that please.

In his soul was that thing called wanderlust;
He couldn't make a companion true.
Since then she looked at men in disgust;
Her love never beamed anew.

She lived her saddened life alone,
And each evening in her bedroom there
She prayed for the one who desired to roam
More than wed the maiden fair.

"I always did like natural beauty more than artificial"—James.

Riggs and Hovious (discussing subject of kissing):
Spivey enters.
Riggs: "Spivey, did you ever kiss a girl?"
Spivey: "Yes, I have."
Hovious: "Do you regret it?"
Spivey: "Yes; one I do and one I don't."

Brother Owen: "What is a circle?"
Chris. Martin: "A round straight line with a center in the middle."

Her Inhuman Teacher
"I can't stay home. Teacher will put me in the furnace," wailed little Janet Ruth the morning after a night of croup.

"Put you in the furnace?" repeated her mother, blankly.
"That's what she said," wailed Janet Ruth, huskily. "When I stayed out last week she said if I was out again she'd drop me from the register."—Everybody's Magazine.

First Drunkard: "What'll you have?"
Second drunkard: "Who?"
First: "The gentleman with you."
Second: "Thash not a gen'lman. Thash me."

Neighborhood Gossip
Mr and Mrs. Charles Dresser spent Monday of this week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Stinson, where they assisted in doing the family wash.—Paxton Record.

"THE TWO PATHS"

There are two paths, my friend, that you can choose—
The thorn path and the flower.
The latter is full of sweetest thoughts,
The first has thoughts that are sour.

Follow the thorn and a wounded heart
You'll have for evermore.
Let "Follow the flower" be your motto;
Say it o'er and o'er.

In the thorny path there is a hedge
Of bushes whose thorns are concealed;
In the flowery path an arbor high
Whose roses are revealed.

In the flowery path there is a hill
That is terribly hard to climb,
But what of the plain, smooth, level way
When it's full of blood and crime.

Grasp up courage and climb the hill
With one great single jump.
Stay in the thorny path and receive
Many a troublesome bump.

A bump on the thorns with a cloudy sky
At the end of a thorny path,
And all his possessions will be taken away,
Even all that he hath."

OUR MOTHERS

Let's turn our thoughts back to our mothers so dear;
Each eye is suddenly dimmed by a tear,
When we think of the pains we have caused in her heart,
How many times we've caused her tears to start.

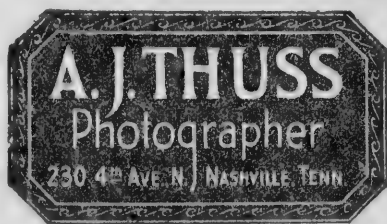
How many furrows we've laid on her brow,
Furrows we'd erase if it only were now;
How many silver locks we've placed with the gold—
Silver locks that will increase as the years unfold.

How many harsh words have we spoken in haste,
That from our minds were too soon erased,
But in mother's mind they linger still,
And to her heart bring a quivering chill.

Little deeds and words of love
Come as whisperings from above,
Cause a glowing in her eyes,
And her glad and joyous smiles.

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We did the photographic work for 1923-1924 David Lipscomb College Annual.

THE JUNIORS
IN ATHLETICS

The Junior Class lays claim not only to being the most scholarly class in school, but also to having the most successful teams that have ever had the honor of representing the class. In all three of the major sports of D. L. C. the junior's standard reigns supreme. The unconquerable fighting spirit of the teams from this class, coupled with the natural ability of the players and the hard grind of training and practice through which these athletes have traveled is the reason why the word "champs" always appears after the word juniors.

During these sultry days when coats are unnecessary and straw hats are in vogue, moreover, it will prove a pleasure for the readers' minds to turn back to the chilly days of winter and there recall the vivid scenes in the D. L. C. gym. Perhaps the basketball scenes will be remembered where the juniors with that unconquerable fighting spirit went after the seniors' scalps and brought home the bacon with a 2-1 verdict over the fast senior quintet. Long will those games be remembered, not only for the fast games that were played, but also for the friendly rivalry given us by our upper classmates.

Featuring the championship basketball team was the long range goals of Captain Dodd, the quick following shots by Bourne and Boles, the air-tight defensive game played Page and Gleaves and the floor work of Campbell. All these players plan to be back again at D. L. C. next fall, and we cannot but predict another victory for this team next year, this time wearing the colors of dignified (?) seniors.

As this article goes to press we are in the midst of a series of baseball games to determine the class championship of the school. Last Tuesday the juniors captured the first game of this series by the score of 4 to 3. With this first victory safely stored away and with the fine pitching staff composed of Gleaves, Dodd, Thurman and Fox; infielders Riggs, Boles, Karnes, and Bourne; outfielders Campbell, Johnston, Fox and Page, we can find no reason for believing anything but that the unconquered juniors will make a clean sweep of the remaining games.

In tennis the juniors are well fortified. Ed Bourne, the present city champ. of Montgomery, Ala., and the possessor of a mean left-handed server and a still meaner lawford placement, is banked upon by the junior supporters to bring many net honors to the class. Terry, Fox or L. Boles paired with him should constitute the champion dantless team.

So in summing up these, we will say the junior class reigns supreme in basketball, baseball and tennis, and without a doubt can be said to be the banner class of D. L. C.

Shelley said: "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thoughts." For some, all songs must be sweet, for they are always filled with thoughts of sadness.

Why could not life be one course of pleasantness and happiness? The one who fails to contribute to the happiness of others seems doubly guilty; he cheats both himself and others of the rich enjoyment of life.

JUNIOR CODE

We believe pep in school will put pep in practical life.

We believe in a strict disciplined life.

We believe every man has a duty to perform.

We believe in hard work.

We believe the path to success is not strewn with flowers.

We believe every boy ought to make a man and every girl a lady.

We believe in every one having a vision.

We believe in character building, grit and determination.

We believe every one should rise above his environments.

We believe the world needs more honest leaders.

We believe your child can make one.

We believe the education in books is only one side of an education.

We believe in practice more than theory.

We believe we have a good school.

We believe you know it.

Miriam: "New sweater?"

Jimmy Ruth: "Nope. New roommate."

A popular bedtime story: "I'll get my lessons in the morning."

COACH PICKS
SCHOOL TEAM

Priestley Gathers Data from Games Played and Decides on All-School Team

Here is a pick of an all-school team based on the performance of the players in their positions and at bat.

Due to accurate scoring by Fox and Cave, these figures were obtainable and the selections were easier to make on account of perfect data. Only the players who played in three or more games were considered.

For catcher, the pick well to Kirk, Calliopean receiver. He worked in all the games, and although batting for but 143, he had a greater number of assists to second and but one error for the season.

First base was harder to decide, as Boles and Bourne were both stellar performers at that station. Bourne, a Lipscomb, was picked because of his perfect fielding average and punch in the offense. Boles out-hit him 222 to 176, but Bourne's total number of bases was greater than Leo's, and he scored more runs, 7 to 4. Bourne is the first left-handed first baseman here in many moons.

Second base was a weak place on both teams. Neither regular player showed much form afield nor hit for a big average, so Crawley, a Calliopean, was brought from short-stop to fill the place.

Wood, captain of the Lipscomb team, easily made short-stop. He made but one error, and hit for 417.

Locke, Calliopean, got the call at third. He fielded 833 and hit 231, which gave him the edge over his rival Riggs.

Campbell, Lipscomb, was given left field. He hit 421 and fielded perfectly in the position, although he faltered a few times while catching.

Parham, Lipscomb, made center-field because of his batting mark and ability to score over Chick Jones, his opponent. Parham made one error, but hit for 350.

Pace, of the Lipscomb team, made right field. He was not at first considered first-team material, but got his chance in three games and proved his ability to hit next to Dodd for an average of 429. Most of his hits were for extra bases. No errors were charged against him, and his powerful arm gave him two assists.

The pitchers were considered in the order named: Dodd, Lipscomb; Warren, Calliopean; and Gleaves, Lipscomb. Dodd struck out 29 men in the 21 innings of the three games he worked. He allowed 8 runs, gave 7 bases on balls, and allowed 15 hits for a total of 19 bases. Opponents' batting average, 170.

Warren worked in four games. He struck out 26 men in 32 2-3 innings, allowed 31 runs, gave 9 bases on balls, and allowed 40 hits for a total of 56 bases. Opponents' batting average, 296.

Gleaves was knocked out by mumps, but pitched in two games, 14 innings. He struck out 16 men, allowed 11 hits for 16 bases, passed 4 men, was scored on 10 times. Opponents' batting average, 183.

BATTING AND FIELDING MARKS

	B.A.	F.A.
Dodd	474	930
Pace	429	1000
Campbell	421	974
Wood	417	929
Parham	350	833
Crawley	333	667
Lowry	300	317
Gleaves	286	1000
Locke	231	833
L. Boles	222	968
Warren	214	921
Karnes	181	266
Bourne	176	1000
Kirk	143	960
Riggs	143	778
Jones	133	1000
Pruitt	077	750

Harvey Dodd: "Why does a chicken cross the road?"

Campbell: "Because she doesn't want to be one-sided."

Mr. Potts: "Can you support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

Bill: "No-o, sir."

The Bear: "Then take her. I was afraid you thought you could."

Lois Randolph: "Are you the man who cut my hair the last time?"

Reese: "I couldn't be, girl; I've only been here a year."

The Judge Want to Know—

Why the darkest part of the movies fill up first?

Why they list Ford sedans under the heading of pleasure vehicles?

Why a woman looks in every mirror she passes?

Why does a man?

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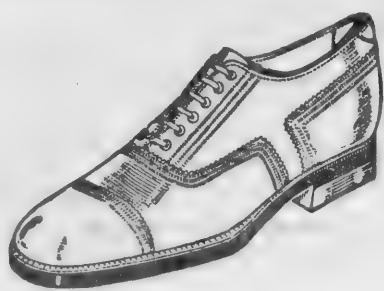
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NASHVILLE, TENN.

SEES FUTURE OF JUNIORS

How Each Has Made His Mark in Life and Is Doing Credit to His School

The juniors broadcasting from station PROPHECY by Prof. John L. Sweet:

Mr. Leo L. Boles and formerly Miss Martha Owen are now Mr. and Mrs. Leo L. Boles. "Nuff sed."

Miss Anne Bensley has reached the goal of her ambition in becoming head of the physical department in Ward-Belmont School for Girls.

Edward Bourne holds the record of world's champion in tennis, and even holds something greater than that—Little Freida Landers, for a wife.

Miss Alice Barber is touring the South, lecturing on the value of pure air. It is said that she ranks among the world's greatest lecturers.

Miss Lorena Barber, as all predicted, has become a "sailor" on the sea of matrimony, with Owen L. White as chief seaman.

Walter N. Campbell can be seen in his studio in New York City posing as the greatest singer and music composer of the age.

David Abernathy is happily married and living on a splendid West Tennessee farm down where "men are men," girls are women, and nickels are five-cent pieces.

Miss Gladys Bryson has just finished her latest novel and retired to the Ozark Mountains where she is beginning work on the next one.

Miss Hazel Burch is now lecturing on civic improvements in small towns.

Miss Bernice Burton still works during the "wee sma" hours of the night, racking her brain for words that will rhyme.

Miss Lillie Mae Brown is now a contributing editor to the Literary Digest.

Clayton L. James, the famous writer, has just completed a volume of encyclopedias.

Mary O. and Walter have just completed their conservatory in New York.

Miss Nelle Conlee is now prima donna in Metropolitan opera.

Miss Bertie DePriest has fulfilled her ambition to become the Home Economics teacher of D. L. C.

Vincent Dixon is the floorwalker at Kress' Store in Nashville, Tenn.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey P. Dodd have recently moved to Washington, D. C., where Mr. Dodd will take up his work as congressman from Tennessee.

Drs. E. J. Edmundson and V. D. Pearson have become renowned chiropractors in Chicago.

Miss Christine Edmundson has surprised all of us by receiving her M. R. S. degree.

Misses Ruth Evans, Frances Phillips, and Jimmie Ruth Harrall are beauty specialists in a beauty parlor in Nashville.

Robert Fox has won the world's heavyweight championship.

Merwin Gleaves is the postmaster general of the United States.

Miss Frances Greenlee patrols the Tybee Beach as bathing censor.

Miss Dorothy Freeman is head of the classical language department at D. L. C.

Miss Lila Graves is a busy book-keeper in the president's office at the Life and Casualty Insurance Co.

Dr. Ethel Hardison (M.D., Ph.D. and L.L.D.) is lecturing to the Latin colony of America on the discoveries made in her recent research work.

Capt. Ray Harris, of the "Leviathan," is now visiting his Alma Mater.

John R. Hovins is a famous missionary in the jungles of Africa.

Miss Maurine Hughes has pitched her tent in a distant oasis in the Sahara desert and is investigating whether the falling of a tree makes a noise.

Miss Miriam Jones is at the head of the music department at D. L. C.

Miss Nannie Dunn Jones is boarding at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Boles and teaching school.

Bernard Johnson is earnestly striving to write an improved edition of solid geometry.

Houston Karnes is proclaiming the Gospel in Arizona.

Miss Inez Kinnie is life guard at Eluff Spring Beach.

Miss Louise McAbee is librarian at the Carnegie Library in Nashville.

Homer McKelvey is industriously selling hash on Sandwich Island.

Miss Claudia Martin is cartoonist for the Saturday Evening Post.

Robert Mason is a successful farmer in the hills of Cannon County.

Miss Mary Menefee is a famous designer for McCall's Magazine.

Misses Maudie Morgan and Gwendolyn Moss are teachers of voice and violin, respectively, in Boston.

Miss Naomi Murphy is now the head matron of D. L. C.

Miss Lucy Owen is living in Elizabethtown, Ky., with Frank.

Emmet Page is an expert acrobat in Ringling Bros. Circus.

Franklin Thomas is a chief clown in the circus.

Ellis Walker is at the head of the science department at D. L. C.

David Riggs has become a great baseball star.

Earl Pullias has added laurels to his brow since he left D. L. C., and has now been admitted to the bar, and bids fair to become the governor of the state.

Miss Mamie Winston Russell has settled down in a peaceful little village with Roy Selby.

Graham Smith is a science professor at Harvard University.

Miss Leona Stubblefield has become the dining room matron at D. L. C.

We have always expected something great of Robert Terry, but he has turned out a bum.

Leslie G. Thomas has just returned from an extended tour to the Holy Land, and his latest book on the "Divine Origin of the Bible" has gone to press.

Fee Thomas (M.D. and B.S.) is the greatest surgeon at John Hopkins Hospital.

Robert Thurman is the director of the famous D. L. C. band.

POLLYANNA HAS THE MUMPS

Misses Many of School's Activities, but Enjoys Life Just the Same

Of all the lucky persons, I count myself the luckiest! It was my good fortune to be the first in Avalon Home to take the mumps, so of course I (or rather my mumps) was the general topic of conversation. For a few days at least I was a well-known resident of second floor, and none dared pass my door or linger too long on second. Voices were calling, "Hurry! I'm scared I'll get the mumps! Let's go!"

The day I took it was Monday before class day on Tuesday. I had counted on a wonderful time Tuesday, but again I was lucky not to be able to go. The program lasted four long hours, and I melt so sorry for the poor listeners. They were growing tired while I was resting peacefully. I certainly sympathized with the poor creatures. That afternoon the Lipscombs and Callios had a baseball game, but the Lipscombs lost, so that wouldn't have been interesting to me, I'm sure.

The four days of school! Of course I was getting behind with my lessons, but that was all right. I could catch up when I got well. There would be plenty of time then. Every one knows that the last of school is never a busy time.

The eating part was the fun. I could eat nothing sweet or sour, and could not chew. So milk was my stand-by. Well, that was best any way, because while I was taking a rest I could also diet and thereby gain, and one side of my face did freshen up. (By the way, I had another thing to be thankful for I had mumps only in one side. If it had been in both, it might have been worse.)

Our D. L. C. quartette broadcasted in Nashville on Thursday night, and a whole crowd gathered over in chapel to hear them. But I was over here enjoying the music and the rest too.

Then came the Kappa Nu play on Saturday night. I had my bed pulled up to the window and was propped up on pillows, so I could hear and see it. I could neither hear nor see the play, but I could hear the audience laughing, and I knew it was funny, so I enjoyed it very much.

I had some cream and candy, but couldn't eat it. Really, I'm sure, though that too much sweet stuff is no good for one.

Sunday I decided to get up. By all means I must go on the Junior-Senior outing Monday! I stayed up most of the day Sunday. Sure I would be able to go on the outing.

Monday is here. The Juniors and Seniors have gone on the outing, but I haven't. I know they're not having a good time, though, because it has been raining nearly all the morning. And I am up here in a good dry room and in excellent company (by myself), so who could be having a better time? It has quit raining now, and the sun may shine this afternoon, but I know it is damp and muddy at the park, and, too, they are lonesome without me and pitying me, but I should have been pitying them.

So after all I haven't missed much I know. To be sure there won't be any more outings I can go on this year, but I never did like them much, anyway.

(By one who's been having a swell time.)

A SONG AT DUSK

In the evening at the hour of twilight
A song so beautiful and bright
Was wafted to me from over the way
From a child who perhaps was at play.

This song was filled with joy and glee,
And I thought as it came to me
Of the bright happy days of a child
Free from care, Days free from an endless despair.

A few evenings later as I sat in the gloom
As I watched the rising moon,
I heard the sound of a beautiful song,
Very pretty, though not very long.

This song came from the lips of one
Whose soul seemed sometimes hidden from the sun;
This song was different from the song of the child;
It came from the lips of one who seldom smiled.

As I sat under the moon one summer's night
I heard a song by a voice once clear and bright.
Now this voice was cracked and low,
Though it came from a heart that was white as snow.

Then I thought of the song of the child I had heard,
And again of the song from the heart by trouble stirred,
And I wondered which song was sweetest of all
As I listened to the carol of the voice so cracked and small.

It may be all right for two young ladies to stay in their rooms during Sunday morning Bible class, so long as they render such service as preventing a conflagration in the dormitory. (Cause of fire: electric curlers ignited hair brush.)

Miss Sara McGill plays the saxophone in the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra.

Frank Cox is an agent for Studebaker automobiles.

H. T. Wright is a famous auctioneer at Louisville, Ky.

And I, John L. Sweet, have succeeded Prof. R. P. Cuff as head of the English department at D. L. C.

More static. . . . Other facts about D. L. C. could not be interpreted.

A COLLABORATION.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST

The mind is the controlling factor of man's physiological makeup. With the mind man discerns good and evil, builds up and tears down, makes known his desires and wants, educates and elevates himself, believes and seeks out inventions. The mind is that which separates man from the rest of the animal kingdom. The spirit and mind are identically the same. Then to have the spirit of Christ would be to have the mind of Christ—meaning to be like Christ. This statement may be verified by harmonizing two passages of Scripture: "But ye are not in the flesh, but in the spirit, if so be that the spirit of God dwell in you. Now if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."

From John 14:9, "Jesus saith unto him. Have I been so long time with you, and dost thou not know me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father: how sayest thou, Show us the Father?" We learn that Jesus was both God and man, for while speaking to Philip in the flesh he said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." Jesus was with God before the world was, and was with man, subject to man's disappointments, temptations and burdens; therefore as Christ Jesus holds with one hand to the throne of God and says "God is my Father," and with the other he reaches down to man and says, "Humanity is my mother"; and since he is the only one who ever said, "Follow me," Christians must follow him, and in following him we become like him—having the spirit of Christ. By studying the spirit of Christ we may see whether we are his or not.

One outstanding characteristic of the spirit of Christ was unselfishness. This is clearly seen in his ministry, for he pillored his head on a stone, caring little for material things. He paid his taxes; he performed many miracles which benefited man, giving back health, sight and life. Aside from this, the unselfishness which he showed is brought out in his giving himself to redeem God's sinful creatures. "And whosoever would be first among you shall be your servant: even as the son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." "And he went forward a little, and fell on his face and prayed, saying, My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass away from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt." Our Savior lost sight of himself in his desire to do good works, in his desire to do the will of his Father, and to save the world. His spirit of unselfishness is seen in that "he gave his life a ransom for many."

Do we have this spirit of unselfishness? Are we losing sight of self in the desire to benefit our fellows, preach the gospel and praise our God? Are we selfish in wanting this world's goods, which can never satisfy? "And be not fashioned according to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is the good and acceptable and perfect will of God."

The spirit of obedience is shown when the Savior came to John at the Jordan to be baptized. John, feeling his unworthiness, refused to baptize him. "But Jesus, answering, said unto him, Suffer it now: for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness;" and David said, "All thy commandments are righteous." Jesus came to do the will of the Father and not his own will, "though he was a Son, yet learned obedience, by the things which he suffered and having been made perfect, he became unto all them that obey him the author of eternal salvation."

Since he has become the author of salvation, he has issued his commandments which are righteous, and by obedience to these commandments is mercy obtained from God and in no other way. "But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children; to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them." Jesus has commanded that men and women believe, repent and be baptized and in failing to obey these commands, one has no ground on which to plead for the mercy of God. Again, he has commanded his people to worship him in spirit and in truth, to live the Christian life, and be faithful unto death, and unless we obey him in these things, we have no hope for his mercy. "For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet stumble in one point, he is become guilty of all." And, "Know ye not, that to whom ye present yourselves as servants unto obedience, his servants ye are whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness. Our Savior was obedient unto death. May we as Christians follow his example and have this spirit of obedience."

Christ had a spirit of humility, for one not having this spirit could not have said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and I will give you rest, take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart: for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Jesus showed his humility when he washed his disciples' feet. Though he did many mighty works, though he was the Son of God, yet he humbled himself.

Christians must cultivate this spirit of humility. It is a hard task, but "humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he shall exalt you." "Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven." One who exalts himself is on the pinnacle of his glory, and must begin the decent, while one who humbles himself places himself in the dust of the earth, covers himself with ashes, has the experience, joy, and blessings of the long ascent to his place of exaltation. True, then,

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL

Clay daily.
Take a brisk trot around the triangle immediately after rising every morning.

Breathe twenty minutes each day. Do not overeat. The college authorities have provided against such indulgence by serving three meals per dime in the dining room.

A salted peanut taken after lunch enables one to achieve and retain "that schoolgirl complexion."

A beauty nap during chapel is beneficial as well as pleasant.

To give an added luster to the eyes, use your candle regularly.

The sparkling springs are for ornament and decoration. Disregard them, but for true beauty drink Dill pickle juice. It is not only deliciously horrid in taste, but also brings a glow of rustic health to the cheeks.

LIFE

Life is a serious matter. It begins early and ends only when we die. It should be taken solemnly, just as a very honest girl would take her professor's jokes.

You spell life L-i-f-e. I is for life itself; I is for I am living; F is for the feeling of life (it has a feeling); and E is for everybody, for everybody has to pretend "it" lives. Life can be terminated either by an act of Providence, an act of a third party, or an act of super-nourishment by means of corner store products. Life is hard for some people. It is hard for others. Some are students. Others are teachers. Life is different for different people. To "Pazz" it is an "Annual" episode; to Toline Russell it is "Kingly"; to Nell Conlee it is a "Bolly affair"; to Martha Owen it is "Boles"; to Eleanor it is Cuff; but to us poor editors it is one joke after the other. We "say it with jokes." Is life a rollicking jolly good joke? It is funny.

Mr. Cuff: "I told you to bring a notebook to class."

Nancy: "I don't need one; I use my head."

Mr. Cuff: "I didn't say a blank notebook."

BETWEEN THE ACTS

Limelight is the only illumination some people require.

The difference between a love affair and a flirtation is dollars, not sense (cents).

When an actor acts well, we say, "How natural!"

Lots of people who have no ear for music enjoy the jingle of coins.

Some people acquire culture to such a degree that they slip up on their own polish.

To remain happy, look at life through a telescope, not a microscope.

It is better to have your head in the air than to have your feet in the grave.

You cannot win today in what you did last Saturday.

The spirit of "Let George do it" will never win. Use your head.

Never lose confidence in yourself. Never lose self-control.

Learn to face opposition without flinching.

Keep everlastingly on the job. Be alert.

Always treat your opponent with respect. Play fair.

Never stop fighting.

Mr. Gleaves: "Brother Rainey, are you going to instruct the co-eds in the different tongues of the modern as well as the classical languages?"

Brother Rainey: "No, sir. One tongue is sufficient for any woman."

is the passage which reads, "Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be humbled, and whosoever shall humble himself shall be exalted." May we not forget the words of Solomon when he said, "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." And also remember the spirit of humility of our perfect example, Christ, and that he said, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

When Jesus looked back upon the walled city of Jerusalem and beheld the splendor of the spires and the temple, thought of his mission to the Jews, how they had rejected him, and how he loved them, one can almost feel the throb of his forgiving heart as he cried, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, that killeth the prophets, and stoneth them that are sent unto her! How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" Though Jerusalem had killed the prophets and stoned them that were sent unto her, yet the Savior would have forgiven them. Even on the cross he cried unto the Father to "Forgive them, for they know not what they do." Do we have this forgiving spirit, though our brother offend us? Unless we forgive our fellows their trespasses, neither will our Heavenly Father forgive us our trespasses.

Christ had a spirit of prayer; he taught his disciples to pray; he often prayed in the garden alone; he prayed before he was put to death, prayed for the unity of his people, and on the cross he uttered prayers at different intervals. Christians are told to pray without ceasing. One cannot pray without faith. When we come boldly before the throne of grace, we must believe that God is and that he is a rewarder of them that seek him. Our prayer should be prayer with the full assurance that we have obeyed him in all things; we must come in humility, realizing our weakness and dependence upon the living God for all things, counting ourselves as nothing, and asking for forgiveness of our trespasses and neglect even as we have forgiven. Jesus prayed according to the will of the Father. Let us follow him as he has said, "Follow me," that we may have the spirit of Christ and be his.

JOHN R. HOVINS.

THE JUNIORS AND SENIORS

Tell me not in scornful measure
Our Junior class is a poky one.
To us our work is our greatest pleasure—
We never rest till our work is done.

That Senior class is a dignified crowd;
They look down on us in disdain (?).
The boys' red ties are awfully loud,
But they suit them, so let's not complain.

Next year I guess you'll be out of our way,
Your honors will be lavished on us.
We're sorry you're leaving—don't go far away.
If you do, we surely will fuss.

Then here is a toast to the Seniors wise—
A jolly good bunch are you.
Your morals are all as high as the skies;
That we love you is surely true.

And here's a toast to the Junior class—
No finer in all the land.
One day into the world we all shall pass—
Try to hide our works if you can.

"ZIP"

Zip, zip! nothing but zip!
Nothing is better than a little more zip.

If I didn't have zip for every meal
I would surely set up an awful squeal.

Zip makes you strong, zip makes you fat—
Tell me something better than that.
Good old zip and butter and bread—
Find something better and I'll give you my head.

So here's to the zip, long may it live!
It will always music to my glad heart give.
Whenever I'm starving, I'll call for my zip,
For there's nothing better than zip, zip, zip!

RULES

No student is allowed to take more than two subjects unless under the care of a private physician.

No student can pass any course unless he or she spends 24 hours a week off campus.

No student shall pay attention to either dean or teacher more than to be ordinarily polite.

Text books will be furnished free.

Only certain kinds of noises can be made. These must not disturb any of the other pupils, and this is under the supervision of the Student Council.

Lights will be on at all hours. If you want them off, turn 'em off.

No student will be allowed to visit home unless he takes two other students with him.

Hot air will be furnished by the teachers.

Twenty minutes will be allowed for examinations. Have your pocket knowledge indexed.

The dining room will be open from 6 a.m. to 12 p.m. Please observe these hours.

Boost your College by patronizing those who advertise in the Babler and Backlog. This patronage is due them in full measure, as they have made possible these publications.

Little Things That Annoy

To have a haughty footman help you on with a seedy overcoat.

To receive slight thanks for a wedding present which cost you more than you could afford.

To have someone, addressing you in public, mispronounce your name.

To be compelled to put in a conspicuous place an ugly object because it was a present from a friend.

To wake from a nap on the train and discover by the smiles of your fellow passengers that you were snoring.—Boston Transcript.

He put the radio under the bed and got hot springs.

Some day the lion and the lamb will lie down together.

Yeah, and the lion will be the only one to get up.

In Youth or Age

Be Satisfied with
Nothing Less than
the Best.

Which Means That

In Ordering Ice Cream

See that it is

Union
ICE CREAM

Made its way by the way its made

Thrift

"Thrift is the great fortune maker," said Andrew Carnegie, and his life proved it.

The right-using of all the values of life is thrift. This is as true of your energies as it is of your money and material wealth.

The student who employs his time and his strength constructively is almost sure to become one of the successful and dependable men of his community.

To live according to principles of thrift requires strong character.

Life insurance is a great institution of thrift. It is a practical system suited to the needs of every class.

The first investment a man or a woman should make is life insurance. Endowments and Thrift policies not only furnish life insurance but guarantee \$1,000 or more in cash to the insured in a specified term of years.

When you finish school and enter the business or professional world, make it a point to save a portion of every dollar you earn right from the start.

We are especially interested in the young men and women of the South, and would be glad to have you listed with our great number of patrons who are saving in this way.

Thrift is one of the great lessons of life. System is necessary to success.

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THE BABBLER

"What would this babbler say"—Acts 17:18

Today we are enjoying the happy associations of classmates and friends. Tomorrow we shall be dis-banded and set sail on life's great expanse.

Vol. 5

DAVID LIPSCOMB COLLEGE, NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY 26, 1925.

No. 16

GRADUATING EXERCISES TO BE HELD TOMORROW

Class of Fifty-Three Members to Be Granted Diplomas.
Class Address by C. M. Pullias Special
Feature of Program

MISS DENNISON GIVES RECITAL

Certificate Pupil in Piano and Voice
Gives Very Pleasing
Programme

On Monday evening, May 18, Miss Hazel Dennison was presented in a piano and voice recital in Harding Hall. Miss Dennison is a pupil of Mrs. Harry R. Pierce (piano) and Miss Irma Lee Batey (voice), and her talent has long been recognized in the college as well as elsewhere. Receiving certificates in both departments last year, Miss Dennison diligently continued her study this year. Her graduate recital was proof enough of this. Her tones were clear, distinct, and pure, and with the touch of a master she held her audience spellbound through the entire program.

It speaks well for the college, Miss Dennison, and teachers of this department to be able to give such a splendid rendition of such high-class compositions.

Miss Dennison wore a charming evening gown of peach colored taffeta, trimmed in point lace. She received many beautiful flowers.

The stage was decorated in roses and wild daisies.

The following program was successfully rendered:

Program
Piano—Villanella Raff
Voice—Sunset Dudley Buck
In a Boat Grieg
Will o' Wisp Spross
Piano—Polichinelle Schutt
Valse e minor Chopin
Voice—Song of India Rimsky-Korsakov
Hark! Hark! the Lark Schubert
Piano—Romance Arnold
Danse Negre Cyril Scott
Voice—My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice
("Samson - Delilah") Saint-Saen
Piano—Valse e Concert Wieniawski

Herman Taylor: "I fear that in all my writing this year for the Babblar I haven't written anything that will live."

Prof. Priestley: "Cheer up! Be thankful you're alive in spite of what you have written."

Sambo: "What's a university?"
"A university am a place where they teaches you how to starve to death in a gentlemanly an' cultured mannah."

FAREWELL!

FAREWELL!

CLASS OF 1925 PRESENTS MORALITY PLAY, "EVERYWOMAN"

Seniors Exhibit Dramatic Ability in Program of Monday Evening, May 25. Play Has Its Lessons for Both Man and Woman

DEBATE AND DINNER TODAY

Societies Clash in Debate on the Marriage and Divorce Question Today (Tuesday, May 26)

Today, May 26, 1925, is a great day for David Lipscomb College, friends and pupils. First of all there is a debate scheduled for 10 a. m., in which much interest is manifested. This is an inter-society debate, an event fraught with interest for every member or sympathizer of either society. The Calliopeans clash with the Lipscombs in a fight on the marriage and divorce question, the former maintaining that the federal government should regulate marriage and divorce, the latter denying that the national government has such right or could best do so.

Roy Vaughan and John R. Hovious are the Calliopean champions; Leslie G. Thomas and Earl Pullias are upholding the Lipscomb position. As this goes to press, preparations are being made for the debate. The outcome can only be anticipated at present.

A chief feature of Alumni Day is the basket dinner on the campus. Plans are made for an enjoyable meal, after which friends and acquaintances may mingle with one another in an afternoon of merriment, renewing old ties and making stronger new ones.

Today we are enjoying the happy associations of classmates and friends. Tomorrow we shall be dis-banded and set sail on life's great expanse.

The final number of the commencement series is to be given tomorrow (Wednesday) at 10 a. m. In this, the seniors of the class of 1925 receive the rewards of their two years of faithful work and bid farewell to the college with which they have been affiliated. In this class are fifty-three members all faithful and earnest workers.

The assembly is to be opened by a song by the audience, after which there will be a Scripture reading and prayer. The senior class has three numbers on the program for the day. Lorene Sims, first in the salutatory address, welcomes all to the exercises and tells how by patient endeavor the class members have attained the mark set before them. The class oration by Sam Tatum on 'Before Honor Goeth Humility,' is to be no mean part of the program. In glowing terms he will tell how the aristocracy of God's Kingdom must go down and live in the dust of humility.

By virtue of his record in D. L. C., Herman Taylor will deliver the valedictory address. This occasion for the seniors calls for a very serious attitude of mind which is certainly expressed in this speech. He will tell of the sorrow it causes the class to know how that as the parting time comes the class must be disbanded. After this farewell message is given, C. M. Pullias will deliver the class address. This promises to be a message such as only the man who is to give it can make.

Tomorrow ends the work of the class of 1925 at this place. Of the fifty-three members many will be teaching next year, others are planning to preach the gospel, some few perhaps will further their education either here or elsewhere next fall. For all the time of parting has come all too soon. Two years have glided past as if on wings and one more day and all is over.

The fact that the course is finished is hailed with delight by all, but regret comes that associations here must be brought to an end. Friendships must be retained in other ways than by direct personal contact; under-graduates must be bidden follow in the paths the seniors have taken.

In leaving, the seniors carry with them the deepest reverence and admiration of D. L. C., and the principles for which she stands. There seems to be a strong tie binding students to their Alma Mater which cannot be said of alumni of other colleges. The class of 1925 carries from these halls added information of subject-matter, deeper reverence for the word of God and an abiding trust in the purpose and work of D. L. C. It disbands wishing for the college and its friends unlimited success, bidding under-graduates strive to make real the vision of usefulness which they now see.

SUNDAY SERMON PREACHED BY S. P. PITTMAN

Former Teacher Here Has Been Selected to Preach Baccalaureate Sermon for Class of 1925

WRITES LETTER

Expresses Love for the School and Wishes for Seniors a Safe Venture on Life's Sea

The Senior Class feels honored in having Brother S. P. Pittman preach the commencement sermon, May 24, 1925. Brother Pittman has been on a "leave of absence" this year to the University of Tennessee. The following letter written by him to the Senior Class shows his love for the school:

University of Tennessee,
Knoxville, Tenn.,
May 15, 1925.

Senior Class of David Lipscomb College, 1925.

Dear Friends: I would feel regret if I neglected to respond to your flattering note sent by your efficient and worthy president and secretary.

To know that one is appreciated is the best compensation for labor and sacrifice.

The word sacrifice reminds me that it has been, in a vital sense, a great deprivation—not to the use of the word sacrifice—to be away from the Senior Class of D. L. C. the past session. They—the most of them—you I mean, made a splendid impression the previous session, from the beginning, and I feel sure another session's association would have but confirmed that impression.

You—I feel safe in saying the majority of you—will never realize what a great privilege you have had in being in such an institution as D. L. C. for one, two or even more years, until you get away. You may have a vague idea of that kind now, especially as the separating time approaches, but you'll know it better by and by.

This letter is a kind of "safety first" matter with me, for if I fail entirely to come up to your expectations in trying to preach a commencement sermon on the 24th, this insures a token of my interest in you and of good intentions, I trust.

Anticipating a pleasant face to face meeting, and more particularly a safe venture on the part of each one of you upon the sea of life's great expanse, I am

Sincerely and gratefully,
S. P. PITTMAN.

FAREWELL!

EIGHTH GRADE GRADUATION

Pupils of Prof. Priestley Have Graduating Exercises on Friday Evening, May 22

On Friday night, May 22, the Grammar School Department of David Lipscomb College closed a successful year's work with the graduating exercises in Harding Hall.

Six girls and three boys compose the eighth grade class to be graduated into high school. They are as follows: Gladys Lamb, valedictorian; Margaret Waller, salutatorian; Ruth Jordan, Geneva Higgins, Kimball Stafford, Ernest Holmes, Karl King and Otis T. Smith. All of these have made plans to enter high school next session and most of them will be freshmen in that department here.

The program for Friday night will consist of the orations to be delivered by the pupils, some quartet numbers, an address by Prof. A. G. Freed and delivery of certificates.

Besides the regular seventh and eighth grade work required by the State, the Bible has been taught daily to each pupil. This work has been especially good and the following has been done: Genesis and Exodus were studied with special stress on the Bible story of creation, the flood, lives of the patriarchs and Egyptian captivity. Memory work was assigned throughout. I Corinthians 13; Romans 12; Psalms 1, 19, 23; Ecclesiastes 12, and Matthew 5, 6 and 7 were memorized. Joshua, the story of Saul and David in I Samuel, Ruth, Esther, Matthew and Mark were studied.

The boys in these grades have delivered twenty-minute talks from the floor on things covered in the Bible work.

In addition to the regular course a literary society was organized and great enthusiasm has been displayed by every pupil of the Elementary Department over the Saturday afternoon programs. The motto of the society is embodied in its name, Excelsior, and all of those in the higher grades have expressed a desire to carry out the motto in going on through high school and college.

The Grammar School was composed of members from widely separated sections. Allenhurst, Ga.; Franklin, Murfreesboro, Nashville and Clarksville, in Tennessee, and Taylorsville, Ky. sent students to it.

Note: The success with which the

(Continued on page 2)

"CLEAN-UP" DAY PREPARES FOR COMMENCEMENT

Campus and Buildings Are Set in Order for Various Activities of Next Week

ROOMS VISITED

Girls and Boys Interchange Visits. Ribbons Are Awarded to the Best-Kept Rooms

In order to have the campus and buildings ready for commencement week, the various classes spent the afternoon of Friday, May 8, in cleaning up the buildings and campus. This task was attacked in a systematic way, the seniors taking second floor of the administration building and the juniors the first floor. The senior high school class set the gymnasium in order, and the other high school classes cleared the campus of all bits of paper and trash which marred its appearance.

Rooms Made Clean

It was arranged and announced by President Boles, on Thursday, that Avalon Home and Lindsay Hall were to be thrown open for inspection. Committees were appointed to judge and award prizes to the occupants of the best rooms. On Thursday night both dormitories were made busy with the energy put forth by students in cleaning up their rooms. The soft tap, tap of hammer could be heard over the halls as pictures were arranged on the walls. It was indeed marvelous how great a transformation could be wrought by so little work.

Rooms Are Awarded Ribbons

Immediately following lunch Friday a committee of girls entered Lindsay Hall and as many boys for the first time set foot in Avalon Home. After the rooms had been judged, the doors were swung open, and all the boys flocked to Avalon Home, and as eagerly came the fairer sex to visit the rooms of the boys. These visits were indeed revelations to all. The girls expressed surprise at seeing the boys keep such nice rooms, and the boys took care to see that "her" room was visited and inspected also. After an hour spent in going from room to room, all were ordered to their own domains and the judges pinned ribbons on the prize-winning rooms. The three best rooms on each floor were selected and blue, red, and white ribbons given to the winning rooms.

In Lindsay Hall the winners of ribbons were:
First Floor—Dudley and Gardner,
(Continued on page 2)

SENIOR HIGH PRESENTS PLAY

Comedy of Mystery, "Anne-What's-Her-Name" Is Greatly Appreciated by Audience May 9

On Saturday evening, May 9, at eight o'clock, the senior high school class presented "Anne-What's-Her-Name," a comedy of mystery in three acts and a prologue, by Walter Pen Hare. This play was well rendered and proved to be one of the best presented here by any class this year. The success of the play was largely due to Miss Crabtree, assisted by Miss Lillian Burton, who was chosen by the class as manager for the performance.

Cast of Characters

Tony Wheat John P. Lewis
Burks (his valet) James Boles
Marjorie Eloise Sutton
Barbara Nellie Potts
Aunt Julia Frances Greenlee
Mooney Lillian Burton
Willie Peabody Sterling Jones
Doran J. G. Hunter
Gran'ma Christine Martin
Louise Frances Neely
Judge Bunby Emerson Simpkins
Dr. Aked Armstrong Jones
Nancy Corinne Smith
Ebenezer Sam McFarland
Mr. Whittle Ruth Jordan

The senior high class presented one of the best programs that has been given at D. L. C. this year. The way in which this play was presented proves beyond contradiction that the class has rare talent in dramatics. Every part was rendered well and each characterization was one which deserves much commendation. Mr. John P. Lewis, who played the leading part, was exceedingly good. As is characteristic of Mr. Lewis, he became not entangled in the "Web of Romance" that he married a girl and it was some time before he knew who she was. James Boles, who was Mr. Lewis' valet, proved that he could be very serviceable if he so desired. Misses Eloise Sutton and Frances Neely were obedient for once. Miss Nellie Potts pictured the character of the present-day flapper to perfection. Miss Frances Greenlee we now know will undoubtedly be a very amiable elderly lady. When Miss Lillian Burton, who played the part of house maid, entered upon a scene the faces of all broadened into a grin and when she finished her speech they were laughing heartily. Mr. "Chick" Jones showed that his past

(Continued on page 2)

STUDENTS MAKE PLANS TO CONTINUE THEIR EDUCATION

"Go to College" and "Stay in College" Clubs are formed for Purpose of Encouraging Students to Pursue Their Studies in College

In order to encourage graduates of high schools to further their course in college and to encourage college students to stay in college, two clubs were recently organized in David Lipscomb College. These clubs were formed upon suggestion of the Tennessee Association of Colleges and in order to promote the state to the high standing in education which she deserves.

These clubs, the "Go to College" and "Stay in College" clubs are prospected to be real means of causing many to secure better and more extensive training. Before organizing the clubs several of the young men of the institution made talks at chapel in which they expressed themselves as wishing to go to college or stay in college. The advantages of an education were thoroughly discussed and interest was at a high pitch when President Boles called for nominations for officers of the "Stay in College" Club. The contest resulted in the election of Leslie G. Thomas, president; Merwin Gleaves, vice-president, and Lillie Mae Brown, secretary.

Prof. Freed presided while officers were chosen for the "Go to College" Club. The High School students evinced great desires to go to college—to be above the average person. Chosen as officers were Sterling Jones, president; Elmer Taylor, vice-president; Frances Neely, secretary, and John P. Lewis, treasurer.

These clubs have entered upon their work. Many or practically all of the senior high class are intending to enter college here next fall and many of the present senior class in college are making plans to further their education either here or elsewhere. It is hoped that through the influence of the "Stay in College" Club that in a few years a class of four-year students may be secured for this college and cause it to take its place among the standard four-year colleges of the country.

David Lipscomb College is now recognized as one of the best of junior colleges and has formulated plans for offering degrees to those who finish four years work here. The "Stay in College" Club bids fair to influence some who finish the junior college course to complete their undergraduate work here.

Farewell, D. L. C.!

Classmates, goodbye, we've been friends so long,
Teachers, farewell, 'tis our farewell song.

Soon to our homes we our journeys must make,
Knowing that life with it's honor's at stake.

Classmates, good-bye!
Teachers, farewell!
Seniors, 1925! Adieu!

TWENTY HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS TO GRADUATE

Graduating Exercises Are to Be Held This (Tuesday) Evening. Class Has Attractive Program Arranged. List of Graduates Given

The program tonight (Tuesday) consists of the graduating exercises of the senior high school class, in which twenty students receive their diplomas. The program, which has been announced, follows:

Chorus, "Mighty One Forever More."

Salutatory, Corinne Smith.
Historian, Armstrong Jones.
Orator, S. P. Lowery.
Giftdictor, Lillian Burton.

Valedictorian, Elmer Taylor.
Chorus, "When the South Wind Softly Blowing."

Class address, P. L. Harned, State Superintendent.

Presentation of diplomas, Vice-President A. G. Freed.

Those who will receive diplomas are given here:

Nellie Potts, Trenton, Tenn.
Ruth Jordan, Smyrna, Tenn.
Christine Martin, Nashville, Tenn.
Eloise Sutton, Nashville, Tenn.
Corinne Harwell, Nashville, Tenn.
Corinne Smith, Mt. Hope, Ala.
Lillian Burton, Nashville, Tenn.
Frances Neely, Nashville, Tenn.
Raymond Brinkley, Nashville, Tenn.

James H. Boles, McMinnville, Tenn.

Sam McFarland, Lebanon, Tenn.

Emerson Simpkins, Nashville, Tenn.

Homer Dudley, Morehead, Miss.

Foy R. Sweeney, Nashville, Tenn.

Carl Pace, Cuba Landing, Tenn.

Roy Selby, Montgomery, Ala.

Todd Porter, Williamsport, Tenn.

Armstrong Jones, Franklin, Tenn.

Elmer Taylor, Kelso, Tenn.

Sterling Jones, Nashville, Tenn.

D. B. No. 1, D. B. No. 2, D. B. No. 120, D. B. No. 150—who? April 25, 1925—where?

More and more are we made to realize that if you want a thing done you must do it yourself.

RECITAL BY PIANO PUPILS

Event of May 16 Was of Much Interest. Immensely Enjoyed by Audience

A piano recital given by the pupils of Mrs. Pierce on Saturday evening, May 16, was given as the first of many commencement numbers. Others follow in rapid order until May 27.

The program consisted of appreciative numbers and was rendered in such a way as to develop within the hearers a keener sense of appreciation for music. The program was as follows:

Polka Brillante Spindler
Enola Rucker
La Naiade Thome
Myrtle Baars
Melodie Ganschals
Ruth Jordan
Ghosts Schytte
Neil Conlee
Romance La Forge
Veil Dance Friml
Miriam Jones
Home Again Heins
Of Hearts Farrar
Louise Burton
To Spring Grieg
Robbie McCanness
Prelude Rachmaninoff
Country Dance Beethoven
Eugene Moss
Sous Bois Staub
Mary Blankenship
Blue Danube Waltz Strauss-Mills
Nell Conlee
Polka Bartlett
Lorine Sims
Valse Wieniawski
Hazel Dennison

"Every courtship should be entered with a view of marriage," says one. Is there going to be no marriage result from all these D. L. C. courtships? Speed up, fellows. Tomorrow is your last day.

If you have enjoyed your school paper this year, please support the editor next year. A person who writes 10,000 words a week all by himself for a college paper soon runs out of ammunition. Try it.

We never believed very much in signs, but would like to know what certain cross-finger, clap-handed gestures which we see mean. Who knows?

FAREWELL!

ALUMNUS TO GO TO JAPAN

Arrangements Complete for Mr. and Mrs. Morehead to Labor as Missionaries in Japan

Notice has been made and confirmed that in a few months an alumnus of D. L. C. will be in Japan as a missionary. Mr. B. D. Morehead and wife are sailing in the summer or fall for those far-away lands to carry the gospel of Jesus Christ to those who know not God. The congregation at Waverly-Belmont is financing the movement.

A reporter for the Babblar interviewed Mr. Morehead and gained from him information as to the work. Mr. Morehead is an alumnus of 1924. His wife was formerly Miss Nellie Hertzka, a special student here for six years. These two were married May 26, 1924. They lived a year in Maury County, where he taught school and preached. Since returning to Nashville, Mr. Morehead states that he has a desire to leave everything and preach to the heathen. Therefore, arrangements are made for him to leave soon and occupy the house built for Miss Sarah Andrews.

The college rejoices to know of this noble decision and commends the two to their new work. Such a willingness to sacrifice all for the cause of Christ cannot go unrewarded. Many souls are sure to be saved by this noble decision of Mr. and Mrs. Morehead.

The Lipscomb Society, of which Mr. Morehead was an active member while here, rejoices in Mr. Morehead's decision. He is leaving for twenty years, returning every five years for a one-year stay.

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CLASS ROLL OF SENIORS '25

Honor Members Announced and Class Roll Given. Fifty-Three Names are on the List

In bidding farewell to D. L. C., the Babblers here give a list of the seniors who leave these walls this year. Of the fifty-three members of the class several plan to teach, others plan to further their education here or elsewhere.

The officers and honor members of the class are:

J. Roy Vaughan, President.
Geo. W. Kinnie, Vice-President.
Eleanor Frazier, Secretary.
Hazel Dennison, Treasurer.
Herman Taylor, Valedictorian.
Lorine Sims, Salutatorian.
Sam Tatum, Class Orator.
Allen Wood, Class Prophet.
Cecil Clark, Historian.
Freda Landers, Giftdonor.
Eleanor Frazier, Class Poet.

The class roll with addresses follows:

J. Roy Vaughan, Jackson, Miss.
Eleanor Frazier, Pulaski, Tenn.
George Kinnie, Franklin, Tenn.
Hazel Dennison, Nashville, Tenn.
Alex Burford, Oakland, Miss.
Freda Landers, Highland Home, Ala.
Sam Tatum, Shop Springs, Tenn.
Frankie Northern, Lebanon, Tenn.
Allen Wood, McMinnville, Tenn.
La Nelle Goodwyn, Dresden, Tenn.
Cecil Clark, Cowan, Tenn.
Alice Blair, Lebanon, Tenn.
Herman Taylor, Kelson, Tenn.
Ruth McCarley, Florence, Ala.
Philip Parham, Franklin, Tenn.
Thelma McMahan, Franklin, Tenn.
Thelma McMahan, Springfield, Tenn.
Owen White, Florence, Ala.
Mary Ethel Baines, Oneonta, Ala.
Andrew Mason, McMinnville, Tenn.
Martha Lewers, Senatobia, Miss.
Leonard Kirk, Hampshire, Tenn.
Margaret Lewers, Senatobia, Miss.
Conrad Copeland, Bronson, Fla.
Myrtle Baars, Linden, Tenn.
Elmo Phillips, Aspen Hill, Tenn.
Lillian Cox, Martin, Tenn.
Bruce Crawley, Sale Creek, Tenn.
Irene Burch, Moulton, Ala.
Ennis Hughes, Tuckerman, Ark.
Gertrude Russell, Sparta, Tenn.
William Brown, Sprata, Tenn.
Coral Williams, Sparta, Tenn.
Henry Carter, Sparta, Tenn.
Joyce Whitelaw, Brownsville, Tenn.

Graves Williams, Sparta, Tenn.
Nell Carver, Mt. Juliet, Tenn.
James Greer, Pikeville, Tenn.
Lois Cullum, Nashville, Tenn.
James Camp, Sparta, Tenn.
Katherine Johnson, Senatobia, Miss.
Cullen Dixon, Senatobia, Miss.
Oma Morton, Columbia, Tenn.
Roy Johnson, Senatobia, Miss.
Mary Lois Dixon, Senatobia, Miss.
Leslie Carver, Mt. Juliet, Tenn.
Thelma Soyars, Springfield, Tenn.
Charles Smith, Valdosta, Ga.
Ladys Cullie Gaither, Woodbury, Tenn.
Lorine Sims, Iron City, Tenn.
Leante Sims, Iron City, Tenn.
Pearl Smith, Horse Cave, Ky.
Ora Lou Winters, Springfield, Tenn.

Frances Camp, Sparta, Tenn.
All seniors are asked to report to the management of the Babblers next year so that readers may know of the class of 1925. Though separated, the class may in this way be united, as all will be merged in devotion and admiration for David Lipscomb College.

SENIOR HIGH GIVES PLAY

(Continued from page 1)

"love-making" had not been done in vain. He can now make use of his experience. Mr. Hunter played his part well. The author advises him to seek employment with the secret service agency. (Note: The author is pleased to note that Mr. Hunter has a permanent mustache. It is hoped it will not give him trouble falling off.) Everyone who witnessed the presentation of this play could very easily visualize Miss Christine Martin in her old age. Judge Bunby was played by Mr. Emerson Simpkins. He and Mr. Armstrong Jones are to be commended on the way they acted their parts. Miss Corinne Smith is advised to take less chances in the selection of her husband in actual life than she did in the play. Mr. McFarland proved to interested parties that he would make a faithful husband. Miss Ruth Jordan proved to be as persistent in characterization as in real life.

FAREWELL!

SENIORS PRESENT "EVERYWOMAN"

(Continued from page 1)

Everywoman is played by Miss Lois Cullum who is indeed charming in her interpretation.

The other characters are as follows:

Characters

Nobody—J. Roy Vaughan.
Youth, Beauty, Modesty (Everywoman's companions)—Eleanor Frazier, Lillian B. Cox, Thelma Sayers.
Flattery—Alex Burford.
Truth (a witch)—Myrtle Baars.
King Love (Son of Truth)—Elmo Phillips.
Bluff and Stuff (stage managers)—Ennis Hughes, Philip Parham.
Pert, Flirt, Dimples, Curly, Giggles, Shape, Curves, Smiles, Sly (Chorus Girls)—Freda Landers, LaNelle Goodwyn, Mary Ethel Baines, Martha Lewers, Nelle Carver, Thelma McMahan, Alice Blair, Ruth McCarley, Frankie Northern.
Time (a call boy)—Charles P. Smith.
Wealth (a millionaire)—Bill Mason.
Witless (a nobleman)—Alex Burford.
Conscience (Everywoman's handmaiden)—Hazel Dennison.
Passion (an actor)—George Kinnie.
Grovel and Sneak (servants)—Bill Brown, James Camp.
Puff (a press agent)—Leslie Carver.
Age—Herman Taylor.
Greed—Joyce Whitelaw.
Self—Oma Morton.
Vanity—Mary Tittle.
Vice—Mildred Formby.
Law and Order (policemen)—Roy Johnson, Owen White.
Charity—James Greer.

CLEAN-UP DAY PREPARES FOR COMMENCEMENT

(Continued from page 1)

No. 101, blue ribbon; Scott and Craddock, No. 106, red ribbon; Abernathy and Walker, No. 108, white ribbon.

Second Floor—Herman and Elmer Taylor, No. 241, blue ribbon; Dodd and Gleaves, No. 233, red ribbon; Greer and Montgomery, No. 230, white ribbon.

Third Floor—Byers and Hollingsworth, No. 360, blue ribbon; Hale and Cave, No. 349, red ribbon; Wright and Pace, No. 354, white ribbon.

In Avalon Home winners of ribbons were:

First Floor—Tolene Russell and Christine Edmondson, blue; Mildred Formby, Freda Landers, Lorena Barber, red; Frankie Northern and Lillian Cox, white.

Second Floor—Mary O. Jones and Thelma Sayers, blue; Gladys Bryson and Cullie Gaither, red; Hazel Dennison and Oma Morton, white.

Third Floor—Irene and Hazel Burch, blue; Jimmie Ruth Harrell, red; Lorene and Leonte Sims, white.

Campus and Buildings Cleaned

When room inspection was over, the classes went to their work and worked earnestly for hours; and when the day was almost done, class rooms were clean, windows were shining, the campus was clean, and all were tired yet happy that their home was so much more attractive than before. Visitors for commencement may well note the improvement and by visiting a few rooms learn that there are among David Lipscomb College students those who are already good housekeepers. Certainly the results of the day's work were sufficient to convince that the day was well spent.

EIGHTH GRADE GRADUATION

(Continued from page 1)

Grammar School Department has met is due to the earnest efforts of Professor Priestley and his able assistant, Miss Aloise Herndon. Mr. Priestley entered school here in 1920, was successively elected president of the senior high school, junior college and senior college classes, was three times voted best all-around athlete and twice most popular man in student body. He is an alumnus of 1924. He has been employed as principal of the grammar school and director of athletics at D. L. C. for the year 1925-26. "Skipper," as he is affectionately named, is a real man.

SYMPATHY!

To next staff of Babblers: The work of the staff this year is not presented as a standard. It is no boast or egoism for me to say I am in hearty sympathy with the editor-in-chief for next year. All you have to do, Mr. Editor, is to write the paper each time. You may insist all you wish but never will more than ten per cent of your staff work. If you are able to write a good paper your staff will be praised and perhaps you may. You may sit up all night writing and have all kinds of visitors who sit about, but never can be influenced to write a word. Your work will be pleasant and profitable if you apply yourself. There is only one essential qualification for an editor—he must be willing to work from morn to night week in and week out. Best wishes to the Babblers and to David Lipscomb College.

HERMAN TAYLOR,
Ed-in-Chief of Babblers, 1924-25.

Progress has never been achieved by the masses but by the individual. This indicates that the person under the spell of the crowd is not a creative thinker and cannot take his place as a real leader.

September 16, 1924, to May 27, 1925.

Only a few days, yet each fraught with its advantages of culture and refinement. May the influence of such be felt throughout life.

MISS CULLUM ENTERTAINS

Talented Young Graduate of Expression Entertains a Number of Her College Friends

On Thursday afternoon, May 8, Miss Lois Cullum, a graduate of the Expression Department, entertained some of her many friends with a matinee tea, given in the reception room of Avalon Home. The room was beautifully and artistically decorated with roses and wild blossoms. Seats were arranged for fifty.

Miss Cullum gave a very charming interpretation of "Enter Madame," by Gilda Varese and Dolly Byrne. She wore a dainty afternoon frock of printed Georgette crepe and her corsage was of sweet peas in harmonizing colors.

After the reading the guests were served with hot tea. Those assisting Miss Cullum were: Misses Lillian Burton, Mary O. Jones, Freda Landers, Frankie Northern, Elizabeth Cullum, Eleanor Frazier and Myrtle Baars. While the tea was being served, Misses Toline Russell and Gwendolyn Moss rendered several beautiful piano and violin solos.

Messrs. Walter Campbell and Elmo Phillips acted as ushers.

Miss Cullum is a very talented reader. She expects to enter Peabody College next year. The future looks bright for her and she is to be congratulated.

THE BABBLER BIDS FAREWELL

Editor Summarizes Work of the Year, Thanking Staff Members, and Expressing Sorrow at Surrendering Work

As stated in the last issue of the Babblers, this the Senior issue is the farewell issue. For eight months the student body has received the Babblers twice each month, but no more will it be issued by the present staff, for those who have been so diligent may and do now lay aside their pens and enjoy the fruits of their labors.

According to previous promise, a report of the work of staff members will be made in this issue. The writer of this article, who is the editor-in-chief of the Babblers, intends to be just and fair in his criticism and praises of the various writers. At the beginning of the year these staff members were selected:

Allen Wood—Lipscomb editor.
Roy Vaughan—Calliopean editor.
Hazel Dennison—Kappa Nu editor.

Freda Landers—Sapphonian editor.

Myrtle Baars—Senior College editor.

Mary O. Jones—Junior College editor.

Sam McFarland—Senior High editor.

Eleanor Frazier—Exchange editor.

Andrew Mason and Leo L. Boles—Sport editors.

H. J. Priestley—Faculty adviser.

After an extensive study of the work of each society and class it is found that some have fallen short in the work. The task imposed upon each society and class for each issue has been the writing of two thousand words. Some have responded each time with their parts; others have been very negligent and have placed extra work on those who have been in charge. The work of the society has been at the same time the work of some class. Of the societies, it has been found that most of the material has been contributed by the Lipscomb and Kappa Nu societies. Of the classes, the seniors have led, the juniors contributing much, but the high school very little. These facts are given not as a rebuke to any of the staff, but as a matter of promise. Special credit is due to Miss Frazier as exchange editor who has been very diligent in her work both in the exchange department and as a writer.

As stated in a former article, the aim of the editors has been to make the Babblers a worth-while publication. There has been much praise given the publication during the current year and at the same time very much criticism. That the paper has widely advertised the college is a settled fact. Its circulation of over two thousand has reached even distant counties, carrying the news of a school where each pupil studies the Bible. No apologies are made for the contents of the paper. The editor has worked hard at his task and has endeavored to make the paper of interest. It is with much regret that the work is given over to another. The title of editor-in-chief of a school paper such as the Babblers is no mean distinction; the work has grown fascinating and profitable, but this issue completes the work. The sixteen issues of the 1924-25 Babblers go on file as only a strong effort at school journalism and not as a standard for future years. With this issue, therefore, the staff of the Babblers bids its readers adieu.

ALL CONFUSED

If you love a man, he isn't worth it.

If you don't love him, you don't know what you want.

If you lead him on you're a flirt.

If you ignore him, you're heartless.

If he has money, you're mercenary.

If he hasn't any money, you're foolish.

If he's old, you're robbing the grave.

If he's young, you're robbing the cradle.

If you stay at home, you're an old maid.

If you don't, you're a rounder.

For the love of Mike—what's a poor girl to do?

Another round of the educational ladder has been scaled by fifty-three seniors of D. L. C. There are yet other heights to attain. Let's go to the top where there is plenty of room and where a clear perspective of life may be secured.

MISS BAARS GIVES READING

Talented Graduate of Expression Presents "The Woman" to Delighted Audience

David Lipscomb College was honored with a splendid program on the evening of May 19, 1925, when Miss Crabtree, instructor in expression, presented Miss Myrtle Baars in her recital. Miss Baars gave "The Woman," a play in three acts by Albert Payson Terhune. The play was rendered beautifully and artistically and was enjoyed by a large audience. At times Miss Baars almost moved her audience to tears so wonderful was her reading. The characterization was good and Miss Baars' personality was revealed, especially through the character of Wanda Kelly, the office girl.

Miss Baars is an attractive and much-loved student of D. L. C. and will be greatly missed as she goes out from this place. Everyone wishes her success and happiness in her life work.

FAREWELL!

MEMBERS BID CLUB ADIEU

Honorary Member Commends the Work of the Club and Bids Farewell to Members

One of the greatest favors bestowed upon the writer during the current year has been the distinction of being called "Honorary member of the F. B. Club." This title has carried with it certain honors which have come to no other young man in school.

Composing the club are five girls, members of the junior class. These girls are among the fairest of the land, of the highest social and moral standing, and certainly of the most promising type of girls. There can be no praise spoken of them which would be undeserving. The writer wishes in this article to tender his thanks for all favors shown him by the girls. It has indeed been an inspiration to him to be affiliated with this band. Often there have come discouragements, but as often some "F. B." has come with an offer to help in any way possible. Such deeds as this can but call forth the most commendable words from one who has been favored.

But, as is the case with all school associations, the "F. B." club must have its farewell meeting. Only three of the five are continuing their work here next year. The honorary member, being a senior this year, does not return. Yet with this writing goes a promise that frequent shall be the visits to D. L. C. where ties may be renewed and where the "F. B." club may again meet to exchange ideas and formulate plans for making people happy and making the world a better place in which for man to dwell.

At this writing the club plans a feast in the college dining hall for the night of May 23, and discussions are under way for a trip to Shelby Park on May 24. If such are not miscarried, readers may rest assured that two other thrilling chapters have been added to the already voluminous history of the organization.

In parting many sad farewells are predicted, especially on the part of those who are not returning next fall. Those who have been such good friends must part, trusting to meet again at some convenient time. The writer wishes to assure the five members—"Weese," "Dimples," "Trixie," "Ginger," and "Judy"—that in his work there shall always be found time for remembering the "F. B." club and to trust that there may come many times when all the members may be present at D. L. C. for one and many reunions in which shall be blended the trust, respect, esteem and love that now binds it the one to the other. Until such meeting may be held all that can be done now is to bid the members each in turn a fond and affectionate farewell.

INFLUENCE

We should always realize that personal influence is so big a part of life that it should not be overlooked. No one is so big nor so small that he or she is without influence. Our every word or deed has its influence. None are above being influenced if they are honest. That's why it is so necessary that we choose our associates with the greatest of care, for the adage, "evil communications corrupt good morals," is as true to day as when it was first spoken.

We may think we are independent but deep in our souls there are people who have a big influence over us. "Life itself is influence." It may be the memory of a parent or a schoolmate, or possibly the story of some eminent life there are numerous forces influencing us. Now whether this influence be good or bad is a personal question which everyone should ask himself or herself.

Where there is interest there is bound to be influence. Our friends can either make or break us by their influence, and for this reason we should choose our friends as carefully as we would choose a precious gift.

So accustomed is Ennis Hughes to hearing motions made in society and class meetings that when a recent letter from Prof. Pittman was read in class meeting, he habitually yelled, "I move that we accept the letter."

If readers knew just who wrote the material for this paper they would call it "A Senior's Edition" instead of "Senior Edition."

1936!

Greer: "Married yet, old man?"

Kirk: "No, but I'm engaged, and that's as good as married."

Greer: "It's better, if you only knew it."

SAPPHONEANS ENTERTAIN WITH GARDEN PARTY

Kappa Nus Are Delighted Guests at Entertainment Given May 7, 1925. Junior Class Orchestra Furnishes Music for the Occasion. Evening Filled With Interesting Games

The Sapphonian Society delightfully entertained the Kappa Nu Society on May 7. The entertainment was in the form of a garden party on the girls' campus directly in front of Avalon Home. Upon arrival the guests were immediately served frappe. The happy voices and laughter of the girls mingled harmoniously with the music rendered by the Junior Class Orchestra, composed of Miss Nell Conlee, pianist; Miss Gwendolyn Moss, violinist, and Miss Sarah McGill and Mr. Robert Thurman, saxophonists.

There were many interesting features with which the Sapphones kept their guests highly entertained. Two prizes were offered, one to the couple writing the best description of a "D. L. C. courtin' couple," and won by Misses Anne Beasley and Eleanor Frazier; the other to the couple naming rightly the trees on Avalon campus, won by Misses Christine Ward and La Nelle Goodwyn.

To finish off happily the frolics a salad course with tea was served.

The Kappa Nus left feeling that a garden party given by such charming hostesses as the Sapphones proved to be was "the most fun yet."

CERTIFICATE PUPILS RECITE

Three Young Ladies Receive Certificates and Do Credit to Special Departments in Recital

On Saturday evening, May 23, at 8:15 the certificate pupils in the music, voice and expression departments were presented in a very artistic recital. Miss Lillian Burton, a talented young reader, gave in her charming way "Dawn," by Percival Wilde.

Miss Maudie Morgan, a promising young prima donna, sang very beautiful selections. Miss Morgan has only been in college this year, but she is widely known for her singing ability.

Miss Lorene Simms, a budding musician, gave beautiful tones, shading and colorful interpretations of her numbers.

The program was well attended and appreciated. The variety added charm and enjoyment to the evening's entertainment.

FAREWELL!

FINAL ROLL OF HONOR

Roll for Eighth Month Is Published. List of Names of Honor Pupils for Year Is Collected

The honor roll for the last month (eighth month) shows 64 on College list and 22 on High School list. This month closed on Saturday, May 2, Saturday, May 23, closes the term examinations for the spring quarter and the final honor roll cannot be published. The roll for the eighth month:

College

Myrtle Baars, Anne Beasley, Alice M. Blair, Edward Bourne, Dorothy Breeding, Lillie Mae Brown, Gladys Bryson, Leslie Carver, Nelle Carver, Walter Campbell, H. L. Carter, Margaret Carter, Conrad Copeland, Lillian Cox, Bruce Crawley, Hazel Dennison, Bertie DePriest, Mary Lois Dixon, Cullen Dixon, Venson Dixon, Jewel Edmondson, Mildred Formby, Robert Fox, Eleanor Frazier, Dorothy Freeman, Ladys C. Gaither, Clarence Garner, La Nelle Goodwyn, James Greer, Aloise Herndon, Ethel Harrison, Jimmie Ruth Harrell, John R. Hovious, Ennis Hughes, Clayton L. James, Roy Johnson, Miriam Jones, Nannie Dunn Jones, Leonard Kirk, George Kinnie, Inez Kinnie, Andrew Mason, Oma Morton, Philip Parham, Elmo Phillips, H. T. Roberts, Lorene Sims, Pearl Smith, Graham Smith, Thelma Soyars, Leona Stubblefield, Sam Tatum, Herman Taylor, Mary Little, H. Fee Thomas, Leslie G. Thomas, Robert Thurman, Owen White, Joyce Whitelaw, Graves Williams, Coral Williams, Ora Lou Winters, Allen Wood, H. T. Wright.

High School

Harold Beckwith, John Clifford, Ollie Cuff, Kathryn Cullum, Elizabeth Cullum, Luther Deacon, Forrest Deacon, Corinne Harwel, Clyde Hale, James Hollingsworth, S. P. Lowry, Gerald Montgomery, Harriette Orndorff, Karl Pitts, Nellie Potts, Andy T. Ritchie, Enola Rucker, Fred Scott, Roy Selby, Corinne Smith, Vernon Spivey, Elmer Taylor.

Honor Roll for Year

A survey of all the honor rolls published in the Babblers for the current year shows that several have been on every honor roll. The available rolls were for months 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8. In the college department the following were on all rolls:

Myrtle Baars, Linden, Tenn.
Anne Beasley, Franklin, Tenn.
Hazel Dennison, Nashville, Tenn.
Eleanor Frazier, Pulaski, Tenn.
Jimmie Ruth Harrell, Birmingham, Ala.

Miriam Jones, Henry, Tenn.
George Kinnie, Franklin, Tenn.
Andrew Mason, McMinnville, Tenn.
Lorene Sims, Iron City, Tenn.
Thelma Soyars, Springfield, Tenn.
Herman Taylor, Kelson, Tenn.
H. Fee Thomas, Dayton, Tenn.
Leslie G. Thomas, Flint, Mich.
Coral Williams, Sparta, Tenn.
Allen Wood, McMinnville, Tenn.

High School roll:
Ollie Cuff, Camden, Tenn.
Kathryn Cullum, Nashville, Tenn.
Luther Deacon, Nashville, Tenn.
Elmer Taylor, Kelson, Tenn.

Summary:
Seniors, 10; Juniors, 5; High School, 4.

Kappa Nus, 8; Sapphones, 3.
Lipscombs, 7; Calliopeans, 1.
Tennesseans, 17; Alabama, 1; Michigan, 1.

WHEN THE WORLD WILL END

Absolute knowledge have I none,
But my aunt's washerwoman's sister's son

Heard a policeman on his beat
Say to a laborer in the street
That he had a letter just last week
Hand-written in the finest Greek
From a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo
Who said that a coon in Cuba knew
Of a colored gent in a Texas town
Who got it straight from a circus clown

That a man in Klondike heard the news
From a gang of South American Jews
About some gink in Borneo
Who had heard from a man who claimed to know

Of a swell society female arke
Whose mother-in-law will undertake
To prove that her husband's sister's niece

Had stated in a nicely printed piece
That she had a son who had a friend
Who knew quite well when the world would end.

It has seemed that Fate had decreed that local parks be patronized by David Lipscomb College students. Such conclusion was very evident when, on the morning of May 4 the seniors met to go for an outing. Recent rains had hindered the plans previously made for going to the hills, and rather than see the day lost it was decided to spend May 4 in Shelby Park.

Sandwiches had been prepared in abundance and other necessary details arranged by the committee. At the appointed time the dignified group climbed on the school truck and bade the driver "turn on the gas." Being an ideal time for fun, the band enjoyed the comfortable ride very much.

At length the terminus was reached and soon D. L. C. seniors could be seen on every hand taking in the places of interest, viewing the beautiful scenery, or walking along the shady lanes. After a sumptuous repast at 1:30 it was next in order to arrange for boat rides. These proved the real events of the day. Dotting the lake could be seen boats bearing their cargoes of worthy boys and girls; the musical ripple of the oars as applied by strong hands could be heard all about; and the frequent bursts of hilarity attested that the seniors had lost or else surrendered much of their supposed dignity.

But such amusement could not last forever. Gradually Old Sol sank to rest and the party was ordered oikade. Rather reluctantly the place was left. Being the last event of its kind, and especially for the senior class, many were the regrets expressed at breaking up the gathering. Seeing that a plea for a longer stay was of no avail, the students set out for home, reaching there in safety but a bit later than expected, due to unavoidable circumstances.

In company with the seniors were Miss Breeding and Professors Cuff and Priestley, excellent chaperons and worthy aspirants to senior affiliation. All is now over for the seniors in so far as amusement is concerned. This trip marked the climax of senior associations and may well be remembered for the pleasant trip, the joyous laughs, lengthy conversations and thrilling boat rides. Another milestone was passed in class activities in David Lipscomb College and that all too soon for those whose associations with fellow-classmen have been so pleasant and profitable.

80 per cent of the people of the world live without thinking; 16 per cent live off the thoughts of others, and 4 per cent think for themselves. Poor parasites and non-thinkers! Know you not that the world needs thinkers? Get from among the "common" people!

It may be true that all the seniors have been "snowed under" for the last week. So has the senior who wrote this Babblers. Especially was this so, he realized, when he received no material until time to go to press save that which he himself wrote.

Time has run its unerring course and the hour has come for all to take their parting hand. Sad indeed it is to know that these happy associations must cease, but it must be done. We must tell her goodbye.

Mose: "Dis yar flyin' business is a mighty ol' venture."
Rastus: "How you make that out, Mose?"

Mose: "Because I heah that pastor say in church las' Sunday night dat Esau sold his heirship to Jacob."

The most damnable phrase in the educational world is "get by." We know of many who are too lazy mentally to study ten minutes a day and who trust to "getting by" when exam time comes.

As a parting message to teachers, schoolmates, classmates, friends—all, the Senior Class of 1925 presents this the final issue of the Babblers.

Life in the Kingdom of God is a new life—a life in which freedom circumvents destiny, a life of infinite possibilities. That kingdom is within YOU. What will you do? Class of 1925, realize your possibilities! Don't be parasites! Work! Think!

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LIPSCOMBS WIN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP FOR 1925

Lipscombs Win Three Out of Four Matches and Secure
Championship Despite Many Predictions
to the Contrary

The Lipscomb-Callio tennis series was played off on May 12 and 13, 1925. Bourne, the star player for the Lipscombs, was out of the game and the Callios were picked as easy winners. But, contrary to dope, the Lipscombs, by a hard fight, carried off the victory.

On the whole, the games were somewhat slow, yet a great deal of pep and excitement was manifested. Occasional flashy bits of work by Leo Boles, and the steady and dependable playin' of Porter and Williams, characterized the games.

The best of sportsmanlike spirits was shown by both sides. The Callios accepted defeat manfully and with a friendly acknowledgment. The Lipscombs, as in everything, showed that they knew how to take victory, by leaving the game on the field.

The first match was between Boles and Boles for the Callios, and Porter and Pullias for the Lipscombs. The Callios took this match by a score of 6-3, 6-4.

On the same day the second match was played between Mason and Sweeney for the Lipscombs, and Williams and Cox for the Callios. The Lipscombs won by a score of 7-9, 6-3, 6-3. One substitution, Burford for Cox, was made in this match.

The third match, played on the 13th between Porter and Pullias and Williams and "Chick" Jones, was won by the Lipscombs, 7-5, 6-4. Substitutions in this match were, A. Jones for Pullias, Terry for A. Jones, and Montgomery for "Chick" Jones.

The fourth match, between Mason and Sweeney, and Boles and Boles, was won by the Lipscombs by a score of 2-6, 6-3, 6-4.

The series was to be composed of five matches, of which three was a majority. The Lipscombs won three out of the first four, thereby making the last match unnecessary.

A SENIOR'S LAST WILL

May 27, 1925—I hereby give, devise and bequeath to any worthy young man of the junior class the property named below. For two years I have known of this property and can attest to the worth of it, for she is my girl. She is as fine as any girl you ever saw, but must be dealt with kindly. Must not be spoken to in a harsh tone or looked at cross-eyed.

To the junior who is fortunate enough to secure this girl I give my hearty congratulations. You can do more than I have been able to do. The one who can gain her love is to be highly envied, for I have tried for two years and failed. I have treated her like a queen, but as yet she has refused to wear my crown. She is indeed a jewel of great worth—a treasure worth owning. My regret is that I must leave without calling her mine, but must leave her to some worthy underclassman to capture.

As for looks, she cannot be beaten. Those deep blue eyes so tender and loving are feasts for my eyes. That beautiful mouth of hers seems to speak volumes to me, but now she must be given to another. Some one more worthy must gaze into those eyes which once was my pleasure. Those beautiful lips must utter to another the words which I once longed to hear, and the hand which once clasped mine now seeks another. Those pleasures which have once been mine are gone and come to another.

To you who can get my girl to love you, let me commend her to you. She is an angel on earth, but I could not win her. She has seemed far distant at times, and today I hold her hand in mine, gaze into those lovely eyes for the last time and tell her good-bye. My love for her is no less than ever it was, but she is gone. Take her, my boy, and love her as I have done. If she returns that love, you gain all; if she spurns your love, you can sympathize with me. Do your best and rest assured that the heritage which I now bequeath to you is given at the cost of a broken heart. SENIOR, '25.

MODERN VERSION

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to—what the girls have always been thinking about."—Anon.

"One thing I pride myself on," said the pretty girl, "is that, although I am the most beautiful, smartest and brightest girl on earth, I never brag about it."

SUMMARY OF 1924-5 GAMES

Given as Matter of Record and to
Show Activities of Classes and
Societies for College Year

The following is a summary of athletic activities at D. L. C. during this school year. This is given so that all may see the standing of the societies and classes at the end of the year:

Baseball (Fall 1924)
Seniors, 7; Juniors, 6 (September 25, 1924).

College, 12; High School, 2 (September 30, 1924).

Seniors, 5; Juniors, 4 (October 1, 1924).

(Seniors champions in baseball.)

Basketball
Kappa Nu, 9; Sapphonean, 4 (November 22, 1924).

Kappa Nu, 13; Sapphonean, 9 (December 13, 1924).

Sapphonean, 12; Kappa Nu, 8 (January 17, 1925).

Sapphonean, 9; Kappa Nu, 6 (January 31, 1925).

Sapphonean, 22; Kappa Nu, 13 (February 14, 1925).

(Sapphoneans champs.)

Seniors, 13; Juniors, 12 (December 6, 1924).

Juniors, 20; Seniors, 12 (December 10, 1924).

Juniors, 21; Seniors, 8 (December 17, 1924).

(Juniors win class championship.)

Calliopean, 20; Lipscomb, 16 (January 17, 1925).

Calliopean, 22; Lipscomb, 17 (January 24, 1925).

Calliopean, 22; Lipscomb, 18 (January 31, 1925).

(Calliopeans win series.)

Baseball (Spring, 1925)
Lipscomb, 8; Calliopean, 6 (April 7, 1925).

Lipscomb, 14; Calliopean, 0 (April 15, 1925).

Lipscomb, 6; Calliopean, 7 (April 20, 1925).

Lipscomb, 7; Calliopean, 5 (April 28, 1925).

(Lipscombs champions in baseball.)

Tennis (Spring, 1925)
First match: Calliopeans won, 6-3, 6-4 (May 12, 1925).

Second match: Lipscombs won, 7-9, 6-3 (May 12, 1925).

Third match: Lipscombs won, 7-5, 6-4 (May 13, 1925).

Fourth match: Lipscombs won, 2-6, 6-3, 6-4 (May 13, 1925).

(Lipscombs champions in tennis.)

D. L. C. in Debates for Year
D. L. C., 3; Burritt College, 0 (at Burritt, February 28, 1925).

D. L. C., 3; Burritt College, 0 (at D. L. C., February 28).

D. L. C., 3; Dickson High School, 0 (at D. L. C., March 14, 1925).

D. L. C., 2; Dickson High School, 1 (at Dickson, March 14).

D. L. C., 2; Bryson College, 1 (at D. L. C., March 28, 1925).

D. L. C., 0; Bryson College, 3 (at Fayetteville, March 28).

Summary: D. L. C. won 5 debates and lost 1.

DEPARTURE OF THE SENIORS

(Apology to Longfellow.)

Down whose stream as down a river
Westward, westward, sailed the Seniors,

Penetrating unknown regions,
Regions in the "Land of Knowledge."

And the Senior Highs and Juniors
Watched them floating, rising, sink-

ing,
Watched them from Lipscomb Col-

lege.
And their voices sadly murmured,

"Soon will we be sailing that way,
Into a land of unknown wonders.

Oh, you Seniors, how we miss you!
You are gone but not forgotten."

And the student body assembled
To pay respect to departing Seniors.

Many hearts that day were saddened,
Handkerchiefs waved till sight was

hindered,
Halls were quiet and voices muffled,

For the Seniors would enter no more
forever.

Soon the Senior boat seemed lifted
High into a sea of splendor,

Till it sank into the darkness
Like the moon when it is hidden.

Far in a purple distance,
And the birds that flitted everywhere

Warbled a musical "Farewell for-

ever,"
And the trees on D. L. C. campus

Moved through all their lonely still-

ness
And softly murmured, "Farewell for-

ever." L. S.

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CHRONICLES OF D. L. C.

SEPT. 16, 1924—MAY 27, 1925
Activities of the Year Summarized by
Surveying Past Issues of
the Babblar

This is given as a summary of the year's activities. Those who have been constant readers of the Babblar at once recognize the headings of articles as they have from time to time appeared in the school paper. In part this summary may be found in the current issue of the Backlog. This may be kept and remembered at a permanent record or chronicle of the year 1924-25 at David Lipscomb College.

September 16—Students begin to arrive. Old friends renew ties and new students make friends. Many are told, "How I missed you all summer!"

September 17—Formal opening. Inspiring speeches made in Harding Hall. Classification begun. Difficult for some pupils to choose teachers.

September 18—First prayer meeting held, with much interest manifested.

September 20—Holiday to attend State Fair. First social at 8:00 p.m. Many endearing words spoken and numerous fond glances cast both by old and new students. Cases of "love at first sight" recorded.

September 21—Brother Elam preaches on "Wisdom."
September 22—Literary societies meet and make rush for new members. "Kappa Nus Begin Well," "Sapphos Resume Work Full of Pep," "Callios Hold Successful Meeting," and "Old Lipscomb Spirit Reigns."

September 26—Student Council begins active work. Laws and regulations drafted and passed.

September 30—Senior Class meets to elect officers.

October 1—Seniors defeat Juniors in game of baseball.

October 2—Juniors elect officers.

October 4—First issue of Babblar comes from press. A mighty rush made to read the news.

October 7—A contest for Babblar subscriptions begins. All is excitement. "Subscribe for the Babblar!" heard everywhere.

October 9—Council tries first cases. Dormitory becomes quieter.

October 25—Babblar contest closes. Callios win. Circulation of Babblar goes to 2,200.

October 31—Afternoon taken as holiday. Hills are invaded despite downpour of rain. Halloween entertainment given at night. Spooks are seen everywhere. Weird sounds are heard.

November 3—Foy E. Wallace begins meeting.

November 9—Meeting closes.

November 22—Kappa Nus win first game of basketball series.

November 27—Boys entertain girls with banquet. Jovial youths and maidens fair enjoy associations until late hour.

November 28—Many absentees from breakfast this morning.

December 10—New Student Council is elected. Retiring councilmen receive cold shower from "Knights of Royal Order of Bath."

December 12—Expression Department gives three plays.

December 13—Kappa Nus win second game of series. Members of each society rally to support of team.

December 15—Eight Lindsay Hall knights are entertained by Prof. and Mrs. Turner. Roy Vaughan and Herman Taylor each devour four pieces of chicken and are in the best of health next day.

December 16—Preparation for exams begins. They come on the 18th and 19th.

December 18—All are nervous. Exams! More exams! And still more! Babblar announces that Wood and Clark have discovered "missing link." Exams over!

December 19—Students leave for home.

Christmas—

"They rest—and, faith, they need it! Back home for a week or two—Till the teachers of David Lipscomb set them to work anew."

December 30—Students return from holiday visits and begin to take accustomed places. Each train brings them back by dozens.

December 31—Last day of year. Students realize they are growing old. Other students arrive on train and bus.

January 1, 1925—New Year begins with special chapel talks.

January 15—All try to look pretty. College favorites are chosen.

January 16—Professor Turner makes last chapel talk. Leaves for Maury County.

January 17—Sapphos take third game of series. Callios win first game of Callio-Lipscomb series.

January 21—Founder's Day. A half holiday. Several popular couples take strolls about the campus. Earl Pullias wins oratorical contest. "F. B. Club" organized.

January 31—Sapphoneans capture fourth game of series. Callios win third game.

February 2—Lipscomb and Callio boys give enjoyable entertainments to girl friends.

February 12—Sapphoneans crowned champs in basketball. A time of keen and enthusiastic excitement.

February 16—Cupid's darts pierce hearts of young men. Girls entertain boys with splendid Valentine party. A glorious time for all.

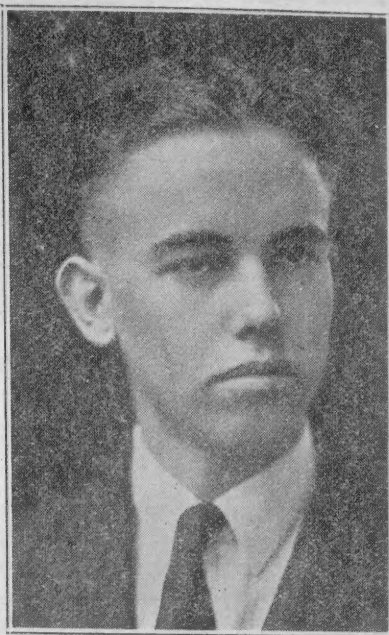
February 18—Pictures made for Backlog. Photographer breaks camera in taking first picture. Taking of kodak pictures holds sway for hours.

February 25—Backlog goes to press. Sapphos give annual program, "Ghosts of Hilo."

February 27—At eleven o'clock p. m. Lindsay Hall catches fire. Boys secure valuables from rooms and make rush for safety. No damage done save several scares.

February 28—D. L. C. wins double victory over Burritt College. James and Hovious win here; Campbell and White win laurels of victory at Burritt.

March 2—Kappa Nus entertain Sapphoneans with tacky party. Cos-



RAYMOND BRINKLEY

EDITORS MAKE EXPLANATION

Regret Omission of Picture of Raymond Brinkley from 1925 Backlog

Owing to an oversight on the part of the High School Secretary, the name of Raymond Brinkley was left off of the list of graduates, and as a result his picture was left out of that year's Backlog. We regret very much that this happened, but it is too late to do anything about it now. So we take this opportunity to announce to his many friends and classmates that he received his high school diploma this year as he had expected.

We hope Mr. Brinkley will accept this explanation, and we wish all to know that this was an oversight which we regret very much. Raymond has been a good student, and as all remember was voted the "meekest" in the "Who's Who" contest.

MYRTLE BAARS,
Editor-in-Chief.
HERMAN TAYLOR,
Assistant-in-Chief.

tunes grace the occasion admirably.

March 9—Council elected for last term of school.

March 14—Exams end for winter quarter. Many visit home. D. L. H. S. wins two debates over Dickson High School.

March 21—Junior class presents annual program. "In the Vanguard" requires cast which well represents junior class.

March 28—Thomas and Copeland defeat Bryson College team in debate. Garner and Carter lose at Fayetteville. "F. B." club has big feast after debate. Honorary member praises fine qualities of the girls in issue of Babblar of April 10. (Please read.)

April 1—All Fools' Day. Many are the pranks played on fellow students. Several letters devoid of handwriting are sent to unsuspecting parties who vow revenge.

April 3—Expression class goes to hills. ("Tis said some waded the creek for pasture.")

April 7—Lipscombs win opening game of baseball series by score of 8-6. Game featured by good playing.

April 8—Honor members of senior class announced. Herman Taylor class title of valedictorian of senior class; Elmer Taylor of senior high class; Lorine Sims achieves honor of salutatorian of senior class; Corinne Smith of high school.

April 13—Lipscombs give annual program.

April 15—Lipscombs take second score of series by score of 14-0.

April 18—Backlog comes from press. A terrible rush is made to secure copy of new publication. All are pleased.

April 20—Babblar and Backlog staffs go to Shelby Park for the day. Such wonderful times come only very seldom in life. Some were sleepy due to loss of sleep on previous night yet seemed to have fine time.

April 21—Class Day! Program by classes in forenoon. Calliopeans win game in afternoon.

April 25—Kappa Nus make glorious success of play, "Old Lady 31."

April 27—Shelby Park again! Juniors take seniors. Rain all day and more in afternoon as couples come from car line to dormitory.

April 28—Lipscombs win championship in baseball, winning three games out of four.

May 2—Exhibit made by girls of Home Economics Department. Splendid work of cooking and sewing departments is shown.

May 4—Seniors spend day together in Shelby Park. Some feel bad over the fact that time of departure is at hand.

May 9—Senior high class gives play.

May 15—Local debate of interest attended by four (4) people from D. L. C.

May 18—Miss Dennison recites.

May 19—Miss Baars gives recital.

May 20—Exams are coming. Like Banquo's ghost they make their appearances. Teachers are implored to be merciful.

May 21—Last prayer meeting of year. Sad farewells are spoken.

May 23—Exams are on. Many unprepared pupils take chances. Only one more day and all is over.

May 25—All is over so far as work is concerned. Last exams finished and feasting holds sway at night. F. B.'s have big feast in dining hall.

May 24—S. P. Pittman preaches commencement sermon. Seniors have charge of morning worship. Brother Pittman preaches at night.

May 25—No studies. Local places of interest are visited. Senior play given at night.

May 26—Alumni Day featured by debate between Lipscomb and Calliopean societies and by basket dinner. Senior issue of Babblar comes from press.

May 27—Commencement Day. Seniors bid farewell to friends, teachers, classmates and all, and leave this place to seek anchorage elsewhere. Farewell to all—farewell!

WORD FROM PRIMARY DEPT.

Miss Herndon Is Well Pleased With Progress of Her Pupils This Year

We are well pleased with the work of the primary department. Though few in number and handicapped in many ways, all have worked faithfully and well up to the last and each one will be promoted to the next grade.

Elton Deacon will receive a prize for having the most perfect spelling lessons for the year. This represents some good work, for his rival, Pauline Colley, has run him a close race, and had she not been out of school several days, there might have been a tie. Elton also gets first honor for regular attendance, having been present every day for this school year. Robert Nash and Junior McCannless rank next. N. G. Colley and Robert Nash, in first grade, have been working hard for the last month on their word cards in order to put up a Piggy Wiggly store. Both are anxious to be the clerk.

Perhaps the most rapid development has been shown in our Bible study. We took the book of Matthew as the basis of our work this year. The memory work required was the whole of the "Sermon on the Mount" and the results were very pleasing. Oral and written stories of "The Life of Christ" were given as a final test and we expect some good papers.

The English work has been good. It is a treat to hear one of Marjorie Colley's original stories. We are pleased with the showing our department has made in the "Excelsior" society in conjunction with the grammar school. Next year we hope to have the primary department make regular contributions to the Babblar.

We are looking forward to a greater year's work for 1925-26, when we hope to have a larger room, more pupils and of better equipment.

MISS HERNDON.

AVALON HOME GIRLS VISIT LINDSAY HALL

The trip to the Holy Land began with imagination that ended with realization. As the girls waited just outside the door of the promised land for a signal for entrance from Brother Rainey, some felt that they would be like Moses—never able to enter. All were ready, however, at the appointed time and each tried to get in first. Just inside the door all began talking at the same time and Brother Rainey had a narrow escape from being trampled to death. He tried to be polite and escort them to the rooms, but everyone wished to go to a different room and didn't know where that one was. Finally, seeing the hopelessness of the circumstance, he dashed down the hall to the right. About twenty girls rushed after him, while the other sixty darted in various directions. Sounds and peals rang out constantly, and of every description imaginable. Brother Rainey then thought of his motto, "He can who thinks he can," and gave up his wild chase. He opened a room and entered. Immediately behind him excitedly came the girls. He barely missed being crushed against the door.

"Oh, what a darling! My, but isn't this grand! Look at that, won't you! Oh, let's go to another room! How many boys room here?"

Brother Rainey not yet being able to speak, held up two fingers. Room after room was visited and amusing comments were made on each. On entering the room containing the radio fixtures, the girls found Charles Smith holding to the door.

"What's the matter, Charlie?" Charles, taking a firm clasp on the door, muttered in gasping tones, "I've just seen two boys sidetracked and you're not going to get me turn loose this door until I see a way out."

Burford and Kinzie remained in their picture gallery in order to prevent those who found their likeness therein from taking away other girls' pictures which were also found there. Bill Mason, who was attacked by one regiment, was assisted to safety by Miss Potts. Allan Wood, also guilty of remaining in the building, saw the fallacy in attempting to go against the current, so he followed in their midst and agreed with all they said. He has never got entirely over this experience, for he tosses his head yet when he smiles. Here, there and everywhere they went, seeking always to learn the occupant's name. Many mottoes and adages were found, but the most appealing was, "We want a housekeeper." Bernice Burton tried to climb the wall to answer it, but was thrust back by others, who also desired that privilege. Miss Baars and Miss Northern found what they called some cozy Queen Anne cottage-like rooms and there they stayed.

"Ooooooh! just come here, girls, and look how cute he keeps his room; I just knew he would make a good housekeeper! And just look at that! How precious!"

Miss Baars had spontaneously and unconsciously said all this before she noticed Miss Frazier looking on in disgust. All then turned to Mr. Cuff's room. Little Miss Frazier only exclaimed, "He has a chair large enough for two." Mr. Cuff had played safe during the entire inventory. He remained in his room, allowing only a few to enter at a time. Many volumes of Shakespeare were found there among numerous other English books. A closed desk in his room must have had locks of hair of the American and English writers. A Bible also found a prominent place on his desk. The girls imagined that they saw Macbeth's dagger as they left the room. Miss Northern could hardly be persuaded to leave one of the rooms. It seemed to have no special significance to any one else, yet she contended that it was the nicest in the building. Miss Landers, on entering Mr. Bourne's room, cried out, "Ah! Ed Bourne,

ART EXHIBITS ARE MADE

Fine Drawing and Paintings of Art Department Place on Exhibition May 19

To do justice to the Art Department, of which Mrs. Noble is instructor, requires more than an ordinary reporter's ability. The work for the year has been wonderful and was exhibited on the evening of May 19. The art room at the rear of Harding Hall was in reality an art gallery.

The exhibitions were the productions of the department. There were drawings made of people that seemed real, pictures of fruit hung on the wall which seemed so tempting that unconsciously those who observed the paintings "reached forth to take of the forbidden fruit." The dishes painted by the pupils of art cannot be described by one who knows nothing of art. The work was inspiring and showed that the souls of real artists have been stirred.

Visitors during commencement would do well to seek occasion to see these fine works of art. To see them is to realize the worth of the instructor and the deep devotion of the artist to her task. When one sees the pictures drawn by these pupils he seems attracted by the reality of the drawing and is made to feel the joys that come to one only through a personal contact with the forms of nature. Growth for the art department is sure to come of such noble effort on the part of both teacher and student.

SUMMER WORK OF SENIORS '25

It may be of interest to readers and to classmates to know the work of the seniors of 1925 during the summer months. The following is a list of the members, their address and probable work:

James Camp, Suarta, Tenn.—Farming during summer.

William Brown, Sparta, Tenn.—Interior decorating during summer.

Alex M. Burford, 2311 Evelyn, Memphis—Working during the summer.

Cecil Clark, Cowan, Tenn.—At Nashville attending Peabody College.

Bruce Crawley, Sale Creek, Tenn.—Departing for parts unknown.

Henry Carter, Sparta, Tenn.—Doing construction work.

Conrad Copeland, Louisville, Ky.—Preaching.

Leslie Carver, Mt. Juliet, Tenn.—Traveling salesman in Virginia.

Cullen Dixon, Senatobia, Miss.—Attending Mississippi Normal.

James R. Greer, Pikeville, Tenn.—Attending Peabody College at Nashville.

Ennis Hughes, 1033 Ayers, Memphis—Working.

Roy Johnson, Coldwater, Miss.—Preaching.

George W. Kinzie, Franklin, Tenn.—Circulating in some Northern city.

Leonard Kirk, Hampshire, Tenn.—Singing in meetings.

Andrew Mason, McMinnville, Tenn.—Working at People's Bank.

Philip Farham, Franklin, Tenn.—Gentleman of leisure.

Elmo Phillips, Aspen Hill, Tenn.—Singing in meetings.

Charles P. Smith, Valdosta, Ga.—Radio operator on ship.

Herman Taylor, Kelo, Tenn.—Working on farm, perhaps.

Sam Tatum, Shop Springs, Tenn.—Working.

Roy Vaughan, Jackson, Miss.—Preaching in State.

Graves Williams, Sparta, Tenn.—Traveling.

Owen White, Florence, Ala.—Managing retail grocery company.

Allen Wood, McMinnville, Tenn.—Gentleman of leisure.

Freda Lauders, Highland Home, Ala.—Stay home and eat.

Joyce Whitelaw, Brownsville, Tenn.—Visit "Overall Club members."

Mary E. Bains, Oneonta, Ala.—Visit in Texas, Cuba, Florida, Tennessee and Arkansas; visit each member of "Overall Club."

Gertrude Russell, Sparta, Tenn.—Teach this fall.

Eleanor Frazier, Pulaski, Tenn.—Stay at home.

Thelma Sayars, Springfield, Tenn.—Stay at home.

Myrtle Baars, Linden, Tenn.—Go to Peabody.

Thelma McMahon, Springfield, Tenn.—Visit in neighboring towns and Alabama.

Frankie L. Northern, Lebanon, Tenn.—Visit neighboring towns, Alabama and be at home.

Hazel Dennison, Nashville, Tenn.—Take Eastern tour, through New York, Canada and Niagara Falls.

Oma Morton, Columbia, Tenn.—"Nothin'."

Lillian Cox, Martin, Tenn.—Stay home.

Alice Blair, Lebanon, Tenn.—Stay home.

Irene Burch, Moulton, Ala.—Stay at home with mother.

Ora Lou Winters, Springfield, Tenn.—Go to Peabody.

Leonte Sims, Iron City, Tenn.—Stay home this summer; teach in fall.

Lorine Sims, Iron City, Tenn.—Stay at home; teach music.

Lady Cullie Gaither, Woodbury, Tenn.—Unknown as yet.

La Nelle Goodwin, Dresden, Tenn.—Stay at home.

Pearl Smith (Horse Cave, Ky.)—Nothing.

you've been playing ball on your bed." Miss Lillie Mae Brown moved somewhat in a circle, one room remaining always the center. When she left for the last time she was heard to whisper, "Nevermore." All the girls seemed to be partial to some room, even though a pair of shoes did stand sitting under the bed.

The entire visit was very enjoyable and enlightening trip to the try harder than ever to win one of them before the opportunity was forever beyond their reach. For something like an hour Lindsay Hall was in motion. Never before had it had such a host of distinguished visitors or been so enthusiastically alive.

LAMENTATIONS SENIORSS '25

The bell has rung! All have retired to their rooms to spend the last "quiet hour" in D. L. C. this year. The tones of the old bell were melancholy, because it has tolled this hour for the last time, to many of us.

Sometimes it has seemed actually ridiculous that we should have to stay in our rooms a whole hour just because it happened to be Sunday; but some day, if not now, all will realize that those "quiet hours" were the golden hours of college life.

Many have been our trials and tribulations, but O, how we long for them to continue! We feel now that our little difficulties have only been to help us meet the big things of life. Only those who have been seniors in D. L. C. can realize just how it feels to hear the old bell toll for the last time. Many are glad, because they are only going away for a vacation, but those of us who cannot look forward to returning next September are sad. Here we have made life-long friends—friends we can never forget—who grow dearer and dearer as parting days draw near.

To our dear teachers and matrons we pour out our hearts in thanksgiving for the noble examples they have set for us and the patience with which they have guided us aright. May the blessings of God be with them forever!

In years to come no memory can be sweeter than the memory of the days spent here. There is not one of us but shall always be thankful to those who have made it possible for us to be here, even one year. Familiar scenes and faces shall go with us through life, though parting tears are soon dried. Our hearts bleed when we realize that all of our number shall never be together again. "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," each loved friend and classmate.

The quiet hour draws to a close. * * * So lost in reverie was the writer that thoughts came slowly, but perhaps this was because each thought was linked with such dear memories that it was hard to pass on to another which proved to be just as fascinating.

Prof. Cuff: "Is the world flat or round?"

Ennis Hughes: "Round."

Cuff: "How do you know?"

Hughes: "Well, flat, then. I don't want to start an argument."

Teacher: "How old would a person be who was born in 1890?"

Pupil: "Man or woman?"

Ed: "What did you and Ruth quarrel about?"

Philip: "Oh, she said a certain girl here is beautiful, and I agreed with her."

Elmo: "Don't you think my new suit is a perfect fit?"

Myrtle: "Fit? Why, it's a perfect convulsion."

Corra Williams, Sparta, Tenn.—Stay at home.

Frances Camp, Sparta, Tenn.—Stay home; teach in fall.

Mary Lois Dixon, Senatobia, Miss.—Attending Mississippi Normal.

Martha Lewers, Barr, Miss.—Attending State Normal.

Margaret Lewers, Barr, Miss.—Attending State Normal.

Catherine Johnson, Thyatira, Miss.—Attending State Normal.

Ruth McCarley, Sheffield, Ala.—Staying at home.

Nell Carver, Mt. Juliet, Tenn.—Staying at home.

LEFT AS
A LAST FAREWELL
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